

# Englische Textbibliothek

Herausgegeben von

Dr. Johannes Hoops

o. Professor an der Universität in Heidelberg

14

## Shakespeare's Othello

in Paralleldruck

nach der ersten Quarto und ersten Folio

mit den Lesarten der zweiten Quarto

und einer Einleitung

herausgegeben von

M. M. Arnold Schröer



Heidelberg 1909

Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung



## Einleitung.

**Überlieferung.** Die Originalausgaben, auf die sich unsere Kenntnis des Textes von Shakespeare's Othello gründet, sind die erste Quartoausgabe von 1622 (Q 1), die erste Folioausgabe von 1623 (F 1) und die zweite Quartoausgabe von 1630 (Q 2). Die späteren Quartos (1655 Q 3, 1681 Q 4, 1687 Q 5, 1695 Q 6) und Folios haben keinen Originalwert.

### **Zweck und Einrichtung vorliegender Ausgabe.**

Das Verhältnis dieser drei Texte (Q 1, F 1, Q 2) zueinander und ihr relativer Wert ist eine Frage, die man bisher noch nicht mit jener Umsicht und Gründlichkeit behandelt hat, die sie verdient, wie ja überhaupt die Überschätzung der Foliotexte, die oberflächlich befehen freilich leicht als die «besten» erscheinen, unsere Shakespearetextkritik auf manche Irrwege geführt hat. Eine ausführliche Erörterung dieser Frage, die, unserer jeweiligen Erkenntnis und subjektiven Auffassung entsprechend, niemals «abschließend» sein kann, und die ich selbst an anderem Orte zu bringen gedenke,\* soll grundsätzlich eine Neuausgabe des für sie in Betracht kommenden Textmaterials nicht belasten; diese selbst hat vielmehr wesentlich den Zweck, für eine solche Erörterung und namentlich auch für akademische Übungen in Textkritik als Grundlage zu dienen.

---

\* Die zahlreichen Nachlässigkeitsfehler und leichtfertigen Schlimmbesserungen in F 1 lassen sich nur durch eingehende Erörterung charakterisieren, denn die Aufzählung einiger weniger Beispiele von Lesarten von F 1, wie z. B. in der Einleitung zur Faksimileausgabe von Q 1, die dem Herausgeber besser gefallen, gibt ein völlig schiefes Bild. Daß Q 1 sehr mangelhaft ist, ist nicht schwer zu erkennen, daß aber eine große Anzahl Lesarten darin aus inneren Gründen ursprünglicher ist als die entsprechenden in F 1, kann sorgfältiger Erwägung nicht verborgen bleiben. Ich verweise vorläufig auf meine einschlägigen Bemerkungen in meinem Aufsätze «Über Shakespeareüberetzungen» in der Zeitschrift «Die Neueren Sprachen», Bd. XVI, 577 ff.

In vorliegender Ausgabe ist die **Zeilenzählung** durchaus nach der der Globe Edition gegeben.

Auf der *linken* Seite — vom Beschauer — ist der *Text der Q 1* diplomatisch genau abgedruckt, jedoch sind die Zeilenschlüsse des Originals bei unzweifelhaften Profastellen nicht berücksichtigt, außer wenn dies aus irgendeinem Grunde von Interesse sein kann; die Zeilenschlüsse des Originals sind in solch einem Falle durch einen Querstrich von oben links nach unten rechts \ erkennbar gemacht. Wo die Zeilenschlüsse der Globe Edition mit denen unseres Neudruckes nicht zusammenfallen, sind dieselben durch einen Querstrich von oben rechts nach unten links / angegeben, so daß die Zeilenzählung nach der Globe Edition, die auf dem Rande gegeben wird, bis auf den einzelnen Buchstaben genau im Neudrucke zu erkennen ist. Wo ein Zeilenschluß des Originals mit einem der Globe Edition bei unzweifelhaften Profastellen zusammenfällt und dies aus irgendeinem Grunde von Interesse sein kann, so ist dies durch Einsetzung beider Querstriche \ / erkennbar gemacht. Für Kolonnenschluß in der F 1 ist, wo dies von Interesse, ein doppelter Querstrich // gewählt.

Die Paginierung im Original von Q 1 steht in arabischen Seitenzahlen am Kopfe der Seiten, und ist im ganzen korrekt, nur ist S. 74 als 78, S. 75 als 77, und S. 78 bis 91 als 80, 81, 80, 89, 90—99 irrtümlich paginiert; außerdem stehen zu Fuße der Vorderseiten der Blätter die Bogenweiser A, A 2, A 3, A 4, B, B 2, B 3, B 4 usw., jedoch fehlen sie zuweilen auch ganz. In unserem Neudruck sind für Q 1 die Seitenchlüsse des Originals im Texte durch das Zeichen ≠ angegeben und darauf verweisend in den Fußnoten die Bogenweiser, Custoden und Paginierungen, wo und wie sie im Originale stehen, angegeben, und zwar in der Reihenfolge ≠ — Bogenweiser — Custos — Paginierung der folgenden Seite; zu Kopfe der Seiten des Neudruckes ist zu Q 1 nur die Paginierung des Originals gegeben.

Unter dem Texte der Q 1 auf der linken Seite sind die Abweichungen in Q 2 diplomatisch genau bis auf die Interpunktion als Fußnoten in etwas kleinerer Schrift mitgeteilt, und da ja hierbei ein Mißverständnis nicht möglich ist, war dazu die Angabe „Quarto 2“ weiter nicht nötig. Alles was unter dem Striche steht, bezieht sich also auf Q 2, mit Ausnahme

der durch das obenerwähnte Zeichen  $\neq$  kenntlich gemachten Bogenweiser, Custoden und Paginierungen von Q 1. Die Fußnoten unter dem Striche enthalten also das ganze Textmaterial von Q 2 diplomatisch nach Orthographie und Interpunktion und — außer bei Profastellen — auch die Zeileneinteilung, soweit diese nicht mit Q 1 übereinstimmt. Nur die Bogenweiser, Custoden und Paginierungen von Q 2, die gar nichts von irgendwelchem Interesse bieten, sind in den Fußnoten nicht mitgeteilt, jedoch ist die Paginierung des Originals der Q 2 zu Kopfe der Seiten des Neudrucks wie für Q 1 gegeben. Dazu ist zu bemerken, daß die Paginierung in Q 2 im ganzen korrekt ist, doch ist S. 48 als 49 und umgekehrt 49 als 48, S. 79 als 77, S. 80 als 79, S. 81 als 80, S. 82 als 80, S. 83 als 81, S. 84 als 83, S. 85 als 84, S. 86 als 84, S. 87 als 86 und von da an S. 88—93 als 87—92 irrtümlich paginiert.

Auf der *rechten* Seite — vom Beschauer — ist der Text der F 1 diplomatisch genau abgedruckt nach denselben Grundsätzen wie der der Q 1. Zeilenschlüsse und Seitenschlüsse sind genau so behandelt wie bei Q 1, die Bogenweiser und Custoden zu Fuße der Vorderseiten, wo und wie sie im Original vorhanden, sind mit der jeweiligen Paginierung der folgenden Seite in Fußnoten, und die Paginierung selbst wie bei den Quartos zu Kopfe der Seiten des Neudrucks angegeben.

Größere Auslassungen im Originals von Q 1 und F 1 sind der Übersichtlichkeit halber auf dem Rande durch das Zeichen  $>$  für Q 1, und durch  $<$  für F 1, angedeutet; dies kommt freilich fast nur für Q 1 in Betracht.

Gelegentlich nötige Bemerkungen in den Fußnoten in deutscher Sprache sind in ganz kleiner Kursive gegeben; Abkürzungen wie *Bühnenw.* = Bühnenweisung, sind wohl ohne weiteres verständlich.

**Originaldrucke und Faksimiles.** Vorliegende Ausgabe ist direkt nach Faksimiles, bezw. Q 1 und Q 2 nach den bekannten «Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles», Nr. 31 (Q 1 f) und 32 (Q 2 f) von Charles Praetorius und Herbert A. Evans, London, C. Praetorius 1885, F 1 nach der Ausgabe in reduced Facsimile von J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, London, Chatto & Windus 1876 (F 1) gedruckt und die Druckbogen im British Museum mit den Originaldrucken verglichen worden. Dazu ist zu be-

merken — was man bisher zu wenig beachtet hat! —; daß durchaus die verschiedenen Exemplare der einzelnen Originaldrucke nicht überall miteinander übereinstimmen. Es ergibt sich daraus nicht nur die Konsequenz, daß der Herausgeber eines Neudruckes eines dieser Texte jedesmal angeben sollte, welches Exemplar er benützte, sondern vielmehr die viel fatalere, daß er eigentlich sämtliche nachweisbaren Exemplare dazu vergleichen sollte — wenn dies möglich wäre. Handelt es sich zwar, soviel augenblicklich zu übersehen, meist nur um unwesentliche Kleinigkeiten, die sich von selbst aus andern Exemplaren erklären und berichtigen, so ist immerhin diese für eine gewissenhafte Textkritik zu berücksichtigende Tatsache nicht zu übergehen. Welcher Art Varianten hierbei zum Vorschein kommen, mögen unten einige wenige Beispiele zeigen. Von der **ersten Folio besitzt das British Museum** ein vollständiges Exemplar G. 11631 (Lee; Census I, ich nenne es A) und drei unvollständige C. 21. e. 16 (Lee, XLV, ich nenne es B), G. 39. 1. 12 (Lee, LV, ich C) und C. 9. d. (Lee, XLIV, ich D), dazu die neue in Originalgröße hergestellte Faksimileausgabe nach der Chatsworth Copy im Besitze des Duke of Devonshire (Lee, Census XXI) herausgegeben von Sidney Lee, Oxford, Clarendon Press 1902 (ich nenne sie schlechthin F); daran anschließend seien erwähnt der vorzügliche verkleinerte Neudruck von L. Booth (Shakespeare as put forth in 1623. A Reprint, London, 1864, 4<sup>o</sup>, Brit. Mus. 11766. cc. 24.; ich nenne ihn Bo) und Shakespeare, The First Folio Edition of 1623 Reproduced under the immediate supervision of Howard Staunton From the Originals in the Libraries of Bridgewater House and the British Museum By Photolithography London (1866) (Brit. Mus. 11765. k. 4, ich nenne diese Ausgabe St); schließlich die Bändchen der auch wegen ihrer Genauigkeit — trotz mancher Inkonsequenzen und Normalisierungen wie v zu u, u zu v, I zu J u. a. m. — zu rühmenden sogenannten «First Folio Edition» von Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, New-York, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1903 ff. (ich nenne sie FFE).

Sidney Lee hat seiner Faksimileausgabe als Supplement einen «Census of Extant Copies» beigegeben und dazu Nachträge «Notes & Additions to the Census of Copies of the Shakespeare First Folio», Clarendon Press, Oxford 1906, erscheinen lassen,

die aber gewiß noch nicht alle heute noch vorhandenen Exemplare verzeichnen; so ist z. B. von den zwei Exemplaren der Berliner Königl. Bibl. nur eines erwähnt, und so werden, nachdem nun durch diese wertvolle Zusammenstellung Lee's der Anstoß dazu gegeben, wohl Nachträge besonders aus öffentlichen Bibliotheken oder Privatbesitz des Kontinents zu erwarten sein; andererseits sei bei dieser Gelegenheit zugleich die Notiz Albr. Wagners in seiner Ausgabe des Tempest, Band 6 dieser Sammlung, S. XXIII, Anm., berichtet, daß die Bremer Stadtbibliothek ein «vortrefflich erhaltenes Exemplar» der ersten Folio besitze; es beruht dies, wie eine Anfrage in Bremen ergab, auf einem Irrtum:

Lee hat bisher 172 noch vorhandene Exemplare der ersten Folio nachgewiesen, von diesen lag No. LXXXVI dem Halliwell'schen Reduced Facsimile (Fr) zugrunde; **auf diesem Exemplare und auf No. I (A)**, mit dem ich meine Korrekturbogen verglichen, **beruht also** der in vorliegender Ausgabe gebotene **Text der ersten Folio**. Die anderen oben angeführten Exemplare des British Museum B, C, D, sowie F, Bo, St, FFE, habe ich an fraglichen Stellen verglichen, aber nicht durchkollationiert\*, ebenso an einigen die zwei Exemplare des Trinity College, Cambridge (Lee No. III & IV, ich nenne sie Ca<sup>1</sup> und Ca<sup>2</sup>). Die **Bogenweiser** («signatures») stimmen in allen mir vorgelegenen Exemplaren, doch hat Fr auf p. 311, 313, 327, 329 unter dem Striche noch die Bogenweiser EEE,

\* Nicht nur weil mit einer solchen, etwa zwei Monate erfordernden Arbeit doch nur ein minimaler Bruchteil der zu leistenden Kollation sämtlicher bisher nachgewiesenen 172 Exemplare zu erzielen gewesen wäre, sondern auch, weil vorläufig schon allein aus Gesundheitsrückichten niemandem eine derartige Beschäftigung zuzumuten wäre; der «large room» des British Museum, in dem allein diese kostbaren Drücke zu benutzen sind, noch dazu zu sehr beschränkter Arbeitszeit, ist bekanntlich eine riesige Durchgangshalle, in der oft allein die Zugluft die Blätter sehr gegen den Wunsch des Lesers in Bewegung setzt und die Lichtverhältnisse geradezu verzweifelt sind; auch die bekannte unermüdliche Gefälligkeit der Beamten, obenan die meines alten Gönners Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, denen ich bei dieser Gelegenheit nicht versäumen will, meinen Dank auch öffentlich zu wiederholen, konnten daran nicht viel ändern; doch stellte mir Sir Edward in Aussicht, daß es damit in vier Jahren besser bestellt sein sollte! Also: «so long!»

EEE<sub>2</sub>; FFF; FFF<sub>2</sub>, die aber wohl nur zu dieser Ausgabe, nicht zu den Originalen gehören.

Nicht so günstig sind wir über die etwa noch **vorhandenen Exemplare von Q 1 und Q 2** unterrichtet. Wo sich z. B. das von W. Aldis Wright in seiner Cambridge Edition benützte und vol. VIII, p. XIII erwähnte Exemplar aus der Bibliothek von Chipstead heute befindet, konnte mir selbst unser unvergleichlicher Meister Furnivall nicht mehr sagen. Es wäre völlig aussichtslos, heute zu versuchen, dem Ideale einer Kollation sämtlicher vorhandenen Exemplare nachzustreben, weil erst in ähnlicher Weise wie für F I ein «Census of Extant Copies» aufgestellt werden müßte. Das British Museum besitzt von Q I ein vollständiges Exemplar C. 34. k. 32 (das ich α<sup>1</sup> nenne), das dem obengenannten Faksimile (Q I f) zugrunde liegt, und mit dem ich meine Korrekturbogen verglichen, **dem also der von mir gebotene Text der Q 1 entstammt**, sowie ein unvollständiges Exemplar C. 34. k. 33 (β<sup>1</sup>); dessen Titelblatt unten einschließlich der Jahreszahl abgerissen ist, in dem Bogen C verkehrt eingeklebt ist und die letzten zwei Blätter S. 97—99 fehlen und handschriftlich nach späteren Drucken ergänzt sind; dieses zweite Exemplar habe ich zwar durchgehends benützt, insonderheit überall, wo eine Stelle fraglich war, jedoch aus den angegebenen Gründen (s. p. VII, Fußnote) nicht durchkollationiert. Außerdem habe ich für einige fragliche Stellen das Exemplar des Trinity College, Cambridge (Capell S. 27, genannt «Capell's copy», ich nenne es Ca α<sup>1</sup>), eingesehen.

Von Q 2 besitzt das British Museum ein vollständiges Exemplar C. 12. g. 28 (das ich α<sup>2</sup> nenne), das dem Faksimile (Q 2 f) zugrunde liegt, und mit dem ich meine Korrekturbogen verglichen, **dem also die von mir gebotenen Lesarten von Q 2 entstammen**, sowie ein unvollständiges (p. 21—22 fehlen und sind handschriftlich ergänzt) Exemplar C. 34. k. 34 (β<sup>2</sup>), das ich in gleicher Weise wie bei Q I benützte; dazu wie oben das Exemplar des Trinity Coll. Cambr. (Capell S. 34, das ich Ca α<sup>2</sup> nenne).

Bei der Wahl der Chatsworth Copy (Lee No. XXI) als Vorlage von Lee's Faksimile (F) war wohl nicht nur die gütige Erlaubnis des Besitzers, sondern auch der äußerlich gute Zu-



stand des Exemplars maßgebend; daß sein innerer Wert nicht hervorragend, d. h. daß sich, um dies gleich hier zu sagen, mangelhaft korrigierte Bogen darin befinden, zeigen Lesarten wie IV, II, 109, *mise vfe* gegen *misvfe* A B C D Ca<sup>1</sup> Ca<sup>2</sup> Fr, ebenso IV, III, 41 *Soule set singing* gegen *Soule sat singing* in A B C D Fr; auch liest F allein von den Genannten IV, II, 169 *sommon* gegenüber *summon*. Auch A erweist sich wiederholt den andern gegenüber als unkorrigiert: IV, I, 138 steht vor *Seabanke* zweimal *the*, in B C D F Ca<sup>1</sup> Ca<sup>2</sup> Fr Bo St nur einmal, doch dafür *on the Sea* soweit auseinandergerückt oder «zerdehnt», daß man deutlich erkennen kann, daß das überflüssige *the* in späterer Korrektur getilgt wurde. Ähnlich liest A IV, I, 246 *thLe etter*, wogegen B C D F Fr *thLetter* und zwar *Letter* etwas zerdehnt; A wollte augenscheinlich *the Letter* drucken, vertauschte aber L mit dem e von *the*; denn L braucht mehr Raum als das e, und es ist deshalb das e in *thLe* weiter von *etter* abgerückt als der Fall gewesen wäre, wenn statt *thLe* = *the L* gesetzt worden wäre; wäre e und L nicht vertauscht worden, stünde L mit seinem unteren Horizontalfuß ganz normal ohne Zwischenraum vor *etter*; es ist also augenscheinlich *the Letter* das ursprünglich Beabsichtigte auch in F I und müßte in einem kritischen Texte von F I gesetzt werden. Das ist auch metrisch von Belang, denn es beweist, daß der Vers *What is he angrie?* *May be the Letter mou'd him* mit weiblicher Zäsur und weiblichem Versausgang zu lesen ist, nicht etwa *What is he angrie?* *May be th'Letter mou'd him*. Es haben also hier B C D F das verdruckte und daher irreleitende *thLe etter* zu *thLetter* geschlimmbessert. Kurz vorher, IV, I, 242, hat A ein unberechtigtes Komma nach *attone*, das in B C D F fehlt, jedoch daß es im Satze korrigiert worden, beweist eine Unreinheit oder Spur einer Typenrückseite oder eines Spatiums in diesen Exemplaren; umgekehrt fehlt IV, I, 167 in A das Komma zwischen *not, come*, das B C D F deutlich zeigen, u. a. m. Der Druckfehler IV, I, 290 *deonte* ist allen von mir eingesehenen Exemplaren der F I eigen, B jedoch zeigt einen Anlauf zu einer Korrektur und liest zwar nicht unsinnig, jedoch unpassend *deute*; ferner sind IV, II, 27, 28, 29 die übereinanderstehenden Wörter *Function, shut, body come* in A B C D F Fr zu *Function,*

shut, bod ycome zerdehnt, von B aber richtig gestellt. Solche Verrutschungen in einzelnen Exemplaren oder Richtigstellungen in andern, sind ja nicht ungewöhnlich; vgl. u. a. Lee, *Notes & Additions to the Censur* . . . p. 19. In IV, 1, 186-187 liest A it him and, he, doch B C D Ca<sup>1</sup> Ca<sup>2</sup> FF r bieten die korrigierte Lesung it him, and he u. a. m. Auch die Quartos zeigen solche Divergenzen, so liest in Q 1  $\beta^1$  I, III, 64 sinnlos Since statt Saunce von  $\alpha^1$  (und Ca  $\alpha^1$ ), und I, III, 161 ist in pittiful das mittlere i in  $\beta^1$  noch rein, in  $\alpha^1$  schon zu 1 verklext, was gleichfalls für  $\beta^1$  als früheren Abzug spricht. Interessante Abweichungen zeigt ferner Ca  $\alpha^1$  in III, IV, 102 this losse. statt the losse., ferner in merkwürdiger Übereinstimmung mit Q 2, aber nicht mit F 1 IV, 1, 78 unfitting statt vnfitting, und ebenso IV, 1, 83 geeres, the gibes statt leeres, the libes, ferner bei solchen Übereinstimmungen mit der späteren Q 2 unerklärliche Druckfehler I, 1, 149 Now euer, IV, 1, 66 God statt Good, IV, 1, 91 cunuing statt cunning, desgleichen die Auslassung der Bühnenweisung He fals downe IV, 1, 38. In Q 2 liest  $\alpha^2$  II, III, 324 denotement jedoch  $\beta^2$  (und auch Ca  $\alpha^2$ ) deuotement wie Q 1 und Folio 1, so daß der Herausgeber Theobald seine Konjekturen wohl durch  $\alpha^2$  stützen konnte, wenn er sie nicht daher entnommen; III, III, 265 liest  $\alpha^2$  declud und  $\beta^2$  wieder wie Q 1 F 1 (und auch Ca  $\alpha^2$ ) declind; ebenso liest IV, 1, 61  $\beta^2$  deutlich und richtig mit Q 1 F 1 thou (ebenso Ca  $\alpha^2$ , nur etwas unrein), während das u in  $\alpha^2$  fast wie ein n aussieht und jedenfalls eine unreine Type gewesen zu sein scheint, die in späterer Korrektur durch ein reines u ersetzt worden u. dgl. m.

Diese Beispiele von Abweichungen zwischen Exemplaren einer und derselben Ausgabe, die ich durch zahllose ähnliche vermehren könnte, wodurch aber dennoch die Sache nicht entfernt erschöpft werden könnte; da mein Material ja nur aus den wenigen mir zugänglich gewesen Exemplaren stammt, sind vermutlich so zu erklären, daß vielfach die Druckbogen in verschiedenen Stadien ihrer Korrektur mit Reinabzügen zur Herstellung fertiger Exemplare verwendet wurden, weil eben der Wert des Papiers damals ein ungleich größerer gewesen als heutzutage, wo das für die Korrektur benützte Papier so gut wie gar keine Rolle spielt. Wenn es insofgedessen heute freilich eine Utopie wäre, unsere Neudrucktexte auf eine Koll-

lation aller erhaltenen Exemplare gründen zu wollen, weil, wie gesagt, noch gar nicht zu eruieren ist, wo und wieviele derselben vorhanden sind, so muß es doch das Bemühen des Herausgebers sein, soviel beizubringen, als ihm eben unter den Umständen möglich ist; wenn wir z. B. aus den beigebrachten Beispielen aus Q 2 erkennen können, daß  $\beta^2$  gegenüber  $\alpha^2$  später korrigiert ist, so läßt sich daraus für das fragliche denotement schließen, daß denotement in  $\alpha^2$  ursprünglich ein Druckfehler ist, der in der Korrektur nach Q 1, F 1 zu denotement gebessert wurde; die Angabe des New English Dictionary s. v., daß die Quartos und F 2 denotement hätten, kann danach nicht bestehen.

**Unzuverlässigkeit der Fakfimiles.** Die photolithographische Wiedergabe alter Drucke kann ebensowenig wie die alter Handschriften in allen Einzelheiten so deutlich sein, daß nicht die Autopsie manches nachzuprüfen hätte, insonderheit an Stellen, die in den Originalen schon undeutlich oder fast erloschen sind, so daß man das einstige Vorhandensein eines Buchstabens oder Interpunktionszeichens oft nur noch aus dem Eindruck im Papier erkennen kann; umgekehrt kann man leicht zuweilen geneigt sein, ein befremdliches Strichelchen oder dergleichen für einen zufälligen Fehler im Papier zu halten, wie z. B. F 1 I, 1, 150 cast-him, wo jedoch die Originale A B C D Ca<sup>1</sup> Ca<sup>2</sup> übereinstimmend so lesen. Um die Zuverlässigkeit der Fakfimiles der F 1, nämlich F und Fr an sich zu beurteilen, mußte man die denselben zugrunde liegenden Exemplare zur Verfügung haben; so mußte ich mich darauf beschränken, **den nach Fr gedruckten Text nach A zu korrigieren** und Fragliches oder sonst Interessantes mit den genannten andern mir zugänglichen Exemplaren der F 1 zu vergleichen. So fehlt Fr IV, III, 19 him ganz, steht aber in A B C D F FFE; das Fragezeichen fehlt Fr III, III, 394 nach Lord, ebenso V, 1, 74 nach cry'd, ebenso in Fr und F der Beistrich III, IV, 36 nach moist (in A D deutlich, in B C schwach, doch sicher), ebenso IV, 1, 95 nach Hufwise in F (in allen Originalexemplaren schwach, doch sicher, und sogar in Fr eine Spur) u. dgl. m. In Q 1 bietet das Fakfimile I, III, 182 einen Beistrich, jedoch  $\alpha\beta$  deutlich Strichpunkt; II, 1, 60 ist vom deutlichen Fragezeichen nach wiu'd in  $\alpha\beta$  nur ein Punkt im Fakfimile geblieben; III, III, 169 ist das h in he in  $\beta$  ganz deutlich, in  $\alpha$  unrein und daher lieft

das Faksimile dafür be. Schlimmer ist aber, daß der Hersteller des Faksimiles willkürlich nachmalt und schlimmbessert: IV, II, 176 doffst (ganz deutlich in  $\alpha \beta$  sowie Q 2  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$ ) zu doffest dagegen wohl mit Recht V, II, 279 sulphure, wo vom  $e$  in  $\alpha$  ( $\beta$  ist von 266 an nicht mehr erhalten) nur mehr  $c$  übrig ist.

Im Faksimile von Q 2 fehlt z. B. I, III, 307 der Beistrich zwischen Well und if (deutlich in  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$ ); V, II, 108 ist *Em.* ausgefallen, das deutlich in  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$  vorhanden; kurz vorher V, II, 101 haben  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$  deutlich, wenn auch etwas unrein, yawne, das Faksimile yawue, ebenso V, II, 202 statt des in  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$  deutlichen, nur in  $\alpha^2$  etwas unreinen  $n$  in newly irreleitend u. I, I, 128 steht vor If in Q 2f ein unsinniger Apostroph, der in  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$  fehlt; u. dgl. m.

In all solchen Fällen ist es mein Bestreben gewesen, die tatsächliche Überlieferung der zugrunde gelegten Originale bis ins Kleinste festzustellen, denn so unwesentlich und bedeutungslos solche Ungenauigkeiten auch erscheinen und in vielen Fällen auch wirklich sind, sollte man dennoch auch darin so genau sein, als es menschenmöglich ist. Undeutlichkeiten eines älteren Druckes können oft die Ursache abweichender Lesarten eines späteren sein, so ist in I, II, 72 das  $t$  in not in  $\alpha^2$  fast ganz erloschen, daher liest Q 3 nur no. In I, III, 121 ist der Doppelpunkt nach place in  $\beta$  zwar deutlich, in  $\alpha$  aber ist der untere Punkt etwas verwischt, sodaß der Doppelpunkt einem Strichpunkt ähnelt; daher liest Q 2 Strichpunkt; umgekehrt liest gleich danach I, III, 130  $\alpha$  nach yeare Strichpunkt, von dem in  $\beta$  aber nur ein Beistrich übrig ist, und daher auch in Q 2 nur ein Beistrich u. dgl. m. Die **Interpunktionen** sind nämlich auch nicht ohne Interesse, denn wir dürfen doch wohl annehmen, daß sich in ihnen oft die Intonation der damaligen Bühne verrät. So z. B. das Fragezeichen nach How silent is this Towne? V, I, 64 übereinstimmend in Q 1, Q 2, F 1; oder IV, III, 23 in Q 1 und F 1 gegenüber einem Strichpunkt in Q 2; oder I, I, 101 nach quiet und II, III, 196 nach answer to 't in Q 1, Q 2 gegen Punkt in F 1; oder IV, II, 119 in Q 1 gegen Punkt in Q 2, F 1; oder in Q 2 I, I, 129 nach wrongs; oder der Beistrich zwischen will und so V, II, 47 in Q 1, wogegen Q 2 und F 1 will so lesen und dadurch den Sinn wesentlich ändern (siehe mein Wörterbuch unter so 9.oo);

umgekehrt ist die Ausläufung jedes Zeichens V, II, 17 nach fword in Q 1 sehr störend, und V, I, 128 der Beiftrich nach pray gegenüber Doppelpunkt in Q 2, Fragezeichen in F 1 irreleitend; ähnlich in F 1 V, II, 183 gegenüber einem Strichpunkt, und statt Fragezeichen Punkt V, II, 293, und Punkt statt Fragezeichen in allen drei Texten IV, II, 237, der sich aber wohl rechtfertigen ließe; so spricht auch für eine Pause der Beiftrich II, III, 320 nach Wife in F 1, der in Q 1, Q 2 fehlt. Vgl. auch das Fragezeichen nach wrongs in Q 2 I, I, 129, oder nach warrant in Q 1 I, II, 79 in, welch letzterem Falle über dem Punkte in  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$  eine Unreinheit sich findet, die ein zufälliger Klex oder aber immerhin auch die Spur eines Fragezeichens sein könnte. Vgl. auch I, III, 175; II, IV, 198 in F 1, und I, III, 239 in Q 1.

In zahllosen Fällen ist auch in den Originalen, nicht nur den Faksimiliewiedergaben, die Entscheidung, ob Punkt oder Beiftrich, Strichpunkt oder Doppelpunkt zu lesen ist, recht schwierig, und oft ist nur bei gutem Lichte mit dem Vergrößerungsglas befehen aus dem Eindrücke im Papiere mit einiger Sicherheit zu erkennen, was ursprünglich gestanden hat; so ist IV, III, 20 nach frownes in  $\alpha \beta$  nur ein Punkt zu erkennen, in  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$  wie F 1 ein Beiftrich; IV, III, 65 ist zwischen No und by in  $\alpha \beta$  der Beiftrich deutlich, in  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$  nicht, doch muß er da auch gestanden haben, denn wenigstens in  $\beta^2$  ist der Eindruck im Papiere und auch noch eine Spur von Farbe zu erkennen, u. dgl. m. Oft ist die Schwierigkeit, zwischen Beiftrich und Punkt zu entscheiden, auch dadurch zu erklären, daß zweierlei Typen für den Beiftrich gebraucht werden, ein deutlicher längerer Beiftrich und ein kleineres Häkchen, das nicht größer ist, als der rechthältige Rand eines Punktes: ist ein Punkt nun unvollkommen ausgedruckt, so erscheint er wie ein solcher kleinerer Beiftrich, und umgekehrt: ist ein solch kleinerer Beiftrich verklext, so erscheint er wie ein Punkt. So erklären sich wohl auch viele Punkte, wo wir Beiftriche erwarten, z. B. V, II, 223 nach wife in  $\alpha$ , II, I, 301, II, III, 15 und 349 in  $\alpha \beta$ , II, III, 55 in F 1.

So ist wohl auch S. 55 Z. 119 der Klex vor dem letzten t, den ich zuerst für einen Punkt hielt, ein herabgerutschter verkehrter Apostroph, also too't, gemeint. All diese zahlreichen Einzelfälle hier zu erörtern, wäre ohne Interesse, es genüge die Erklärung, daß auch all diese Kleinigkeiten im Neudruck so.

wiedergegeben worden, wie ich sie bei gewissenhafter, wiederholter Prüfung erkennen konnte. Sowie darin einzig und allein die positive Überlieferung zu ihrem Recht kommen durfte, so sind auch selbst die finnwidrigsten Druckfehler der Originale — die sich ja bei der Lektüre aus den Paralleltexten selbst berichtigen — wiedergegeben; also z. B. in Q 1 II, 1, 8 mes lt statt mielts, III, III, 428 deuoted, I, 1, 77 yon, II, 1, 54 otand, III, III, 27 foiliciter, III, III, 343 know'r, IV, II, 48 ramd, V, 1, 27 maind, in Q 2 I, III, 28 oncernes; V, 1, 111 marter, F 1 I, 1, 77 populus, 78 Signor, 155 apines (statt paines), I, II, 38 Enen, 54 come sanother, 58 *Rodorigoc?* Cme, I, III, 53 hor, 57 snd, 90 u; 99 main'd, 122 tell, 244 Graious, II, 1, 241 Fortune, 308 wift II, III, 231 hisc lamour, III, III, 362 beiter, III, IV, 101 handkerchikfe, IV, 1, 49 Caffio, IV, 1, 290 deonte u. a. m. Dabei konnten aus typographischen Gründen umgekehrte Buchstaben oder Fragezeichen u. dgl. zwar wiedergegeben werden, nicht aber unwesentlich verrutschte Typen, wie z. B. I, III, 52 das I nach did in F 1, das in A B C D F etwas verschoben ist. Ferner, die **Zerdehnungen** und **Zusammenziehungen** der Buchstaben einzelner Wörter konnten nur dann wiedergegeben werden, wenn sie unzweifelhaft waren, wie z. B. oben come sanother oder hisc lamor, oder in Q 1 IV, II, 138 for me (statt forme), während Q 1, II, 1, 233 Löuelines oder IV, 1, 5 meane zwar etwas zu Loue lines, me ane zerdehnt sind, aber nicht so sehr, daß es angebracht wäre, es durch unsere genauere Spatien-trennung wiederzugeben. Andere Fälle von Zerdehnungen in F 1 seien erwähnt: I, 1, 43 das zweite Masters, 138 euery where, 149 How euer, III, III, 390 satisfied, 425 ore, IV, II, 185 Performances, in Q 1 III, IV, 28 creatures, in Q 2 I, 1, 33 Moore-fhips, Zusammenziehungen in F 1 I, III, 347 cannotbe und anderseits 354 shalbe, IV, II, 29 any body, in Q 1 I, III, 228 new-fortunes, II, 1, 35 mancomands, in Q 2 II, 1, 107 alittle u. dgl. m. Diese Dinge sind ja bekannt und, obwohl unter Umständen von Bedeutung, in allen Fällen in unseren Texten nichts sagend. Wo es typographisch möglich, sind Verrutschungen, wie IV, II, 26 in  $\alpha^2 \beta^2$  fancy,s statt fancy's wiedergegeben; vgl. auch das oben erwähnte too;t, in F 1 II, 1, 119.

Die Zuverlässigkeit in der Wiedergabe vorliegender Texte dürfte dadurch, daß sie, wie gesagt, direkt nach den Faksimiles

gedruckt wurden, besser gewährleistet sein, als wenn dies nach Abschriften geschehen wäre. Absolute Zuverlässigkeit ist ja leider bei Menschenwerk nie erreichbar, da auch bei der Setzmaschine der Setzer selbst keine Maschine ist; wenn, nachdem in der Schlußrevision das Imprimatur erteilt worden, durch irgend einen Zufall oder ein menschliches Versehen in der Druckerei sich etwas verschiebt, oder wenn einzelne Typen in der Korrektur so schwer unterscheidbar sind, wie hier f und f, so daß man eine Verwechslung oft erst im Reindruck erkennen kann, so ist durch dergleichen die absolute Zuverlässigkeit der Wiedergabe schon durchbrochen. Mensch und Maschine müssen sich dabei ergänzen, und wenn, was ich nicht hoffe, trotz wiederholter Nachprüfung irgendwo eine Kleinigkeit übersehen worden, so müßte diese durch die vorhandenen Faksimiles und für F r auch noch durch FFE nachzuweisen sein. So wurde S. 172, Z. 33 nach dem Imprimatur die Zeilenbrechung

poore *Bar-* zu poore  
*bary* *Barbary* geändert.

S. 205, Z. 265 stand der Apostroph vor Tis in allen Stadien der Korrektur und der mit dem Imprimatur versehenen Schlußrevision richtig an seiner Stelle, ist aber im Reindruck rätselhafterweise verschwunden! Gegen dergleichen ist der Herausgeber machtlos. In solchen Fällen ist die Maschine, d. h. ihr Resultat, das Faksimile, zuverlässiger als der Mensch, der die Verantwortung als Herausgeber tragen soll. Wo es sich hingegen um Feststellung einzelner Buchstaben, Interpunktionen u. dgl. m. handelt, die durch das Faksimile nicht deutlich wiedergegeben sind, tritt der kritische diplomatische Neudruck in seine Rechte. Eine Anzahl Druckfehler, die auf S. 212 verzeichnet sind, bitte ich vor der Benützung zu beachten, und ich darf für die meisten wohl insofern «mildernde Umstände» plädieren, als für diese Ausgabe die geschmackvolle Schrift eigens angeschafft wurde, aber nur für 7 Bogen reichte, sodaß der Reindruck möglichst beschleunigt werden mußte, um die Schrift wieder auseinanderzunehmen und für den Satz der folgenden Bogen, auf die ich in London wartete, zu verwenden; ich hoffe, daß mir sonst nichts Wesentliches entgangen ist, an Mühewaltung habe ich es wahrlich nicht fehlen lassen. Das Ideal einer Ausgabe wäre freilich eine womöglich durch Parallelstellung übersichtlich ge-

machte photolithographische Wiedergabe der Originaltexte mit daneben- oder darunterstehenden Anmerkungen, die einerseits alles im Faksimile Undeutliche ergänzt und erläutert, andererseits sämtliche erhaltenen Exemplare der Originale berücksichtigt. Bis wir dazu gelangen können, müssen wir uns wohl oder übel mit dem nach der heutigen Lage der Dinge Menschenmöglichen bescheiden. So hoffe ich denn, daß vorliegende Parallelausgabe der Othellotexte eine brauchbare Grundlage sowohl für Übungen in Shakespeare-Textkritik als auch für ein eingehendes Studium und Verständnis des unsterblichen Dramas bieten möge, dessen Schönheit und künstlerische Vollendung einem immer mehr zum Bewußtsein kommt, je mehr man sich damit beschäftigt!

Cöln a. Rh. Neujahr 1909.

**A. Schröer.**



THE  
Tragoedy of Othello,  
The Moore of Venice.

*As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the  
Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by  
his Maiesties Seruants.*

*Written by William Shakespeare.*

*Vignette.*

LONDON,

Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his  
shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Burffe.

1622.

*Titelblatt in Q 2 genau so, nur*

9-11 Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at  
his shoppe in Chancery-Lane, neere Sergeants-Inne.

1630.

*Rückseite leer in beiden Quartos.*

*Blatt 2 nur in Q 1 vorhanden, am Fuße der Seite der Bogenweiser: A 2*

*Vignette.*

The Stationer to the Reader.

TO set forth a booke without an Epistle,  
were like to the old English prouerbe, A  
blew coat without a badge, & the Au-  
thor being dead, I thought good to take  
that piece of worke vpon mee: To com-  
mend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery  
man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bol-  
der, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his  
worke. Thus leaving euery one to the liberty of iudge-  
ment: I haue ventured to print this Play, and leaue it  
to the generall censure.

Yours,

Thomas Walkley.

*Rückseite leer.*

# The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

*Roderigo*.

- 1 T Vfh, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly  
 2 That you *Iago*, who has had my purfe,  
 3 As if the strings were thine, fhould'ft know of this.  
 4 *Iag*. S'blood, but you will not heare me,  
 5-6 If euer I did dreame of fuch a matter, / abhorre me.  
 7 *Rod*. Thou toldft me, thou didft hold him in thy hate.  
 8 *Iag*. Defpife me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty  
 9 In perfonall fuite to make me his Lieutenant,  
 10 Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,  
 11 I know my price, I am worth no worfe a place.  
 12 But he, as louing his owne pride and purpofes,  
 13 Euades them, with a bumbaft circumftance,  
 14 Horribly ftuff with Epithites of warre:  
 15 And in conclufion,  
 16 Non-fuits my mediators: for certes, fayes he,  
 17-18 I haue already chofen my officer, / and what was he?  
 19 Forfooth, a great Arithmetition,  
 20 One *Michael Cafsio*, a Florentine,  
 21 A fellow almoft dambd in a faire wife,  
 22 That neuer fet a fquadron in the field,  
 23 Nor the deuifion of a Battell knowes, ≠  
 24 More then a Spinfter, vnleffe the bookifh Theorique,  
 25 Wherein the togged Confuls can propofe  
 26 As mafterly as he: meere prattle without praife,

---

1 *Rod*. T Vfh; Neuer || 2 That thou who haft had m. p., || 3 this, ||  
 4 *Iag*. But you'le not heare me, || 7 hate, || 9 Lieutenant, || 15 *fehlt*.  
 || 16 . . Mediators: for certes, (fayes he) || 17 chofe my Officer, || 18 Arith-  
 metitian, || 23 diuifion || ≠ B More 2 || 25 Wherin the tongued ||

Vignette.

# THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

---

*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

---

*Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.*

*Rodorigo.*

N	Euer tell me, I take it much vnkindly	1
	That thou ( <i>Iago</i> ) who haft had my purfe,	2
	As if ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.	3
	<i>Ia.</i> But you'l not heare me. / If euer I did dream	4-5
	Of ſuch a matter, / abhorre me.	5-6
	<i>Rodo.</i> Thou told'ſt me,	7
	Thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.	
	<i>Iago.</i> Deſpiſe me	8
	If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,	
	(In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant)	9
	Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man	10
	I know my price, I am worth no worſſe a place.	11
	But he (as louing his owne pride, and purpoſes)	12
	Euades them, with a bumbaſt Circumſtance,	13
	Horribly ſtuſt with Epithites of warre,	14
	Non-fuites my Mediators. For certes, faies he,	16 < 15
	I haue already choſe my Officer. / And what was he?	17-18
	For-ſooth, a great Arithmatician,	19
	One <i>Michaell Caſſio</i> , a <i>Florentine</i> ,	20
	(A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a faire Wife)	21
	That neuer ſet a Squadron in the Field,	22
	Nor the deuifion of a Battaile knowes	23
	More then a Spinſter. Vleſſe the Bookiſh Theoricke:	24
	Wherein the Tongued Conſuls can propoſe	25
	As Maſterly as he. Meere pratle (without praſtife)	26

- 27 Is all his souldier-shippe: but he fir had the election,  
 28 And I, of whom his eyes had seene the prooffe,  
 29 At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,  
 30 Christian and Heathen, must be led, and calm'd,  
 31 By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-caster:  
 32 He in good time, must his Lieutenant be,  
 33 And I, God bleffe the marke, his Worships Ancient.  
 34 *Rod.* By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.  
 35 *Ia.* But there's no remedy,  
 36 Tis the curse of seruice,  
 37 Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
 38 Stood heire to the first:  
 39 Now fir be iudge your selfe,  
 40 Whether I, in any iust tearme am assign'd  
 41 to loue the Moore.  
 42 *Rod.* I would not follow him then.  
 43 *Ia.* O fir, content you,  
 44 I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,  
 45 We cannot be all masters, nor all masters  
 46 Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke.  
 47 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,  
 48 That doting on his owne obsequious bondage,  
 49 Weares out his time much like his masters Affe,  
 50 For noughe but prouender, and when hee's old cashierd,  
 51 Whip mee such honest knaues:  
 52 Others there are, / who trimd in formes,  
 53 And viissages of duty, / keepe yet their hearts,  
 54 Attending on themselfues, / and throwing  
 55 But shewes of seruice on their Lords,

---

27 Souldier-ship: || 30 Christn'd and H., must be be-leed and c., ||  
 31 Counter-Caster: || 32 He (in good time) must || 33 And I Sir  
 (bleffe the marke) his Mooreships Ancient. || 35 *Iag.* But ther's ||  
 39 affn'd || 40 Moore? || 41 *Iag.* || 43 W. c. all be m. || 44 marke ||  
 46 That (doting . . bondage) || 48 nought || 49 Others there are, *eine Zeile* ||  
 50 Who trim'd in formes and viissages of duty, *eine Zeile* ||  
 51 Keepe . . . , att . . . themselfues, *eine Zeile* || 52 And thr. but . . . .  
 Lords; *eine Zeile* ||

Is all his Souldierfhip. But he (Sir) had th'election;	27
And I (of whom his eies had feene the prooffe	28
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds	29
Christen'd, and Heathen) muft be be-lee'd, and calm'd	30
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-cafter,	31
He (in good time) muft his Lieutenant be,	32
And I (bleffe the marke) his Moorefhips Auntient.	33
<i>Rod.</i> By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.	34
<i>Iago.</i> Why, there's no remedie.	
'Tis the curffe of Seruice;	35
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,	36
And not by old gradation, where each fecond	37
Stood Heire to'th'firft. Now Sir, be iudge your felfe,	38
Whether I in any iuft terme am Affin'd	39
To loue the <i>Moore</i> ?	40
<i>Rod.</i> I would not follow him then.	
<i>Iago.</i> O Sir content you.	41
I follow him, to ferue my turne vpon him.	42
We cannot all be Mafters, nor all Mafters	43
Cannot be truely follow'd. You fhall marke	44
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;	45
That (doting on his owne obfequious bondage)	46
Weares out his time, much like his Mafters Affe,	47
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Cafheer'd.	48
Whip me fuch honeft knaues. Others there are	49
Who trym'd in Formes, and viſages of Dutie,	50
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themfelues,	51
And throwing but fhowes of Seruice on their Lords	52

- Doe well thriue by'em,  
 53 And when they haue lin'd their coates,  
 Doe themfelues homage,  
 54 Thofe fellowes haue fome foule, †  
 55 And fuch a one doe I profefse myfelfe, — — — for fir,  
 56 It is as fure as you are *Roderigo*,  
 57 Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:  
 58 In following him, I follow but my felfe.  
 59 Heauen is my iudge, not I,  
 59-60 For loue and duty, / but feeming fo,  
 60 For my peculiar end.  
 61 For when my outward action does demonftrate  
 62 The natie act, and figure of my heart,  
 63 In complement externe. tis not long after,  
 64 But I will weare my heart vpon my fleewe,  
 For Doutes to pecke at,  
 65 I am not what I am.  
 66 *Rod.* What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,  
 If he can carry't thus?  
 67 *Ia.* Call vp her father,  
 68 Rowfe him, make after him, poyfon his delight,  
 69 Proclaime him in the freete, incense her Kinfmen,  
 70 And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,  
 71 Plague him with flies: tho that his ioy be ioy,  
 72 Yet throw fuch changes of vexation out,  
 73 As it may loofe fome colour.  
 74 *Rod.* Here is her fathers houfe, Ile call aloud.  
 75 *Ia.* Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,  
 76 As when by night and negligence, the fire  
 77 Is fpied in populous Citties.  
 78 *Rod.* What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,  
*Ia.* Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,  
 79 Theeues, theeues, theeues:  
 80 Looke to your houfe, you Daughter, and your bags,  
 81 Theeues, theeues.

*Brabantio at a window.*

- 82 *Brab.* What is the reafon of this terrible fummons?

54 † And 3 || 59-60 For loue and duty, but feeming fo, for my peculiar  
 end: *in einer Zeile* || 61 doth || 63 externe, || 65 Dawes || 67 carry't || *Iag.* ||  
 69 freet, || 75 *Iag.* || 77 Cities. || 79 *Iag.* || 80 your Daughter, || 82 *Bra.* ||

Doe well thriue by them.	
And when they haue lin'd their Coates	53
Doe themfelues Homage.	
Thefe Fellowes haue fome foule,	54
And fuch a one do I profefse my felfe. For (Sir)	55
It is as fure as you are <i>Rodorigo</i> ,	56
Were I the Moore, I would not be <i>Iago</i> :	57
In following him, I follow but my felfe.	58
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,	59
But feeming fo, for my peculiar end:	60
For when my outward Action doth demonftrate	61
The natiue act, and figure of my heart	62
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after	63
But I will weare my heart vpon my fleeue	64
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.	65
<i>Rod.</i> What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe	66
If he can carry't thus?	
<i>Iago.</i> Call vp her Father:	67
Rowfe him, make after him, poyfon his delight,	68
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incenfe her kinfmen,	69
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,	70
Plague him with Flies: though that his Loy be Ioy.	71
Yet throw fuch <u>chances</u> of vexation on't,	72
As it may loofe fome colour.	73
<i>Rodo.</i> Heere is her Fathers houfe, Ile call aloud.	74
<i>Iago.</i> Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,	75
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire	76
Is fpied in populus Citties.	77
<i>Rodo.</i> What hoa: <i>Brabantio</i> , Siginor <i>Brabantio</i> , hoa.	78
<i>Iago.</i> Awake: what hoa, <i>Brabantio</i> : Theeues, Theeues.	79
Looke to your houfe, your daughter, and your Bags,	80
Theeues, Theeues.	81
<i>Bra. Aboue.</i> What is the reason of this terrible	82

- 83 What is the matter there?  
 84 *Rod.* Seignior, is all your family within?  
*Ia.* Are all doore lockts? ≠  
 85 *Brab.* Why, wherefore aske you this?  
 86 *Iag.* Zounds fir you are robd, for flame put on your gowne,  
 87 Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your foule;  
 88 Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram  
 89 Is tugging your white Ewe; arise, arise,  
 90 Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,  
 91-92 Or else the Diuell will make a Grandfire of you, / arise I say.  
 92 *Brab.* What, haue you lost your wits?  
 93 *Rod.* Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voyce?  
 94 *Bra.* Not I, what are you?  
*Rod.* My name is *Roderigo*.  
 95 *Bra.* The worse welcome,  
 96 I haue charg'd thee; not to haunt about my dores,  
 97 In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say  
 98 My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,  
 99 Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,  
 100 Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come  
 To start my quiet?  
 1 *Rod.* Sir, fir, fir.  
 2 *Bra.* But thou must needs be sure  
 3 My spirit and my place haue in them power,  
 To make this bitter to thee.  
 4 *Rod.* Patience good fir.  
 5 *Bra.* What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,  
 6 My house is not a graunge.  
*Rod.* Most graue *Brabantio*,  
 7 In simple and pure foule I come to you..  
 8-9 *Iag.* Zouns Sir, you are one of those, that / will not serue  
 9-10 God, if the Deuill bid you. Because / we come to doe you  
 10-11 seruice, you thinke we are / Ruffians, youle haue your daughter  
 11-12 couered with / a Barbary horse; youle haue your Nephewes ney/  
 13-14 to you; youle haue Courfers for Coufens, and Ien / nits for  
 14 *Termans*.

84 Signior, || 85 *Iag.* Are your doores lockt? || ≠ B 2 *Brab.* 4 || *Bra.*  
 Why wheref. || 86 Zounds fir] Sir || 90 bell, || 92 *Bra.* || 93 *Rod.* || voice? ||  
 94 *Rod.* || 96 thee not || 102 needs || 4 fir || 8 Zouns *fehlt* || 10 wee ||  
 13 neigh || Gennets || 14 *Germans*.



Summons? / What is the matter there?	82-83
<i>Rodo.</i> Signior is all your Familie within?	84
<i>Iago.</i> Are your Doores lock'd?	85
<i>Bra.</i> Why? Wherefore ask you this?	86
<i>Iago.</i> Sir, y'are rob'd, for fhame put on your Gowne, ÷	87
Your heart is burst, you haue loft halfe your soule	88
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram	89
Is tuppung your white Ewe. Arise, arise,	90
Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,	91
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.	92
Arise, I say.	93
<i>Bra.</i> What, haue you loft your wits?	94
<i>Rod.</i> Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?	95
<i>Bra.</i> Not I: what are you?	96
<i>Rod.</i> My name is <i>Rodorigo</i> .	97
<i>Bra.</i> The worffer welcome:	98
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:	99
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,	100
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse	
(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)	
Vpon malicious knauerie, dost thou come	
To start my quiet.	1
<i>Rod.</i> Sir, Sir, Sir.	2
<i>Bra.</i> But thou must needs be fure,	3
My spirits and my place haue in their power	4
To make this bitter to thee.	5
<i>Rodo.</i> Patience good Sir.	6
<i>Bra.</i> What tell'st thou me of Robbing?	7
This is Venice: / my house is not a Grange.	8-9
<i>Rodo.</i> Most graue <i>Brabantio</i> ,	10-11
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.	11-12
<i>Ia.</i> Sir: you are one of those that / will not serue God; if	13-14
the deuill bid you. Because / we come to do you seruice, and	
you thinke we are / Ruffians, you'le haue your Daughter couer'd	
with / a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Nephewes neigh /	
to you, you'le haue Courfers for Cozens: and Gen/nets for	
Germaines.	14

- 115 *Bra.* What prophane wretch art thou?  
 16-17 *Iag.* I am one fir, that come to tell you, your/daughter,  
 17-18 and the Moore, are now making the Beast/with two backs.  
*Bra.* Thou art a villaine.  
 19 *Iag.* You are a Senator. †  
 20 *Bra.* This thou fhalt anfwer, I know thee *Roderigo*.  
 122-38 > 21 *Rod.* Sir, I will anfwer any thing: But I befeech you,  
 39 If fhe be in her chamber, or your houle,  
 40 Let loofe on me the Iuftice of the ftate,  
 For this delufion.  
 41 *Bra.* Strike on the tinder, Ho:  
 42 Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:  
 43 This accident is not vnlike my dreame,  
 44 Beleefe of it oppreffes me already:  
 Light I fay, light.  
 45 *Iag.* Farewell, for I muft leaue you,  
 46 It feemes not meete, nor wholefome to my pate,  
 47 To be produc'd, as if I ftay I fhall  
 48 Againft the Moore, for I doe know the ftate,  
 49 How euer this may gaule him with fome checke,

- 
- 119 † *Bra.* 5. || 20 anfwere, || *Roderigo.* || 21 anfwere ||  
 122 If't be your pleasure, and moft wife content,  
 23 (As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter  
 24 At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,  
 25 Transported with no worfe nor better guard  
 26 But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelie*,  
 27 To the groffe clafpes of a lasciuious Moore:  
 28 If this be knowne to you and your allowance,  
 29 Wee then haue done you bold and fawky wrongs?  
 30 But if you know not this, my mianners tell me,  
 31 Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeeue  
 32 That from the feufe of al ciuillitie,  
 33 I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.  
 34 Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,  
 35 I fay againe) hath made a groffe reuolt,  
 36 Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,  
 37 In an extrauagant and wheeling Stranger,  
 38 Of here, and euery where: Straight fatisfie your felfe; ||  
 41 this delufion] thus deluding you. || 46 meet || pate] place || 47 pro-  
 duc'd (as if I ftay I fhall,) || 14 How . . . checke,] (How . . . checke)

<i>Bra.</i> What prophane wretch art thou?	115
<i>Ia.</i> I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beast / with two backs.	16-17 17-18
<i>Bra.</i> Thou art a Villaine.	19
<i>Iago.</i> You are a Senator.	
<i>Bra.</i> This thou shalt answere. I know thee <i>Rodorigo.</i>	20
<i>Rod.</i> Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent, (As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter, At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night Transported with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a Gundelior, To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore: If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance, We then haue done you bold, and faulcie wrongs. But if you know not this, my Manners tell me, We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue That from the fence of all Ciuitie, I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence. Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue) I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt, Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger, Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe. If she be in her Chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the Iustice of the State For thus deluding you.	21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
<i>Bra.</i> Strike on the Tinder, hoa:	41
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people, This Accident is not vnlike my dreame, Beleeue of it oppresses me alreadie.	42 43 44
Light, I say, light.	<i>Exit.</i>
<i>Iag.</i> Farewell: for I must leaue you. It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place To be <u>produced</u> , (as if I stay, I shall) Against the Moore. For I do know the State, (How euer this may gall him with some checke)	45 46 47 48 49

150 Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbark'd,  
 51 With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,  
 52 Which euen now stands in act, that for their soules,  
 53 Another of his fathome, they haue not  
 54 To leade their businesse, in which regard,  
 55 Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,  
 56 Yet for necessity of present life,  
 57 I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,  
 58 Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely  
 58-59 Finde him: / lead to the Sagittar, the raised searh,  
 60 And there will I be with him. So farewell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Barbantio in his night gowne, and seruants  
with Torches.*

61 *Bra.* It is too true an euill, gone she is,  
 62 And what's to come, of my despised time,  
 63 Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo*,  
 64 Where didst thou see her; O vnhappy girle,  
 65 With the Moore faist thou? who would be a father?  
 66 How didst thou know twas she? O thou deceiuest me  
 67 Past thought: what said she to you? get more tapers, ≠  
 68 Raife all my kindred, are they married thinke you?  
 69 *Rod.* Truly I thinke they are.  
 70 *Bra.* O heauen, how got she out? O treason of the blood;  
 71 Fathers from hence, trust not your Daughters mindes,  
 72 By what you see them act, is there not charmes,  
 73 By which the property of youth and manhood  
 74 May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,  
 Of some such thing.  
 75 *Rod.* I haue fir.  
 76 *Bra.* Call vp my brother: O that you had had her,  
 77 Some one way, some another; doe you know  
 78 Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

152 Which . . . act,] (Which . . . act) || 53 not] none || 54 lead. ||  
 58 Which is . . . find him *in einer Zeile* || 59 Lead || Sagittary the || 62-62  
*Bühnenw.* Enter Brabantio . . . || 62 come of || 64 see her? O unh.  
 girle! || 66-67 . . . (O she deceiues me Past thought,) what || ≠ B 3 Raife 6  
 || 71 daughters || 72 act: is || 75 I haue fir] Yes fir, I haue indeed. ||  
 76 Brother: O would you h. h. h., || 77 you] you.

Cannot with safetie cast-him. For he's embark'd	150
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,	51
(Which euen now stands in Act) that four their foules	52
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,	53
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,	54
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,	55
Yet, for necessitie of present life,	56
I must shew out a Flag, and signe of Loue,	57
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shall surely find him	58
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:	59
And there will I be with him. So farewell.	60

*Exit.*

*Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.*

<i>Bra.</i> It is too true an euill. Gone she is,	61
And what's to come of my despised time,	62
Is naught but bitternesse. Now <i>Rodorigo</i> ,	63
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappy Girl)	64
With the Moore faist thou? (Who would be a Father?)	65
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me	66
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:	67
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?	68

<i>Rodo.</i> Truly I thinke they are.	69
---------------------------------------	----

<i>Bra.</i> Oh Heauen: how got she out?	70
Oh treason of the blood.	

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds	71
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,	72
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood	73
May be abus'd? Haue you not read <i>Rodorigo</i> ,	74
Of some such thing?	

<i>Rod.</i> Yes Sir: I haue indeed.	75
-------------------------------------	----

<i>Bra.</i> Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.	76
Some one way, some another. Doe you know	77
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?	78

179 *Rod.* I thinke I can discouer him, if you please  
80 To get good guard, and goe along with me.  
81 *Bra.* Pray leade me on, at euery house Ile call,  
82 I may command at most: get weapons ho,  
83 And raise some speciall Officers of night:  
85 On good *Roderigo*, Ile deferue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.*

1 *Ia.* Tho in the trade of warre, I haue flaine men,  
2 Yet doe I hold it very stuff of Conscience.  
3 To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity  
4 Sometimes to doe me seruice: nine or ten times,  
5 I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,  
6 Vnder the ribbes.  
7 *Oth.* Tis better as it is.  
8 *Iag.* Nay, but he prated,  
9 And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking tearmes  
10 Against your Honor, / that with the little godlinesse I haue,  
11 I did full hard forbear him: but I pray fir,  
12 Are you fast married? For be sure of this,  
13 That the Magnifico is much beloued,  
14 And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,  
15 As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,  
16 Or put vpon you what restraint, and greeuance,  
17 That law with all his might to inforce it on, =  
18 Weele giue him cable,  
19 *Oth.* Let him doe his spite,  
20 My seruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,  
21 Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,  
22 That boasting is an honour,  
23 I shall prouulgate, I fetch my life and being,  
24 From men of royall height, and my demerrits,  
25 May speake vnbonnited to as proud a fortune  
26 As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,

---

180 mee. || 81 leade me on,] you lead on, || 83 night:] might: || I, II,  
1 *Iag.* || 2 stuff of Conscience.] stuffe o'th conscience, || 5 jerk'd || 6 is.]  
is, || 7 scuruy and || 16 The law (with a. h. m., t. i. it on,) ||  
+ Weele 7 || 17 cable. || 19 out-tongue || 20 Which when I know  
that boasting is an honour, || 21 promulgate || 23 vnbonneted as  
proud a. f. ||

<i>Rod.</i> I thinke I can discouer him, if you please	179
To get good Guard, and go along with me.	80
<i>Bra.</i> Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,	81
(I may command at most) get Weapons (ho)	82
And raise some speciall Officers of might:	83
On good <i>Rodorigo</i> , I will deferue your paines. <i>Exeunt.</i>	84

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.*

<i>Ia.</i> Though in the trade of Warre I haue flaine men,	1
Yet do I hold it very stufte o'th'conscience	2
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie	3
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times	4
I had thought t'haue yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes.	5
<i>Othello.</i> 'Tis better as it is.	6
<i>Iago.</i> Nay but he prated,	
And spoke such scurvy, and prouoking termes	7
Against your Honor, / that with the little godlinesse I haue	8-9
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,	10
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,	11
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,	12
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall	13
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.	14
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance, †	15
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)	16
Will giue him Cable.	17
<i>Othel.</i> Let him do his fright;	
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie	18
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,	19
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,	20
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,	21
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites	22
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune	23
As this that I haue reach'd. For know <i>Iago</i> ,	24

- 25 But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,  
 26 I would not, my vnhoufed free condition,  
 27 Put into circumscription and confine  
 For the seas worth, *Enter Cassio with lights, Officers,*  
 28 But looke what lights come yonder. *and torches.*  
 29 *Ia.* These are the raised Father and his friends,  
 You were best goe in:  
 30 *Oth.* Not I, I must be'found,  
 31 My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,  
 32 Shall manifest me rightly: it is they.  
 33 *Ia.* By *Iagius* I thinke no.  
 34 *Oth.* The seruants of the Duke, and my Leiuenant,  
 35 The goodnesse of the night vpon your friends,  
 What is the newes.  
 36 *Cas.* The Duke does greete you Generall,  
 37 And he requires your haft, post haft appearance,  
 Euen on the instant.  
 38 *Oth.* What's the matter thinke you:  
 39 *Cas.* Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,  
 40 It is a businesse of some heate, the Galleyes  
 41 Haue sent a dozen frequent messengers  
 42 This very night, at one anothers heeles:  
 43 And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,  
 44 Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,  
 45 When being not at your lodging to be found,  
 46 The Senate sent aboue three seuerall quests  
 To search you out.  
 47 *Oth.* Tis well I am found by you, ≠  
 48-49 Ile spend a word here in the house, / and goe with you.  
 49 *Cas.* Auncient, what makes he here?  
 50 *Ia.* Faith he to night, hath boorded a land Carrick:  
 51 If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.  
 52 *Cas.* I doe not vnderstand.

---

27 cicumscrip. || 28 yonder? || 29 *Iag.* || 30 go in. || 32 me . .  
 they.] my right by: is it they? || 33 *Iag.* || 34 Leiuenant? || 35 your  
 friends.] you (friends,) || newes? 36 greet you (Generall,) || 37 post-  
 haft || 38 you? || 41 frequent] sequent || 42 night one at anothers ||  
 47 ≠ B 4 Ile 8 || 48 I will but spend || 50 Carriact, || 51 prouue ||



But that I loue the gentle <i>Desdemona</i> ,	25
I would not my vnhoufed free condition	26
Put into Circumfcription, and Confine,	27
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?	28
<i>Enter Caffio, with Torches.</i>	
<i>Iago.</i> Those are the raifed Father, and his Friends:	29
You were beft go in.	
<i>Othel.</i> Not I: I muft be found.	30
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule	31
Shall manifelt me rightly. Is it they?	32
<i>Iago.</i> By <i>Ianus</i> , I thinke no.	33
<i>Othel.</i> The Seruants of the Dukes?	34
And my Lieutenant?	35
The goodneffe of the Night vpon you (Friends)	36
What is the Newes?	37
<i>Caffio.</i> The Duke do's greet you (Generall)	38
And he requires your hafte, Poft-hafte appearance,	39
Enen on the infant.	40
<i>Othello.</i> What is the matter, thinke you?	41
<i>Caffio.</i> Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:	42
It is a bufineffe of fome heate. The Gallies	43
Haue fent a dozen fequent Meflengers	44
This very night, at one anothers heeles:	45
And many of the Confuls, rais'd and met,	46
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,	47
When being not at your Lodging to be found,	48
The Senate/hath fent about three feuerall Quefts,	49
To fearch you out.	50
<i>Othel.</i> 'Tis well I am found by you:	51
I will but fpend a word here in the houfe,	52
And goe with you.	
<i>Caffio.</i> Aunciant, what makes he heere?	
<i>Iago.</i> Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carrafft,	
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.	
<i>Caffio.</i> I do not vnderftand.	

52 *Ia.* Hee's married,

*Caf.* To who?

*Enters Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights and weapons.*

*Ia.* Marry to. — — — Come Captaine, will you goe?

53 *Oth.* Ha, with who?

54 *Caf.* Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

55 *Ia.* It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduifde,

He comes to bad intent.

56 *Oth.* Holla, stand there.

*Rod.* Seignior, it is the Moore.

57 *Cra.* Downe with him theife.

58 *Ia.* You *Roderigo*, Come fir, I am for you.

59 *Oth.* Keepe vp your bright fwords, for the dew will rust em,

60 Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares

61 Then with your weapons.

62 *Bra.* O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter?

63 Damd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

64 For ile referre me to all thing of sence,

65 > 66 Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,

67 So opposite to marriage, that she should

68 The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,

69 Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)

70 Runne from her gardage to the footy bosome

71 Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight,

72-77 > 78 Such an abuser of the world, a practiser

79 Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant?

80 Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,

52 married. || To whom. || *Enters Enter* || 53 to — Come || Ha, with who? || Ha' with you. || 57 *Cra.* || *Bra.* || thiefe. || 58 *Iag.* || come || 64 For Ile || things || 65 (If she in chaines of magick were not bound) || 71 delight: ||

72-78 Judge me the world, if t's not grosse in sence,

73 That thou hast practis'd on her with foule charmes,

74 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,

75 That weakens motion: Ile haue't disputed on;

76 Tis portable and palpable to thinking;

77 I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,

78 For an abuser . . . || 79 warrant.

<i>Iago.</i> He's married.	
<i>Cassio.</i> To who?	52
<i>Iago.</i> Marry to—Come Captaine, will you go?	
<i>Othel.</i> Haue with you.	53
<i>Cassio.</i> Here come sanother Troope to seeke for you.	54
<i>Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.</i>	
<i>Iago.</i> It is <i>Brabantio</i> : Generall be aduis'd,	55
He comes to bad intent.	56
<i>Othello.</i> Holla, stand there.	
<i>Rodo.</i> Signior, it is the Moore.	
<i>Bra.</i> Downe with him, Theefe.	57
<i>Iago.</i> You, <i>Rodorigo</i> ? Cme. Sir, I am for you.	58
<i>Othe.</i> Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will	59
rust them. / Good Signior, you shall more command with	59-60
yeares, / then with your Weapons.	60-61
<i>Bra.</i> Oh thou foule Theefe,	
Where haft thou stow'd my Daughter?	62
Damn'd as thou art, thou haft enchaunted her	63
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,	64
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)	65
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,	66
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd	67
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,	68
Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)	69
Run from her Guardage to the footie bosome,	70
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?	71
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,	72
That thou haft practis'd on her with foule Charmes,	73
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,	74
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,	75
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;	76
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,	77
For an abuser of the World, a practiser	78
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;	79
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist	80

- 81 Subdue him at his perill.  
*Oth.* Hold your hands:  
 82 Both you of my inclining and the rest, ≠  
 83 Were it my Qu. to fight, I should haue knowne it,  
 84 Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,  
 85 And answer this your charge?  
*Bra.* To prison till fit time  
 86 Of Law, and course of direct Session,  
 Call thee to answer.  
 87 *Oth.* What if I doe obey,  
 88 How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,  
 89 Whose Messengers are heere about my side,  
 90 Vpon some present businesse of the State,  
 To beare me to him.  
 91 *Officer.* Tis true most worthy Signior,  
 92 The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,  
 I am sure is sent for.  
 93 *Bra.* How? the Duke in Councell?  
 94 In this time of the night? bring him away,  
 95 Mine's not an idle cause, the Duke himselfe,  
 96 Or any of my Brothers of the State,  
 97 Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.  
 98 For if such actions, may haue passage free,  
 99 Bondslaves, and Pagans, shal our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table with lights  
and Attendants.*

- 1 *Duke.* There is no Composition in these newes,  
 That giues them credit.  
 2 1 *Sena.* Indeede they are disproportioned,  
 3 My letters say, a hundred and feuen Gallies.  
*Du.* And mine a hundred and forty.  
 4 2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:  
 5 But though they iumpe not on a iust account,  
 6 As in these cafes, where they aym'd reports,

---

81 hands, || 82 inclining, and the rest: || ≠ Were 9 || 83 my cue to  
 ... known it, || 85 And answer] To answer || prison, till || 86 Session  
 || 87 answer, || 94 away; || 95 cause: the || 99 Pagans shal || I, III.  
*Bühnenw.* Table, with || 1 composition || 2 Indeed || 3 Gallies, || 4 *Du.* and  
 mine an hundr. . . . || *Sen.* || 6 (As in .. they ayme reports, ||

Subdue him, at his perill.	
<i>Othe.</i> Hold your hands	81
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.	82
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it	83
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe	84
To anfwere this your charge?	85
<i>Bra.</i> To Prifon, till fit time	
Of Law, and courfe of direct Seffion	86
Call thee to anfwer.	87
<i>Othe.</i> What if <u>do</u> obey?	
How may the Duke be therewith fatisf'd,	88
Whofe Messengers are heere about my fide,	89
Vpon fome prefent bufineffe of the State,	90
To bring me to him.	
<i>Officer.</i> 'Tis true moft worthy Signior,	91
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble felfe,	92
I am fure is fent for.	
<i>Bra.</i> How? The Duke in Counsell?	93
In this time of the night? Bring him away;	94
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himfelfe,	95
Or any of my Brothers of the State,	96
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:	97
For if fuch Actions may haue paffage free,	98
Bond-flaues, and Pagans fhall our Statefmen be.	99
<i>Exeunt.</i>	

---

*Scæna Tertia.*

---

*Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.*

<i>Duke.</i> There's no composition in <u>this</u> Newes,	1
That giues them Credite.	
1. <i>Sen.</i> Indeed, they are disproportioned;	2
My Letters fay, a Hundred and feuen Gallies.	3
<i>Duke.</i> And mine a Hundred fortie.	
2. <i>Sena.</i> And mine two Hundred:	4
But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,	5
(As in these Cafes where the ayme reports,	6

- 7 Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme  
 8 A *Turkish* fleete, and bearing vp to *Cipresse*.  
 9 Du. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:  
 10 I doe not so secure me to the error,  
 11 But the mayne Articles I doe approue ≠  
 In fearefull sence. *Enter a Messenger.*  
 12 One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?  
 Sailor. A messenger from the Galley.  
 13 Du. Now, the bufinesse?  
 14 Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,  
 15 So was I bid report here, to the state.  
 16> 17 Du. How say you by this change?  
 17-18 I Sena. This cannot be / by no assay of reason ---  
 18 Tis a Pageant,  
 19 To keepe vs in false gaze: when we consider  
 20 The importancy of *Cypresse* to the *Turke*:  
 21 And let our felues againe, but vnderstand,  
 22 That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,  
 23 So may he with more facile question beare it.  
 24-30> 31 Du. And in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*.  
 32 Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Messenger.*  
 33 Mef. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gracious,  
 34 Steering with due course, toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,  
 35 Haue there inioynted with an after fleete  
 36> 37 Of 30. faile, and now they doe refterine

7 difference,) || 8 fleet || *Cipres*. || 11 Article || ≠ C In 9 || 12 sence ||  
 13 *Sailor*.] *Officer*. || Galleys, || 14 *Rohdes*, || 15—16 So was . . . here  
 to the State, by Signior *Angelo*. eine Zeile || 17 I *Sena*.] *Sena*. || 18 reason —  
 || 20 *Cyprus* || 23 . . . beare it,

24 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
 25 Who altogether lacks th'abilities  
 26 That *Rhodes* is drest in: if we make thought of this,  
 27 We must not thinke the *Turke* is so vnskilfull,  
 28 To leaue that latest which oncernes him first;  
 29 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gaine,  
 30 To wake and wage a danger profitlesse.  
 31 Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*. ||  
 33 *Ottomites*, || gracious, ||  
 35-37 . . . inioynted them with an after fleete,  
 I *Sena*. I, so I thought, how many, as you gueffe.  
 Mef. Of 30. faile, and now they doe refterne ||

'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme	7
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.	8
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:	9
I do not so secure me in the Error,	10
But the maine Article I do approue	11
In fearefull fenfe.	12
Saylor <i>within</i> . What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.	12
<i>Enter Saylor.</i> ‡	
Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.	13
Duke. Now? What's the businesse?	13
Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,	14
So was I bid report here to the State,	15
By Signior <i>Angelo</i> .	16
Duke. How say you by this change?	17
I. Sen. This cannot be	17
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant	18
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider	19
Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;	20
And let our selues againe but vnderstand,	21
That as it more concerns the Turke then Rhodes,	22
So may he with more facile question beare it,	23
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,	24
But altogether lacks th'abilities	25
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,	26
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,	27
To leaue that latest, which concerns him first,	28
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine	29
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.	30
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.	31
Officer. Here is more Newes.	32
<i>Enter a Messenger.</i>	
Messen. The <i>Ottomites</i> , Reueren'd, and Gracious,	33
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,	34
Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete.	35
I. Sen. I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?	36
Mess. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-tem	37

- 38 Their backward courfe, bearing with franke appearance  
 39 Their purpofes towards *Cyprefse*: Seignior *Montano*,  
 40 Your trusty and moft valiant feruitor,  
 41 With his free duty recommends you thus,  
 42 And prayes you to beleeeue him.  
 43 *Du.* Tis certaine then for *Cyprefse*,  
 44 *Marcus Luccicos* is not here in Towne.  
 45 *I Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.  
 46 *Du.* Write from vs, wifh him poft, poft haft difpatch.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caffio,  
 Desdemona, and Officers.*

- 47 *I Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant *Moore*.  
 48 *Du.* Valiant *Othello*, we muft ftraite imploy you,  
 49 Againft the generall enemy *Ottaman*;  
 50 I did not fee you, welcome gentle Seignior,  
 51 We lacke your counfell, and your helpe to night, †  
 52 *Bra.* So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me,  
 53 Neither my place, nor ought I heard of bufineffe  
 54 Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care  
 55 Take any hold of me, for my particular griefes,  
 56 Is of fo floodgate and orebearing nature,  
 57 That it engluts and fwallowes other forrowes,  
 58 And it is ftill it felfe.

*Du.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter, O my daughter.

- 59 *All.* Dead?

*Bra.* I to me:

- 60 She is abus'd, ftolne from me and corrupted,  
 61 By fpels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,  
 62 For nature fo prepofteroufly to erre,  
 63 > 64 Saunce witchcraft could not.  
 65 *Du.* Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding  
 66 Hath thus beguild your daughter of her felfe,  
 67 And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,

---

39 towards *Cyprus*: || 43 *Cyprus*, || 44 not he in towne? || 46 vs,  
 wifh] vs to || 47 *Moore*; || 49 *Ottoman*; || 51 lackt || night. || † *Bra.*  
 11 || 52 me || 54 nor] not || 55 any *fehlt* || griefe, || 57 fwallows ||  
 58 whats || 61 Mountebanckes, || 63 (Being not deficient, blind or  
 lame of fenfe,) || 64 Sans ||



Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance	38
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior <i>Montano</i> ,	39
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,	40
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,	41
And prayes you to beleue him.	42
<i>Duke.</i> 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:	43
<i>Marcus Luccicos</i> is not he in Towne?	44
1. <i>Sen.</i> He's now in Florence.	45
<i>Duke.</i> Write from vs,	46
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.	46
1. <i>Sen.</i> Here comes <i>Brabantio</i> , and the Valiant Moore.	47
<i>Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,</i> <i>and Officers.</i>	
<i>Duke.</i> Valiant <i>Othello</i> , we must straight employ you,	48
Against the generall Enemy <i>Ottoman</i> .	49
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,	50
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.	51
<i>Bra.</i> So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.	52
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse	53
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care	54
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe	55
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,	56
That it engluts, and swallowes other sorrowes,	57
And it is still it selfe.	58
<i>Duke.</i> Why? What's the matter?	58
<i>Bra.</i> My Daughter: oh my Daughter!	
<i>Sen.</i> Dead?	59
<i>Bra.</i> I, to me.	
She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted	60
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;	61
For Nature, so preposterously to erre,	62
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)	63
Sans witch-craft could not.	64
<i>Duke.</i> Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding	65
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,	66
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,	67

68 You fhall your felfe, read in the bitter letter,  
69 After its owne fenfe, tho our proper fonne  
Stood in your action.

70 *Bra.* Humbly I thanke your Grace;  
71 Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes  
72 Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires  
Hath hither brought.

73 *All.* We are very sorry for't.

74 *Du.* What in your owne part can you fay to this?

75 *Bra.* Nothing, but this is fo.

76 *Oth.* Most potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,

77 My very noble and approoued good maisters:

78 That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,

79 It is most true: true, I haue married her,

80 The very head and front of my offending,

81 Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my speech,

82 And little blest with the fet phrase of peace,

83 For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,

84 Till now some nine Moones wafted, they haue vs'd ≠

85 Their dearest action in the tented field,

86 And little of this great world can I speake,

87 More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,

88 And therefore little fhall I grace my cause,

89 In speaking for my felfe; yet by your gracious patience,

90 I will a round vnuarnish'd tale deliuer,

91 Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,

92 What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,

93 (For such proceedings am I charg'd withall:)

94 I wonne his daughter.

94-95 *Bra.* A maiden neuer bold / of spirit,

95 So still and quiet, that her motion

96 Blusht at her felfe: and she in spite of nature,

97 Of yeares, of Countrey, credit, euery thing,

98 To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on?

99 It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,

---

. 69 tho] yea tho || 77 approou'd || Masters: || 81 extent, no more.  
Rude I am in my speech, || ≠ C 2 Their 12 || 85 field; || 87 feates of  
broyles, || 89 gracious || 90 will] would || vnrauish'd || 94 Daughter. ||  
94-95 . . . bold, *danach neue Zeile* Of spirit so still . . . motion || 96 spight ||

You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter, 68  
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son 69  
Stood in your Action. 70

*Bra.* Humbly I thanke your Grace, 70  
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes 71  
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires 72  
Hath hither brought. 73

*All.* We are verie sorry for't. 73

*Duke.* What in your owne part, can you say to this? 74

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so. 75

*Othe.* Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors, 76  
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters; 77  
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter, 78  
It is most true: true I haue married her; 79  
The verie head, and front of my offending, 80  
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech, 81  
And little blest'd with the soft phrase of Peace; 82  
For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith, 83  
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd 84  
Their deereft action, in the Tented Field: 85  
And little of this great world can I speake, 86  
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile, 87  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause, 88  
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience) 89  
I will a round vn-variſh'd u Tale deliuer, 90  
Of my whole course of Loue. 91  
What Drugges, what Charmes, 91  
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke, 92  
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall) 93  
I won his Daughter. 94

*Bra.* A Maiden, neuer bold: 94  
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion 95  
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature, 96  
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing 97  
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on; 98  
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect. 99

- 100 That will confesse perfection, so would erre  
 1 Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen,  
 2 To finde out practises of cunning hell,  
 3 Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,  
 4 That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,  
 5 Or with some dram coniur'd to this effect,  
 6 He wrought vpon her.  
 7 *Du.* To youth this is no prooffe,  
 8 Without more certaine and more ouert teft,  
 9 These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,  
 10 Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.  
 11 *i Sena.* But *Othello* speake,  
 12 Did you by indirect and forced courses,  
 13 Subdue and poison this young maides affections?  
 14 Or came it by request, and such faire question,  
 15 As foule to foule affoordeth?  
 16 *Oth.* I doe beseech you,  
 17 Send for the Lady to the Sagittar,  
 18 And let her speake of me before her father;  
 19 If you doe finde me foule in her report,  
 18 > 19 Not onely take away, but let your sentence =  
 20 Euen fall vpon my life.  
 21 *Du.* Fetch *Desdemona* hither. *Exit two or three.*  
 22 *Oth.* Ancient conduct them, you best know the place:  
 23 > 22 And till she come, as faithfull as to heauen,  
 24 So iustly to your graue eares I'll present,  
 25 How I did thriue in this faire Ladyes loue,  
 26 And she in mine.  
 27 *Du.* Say it *Othello*.  
 28 *Oth.* Her Father loued me, oft inuited me,  
 29 Still questioned me the story of my life,  
 30 From yeare to yeare; the battailes, seiges, fortunes  
 31 That I haue past:  
 32 I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,

---

100 confesse, perfection so || 101 driuen || 2 find || 6 youth]  
 vouch || 14 affordeth? || 15 Sagittary, || 16 Father; || 18 The  
 trust, the Office, I doe hold of you, || = Euen 13 || 20 *Exit*  
*Exeunt* || 21 place; || 22 faithfull] truely || heauen || 23 I doe confesse  
 the vices of my bloud, || 24 Ile || 28 father || 30 F. y. t. yeare, the ||

That will confesse Perfection so could erre	100
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen	1
To find out practises of cunning hell	2
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,	3
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,	4
Or with some Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)	5
He wrought vpon her.	6
To vouch this, is no prooffe,	
Without more wider, and more ouer Test	7
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods	8
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.	9
<i>Sen.</i> But <i>Othello</i> , speake,	10
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses	11
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?	12
Or came it by request, and such faire question	13
As foule, to foule affordeth?	14
<i>Othel.</i> I do beseech you,	
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary.	15
And let her speake of me before her Father;	16
If you do finde me foule, in herreport,	17
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,	18
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence	19
Euen fall vpon my life.	20
<i>Duke.</i> Fetch <i>Desdemona</i> hither.	
<i>Othe.</i> Aunciant, conduct them:	
You best know the place.	21
And tell she come, as truely as to heauen,	22
I do confesse the vices of my blood,	23
So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present †	24
How I did thrue in this faire Ladies loue,	25
And she in mine.	26
<i>Duke.</i> Say it <i>Othello</i> .	27
<i>Othe.</i> Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:	28
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,	29
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,	30
That I haue past.	31
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,	32

133 Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it.  
34 Wherein I spake of most difastrous chances,  
35 Of moouing accident of flood and field;  
36 Of heire-breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach;  
37 Of being taken by the insolent foe:  
38 And sold to flauery, and my redemption thence,  
39 And with it all my trauells Historie;  
40 Wherein of Antrees vast, and Deserts idle,  
41 Rough quarries, rocks and hils, whose heads touch heauen,  
42 It was my hent to speake, such was the proceffe:  
43 And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;  
44 The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads  
45 Doe grow beneath their shoulders: this to heare,  
46 Would *Defdemona* seriously incline;  
47 But still the house affaires would draw her thence,  
48 And euer as she could with hast dispatch,  
49 Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare  
50 Deuoure vp my discourse; which I obseruing,  
51 Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes  
52 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
53 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
54 Whereof by parcell she had something heard,  
55 But not intentiuely, I did consent,  
56 And often did beguile her of her teares, †  
57 When I did speake of some distressed stroake  
58 That my youth suffered: my story being done;  
59 She gaue me for my paines a world of fighes;  
60 She swore Ifaith twas strange, twas passing strange;  
61 Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull;  
62 She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht  
63 That Heauen had made her such a man: she thanked me,  
64 And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,  
65 I should but teach him how to tell my story,

133 it: || 35 accidents, by flood || 36 haire-breadth || ith' || 37 foe,  
|| 38 flauery; of my r. || 39 And portance in my trauells historie;  
|| 40 Antars || Desarts || 41 quarries, rockes || 42 hint || was my proc. ||  
45 this] these || 48 And] Which || 50 up || 54 parcells || 56 † C 3  
When 14 || 57 distressed || 61 wonderous || 63 heauen || 64 me if ||

Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it.	133
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:	34
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,	35
Of haire-breadth scapes i' th'imminent deadly breach;	36
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,	37
And sold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,	38
And portance in my Trauellours historie.	39
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,	40
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,	41
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Proceffe,	42
And of the Canibals that each others eate,	43
The <i>Antropophague</i> , and men whose heads	44
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,	45
Would <i>Desdemona</i> feriously incline:	46
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:	47
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,	48
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare	49
Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,	50
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes	51
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,	52
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,	53
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,	54
But not instinctively: I did consent,	55
And often did beguile her of her teares,	56
When I did speake of some distressedfull stroke	57
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,	58
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:	59
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,	60
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.	61
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd	62
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,	63
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,	64
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,	65

- 166 And that would wooe her. Vpon this heate I spake:  
 67 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.  
 68 And I lou'd her that she did pittie them.  
 69 This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:  
 Here comes the Lady,  
 70 Let her witnesse it.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.*

- 71 *Du.* I thinke this tale would win my daughter to, ----  
 72-73 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,  
 74 Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,  
 Then their bare hands.  
 75 *Bra.* I pray you heare her speake.  
 76 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,  
 77 Destruction lite on me, if my bad blame  
 78 Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:  
 79 Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,  
 Where most you owe obedience?  
 80 *Des.* My noble father,  
 81 I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:  
 82 To you I am bound for life and education;  
 83 My life and education both doe learne me  
 84 How to respect you, you are Lord of all my duty,  
 85 I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband:  
 86 And so much duty as my mother shewed  
 87 To you, preferring you before her father,  
 88 So much I challenge, that I may professe,  
 Due to the Moore my Lord. †  
 89 *Bra.* God bu'y, I ha done:  
 90 Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires;  
 91 I had rather to adopt a child then get it;  
 92 Come hither Moore:  
 93 I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart  
 94 > 95 I would keepe from thee: for your sake Iewell,  
 96 I am glad at foule. I haue no other child,  
 97 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,

166 woe || 71 to; — || 77 light || 84 are the Lord of duty, ||  
 88 † *Bra.* 15 || 90 affaires, || 93 withall my heart, || 94 Which but  
 thou hast already, with all my heart || 95 (Iewell,) || 96 foule, I ||



And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake, 166  
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past, 67  
 And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them. 68  
 This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd. 69  
 Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it. 70

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.*

*Duke.* I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too, 71  
 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best: 72-73  
 Men do their broken Weapons rather vse, 74  
 Then their bare hands. 75

*Bra.* I pray you heare her speake? 75  
 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer, 76  
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame 77  
 Light on the man. Come hither gentle *Mistris*, 78  
 Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie, 79  
 Where most you owe obedience? 80

*Des.* My Noble Father, 80  
 I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie. 81  
 To you I am bound for life, and education: 82  
 My life and education both do learne me, 83  
 How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty, 84  
 I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband; 85  
 And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd 86  
 To you, preferring you before her Father: 87  
 So much I challenge, that I may professe 88  
 Due to the Moore my Lord. 89

*Bra.* God be with you: I haue done. 89  
 Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires; 90  
 I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it. 91  
 Come hither Moore; 92  
 I here do giue thee that with all my heart, 93  
 Which but thou hast already, with all my heart 94  
 I would keepe from thee. For your sake (*Iewell*) 95  
 I am glad at foule, I haue no other Child, 96  
 For thy escape would teach me Tirranie 97

- 198 To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.  
 99 *Du.* Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence  
 200 Which as a greefe or step may helpe these louers  
 1 Into your fauour.  
 2 When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,  
 3 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,  
 4 To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,  
 5 Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on;  
 6 What cannot be preferu'd when fortune takes,  
 7 Patience her iniury a mockery makes.  
 8 The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,  
 9 He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse grieve.  
 10 *Bra.* So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,  
 11 We lose it not so long as we can smile;  
 12 He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,  
 13 But the free comfort, which from thence he heares:  
 14 But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,  
 15 That to pay grieve, must of poore patience borrow.  
 16 These sentences to fugar, or to gall,  
 17 Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall:  
 18 But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,  
 19 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare:  
 20 Befeech you now, to the affaires of the state.  
 21-22 *Du.* The *Turke* with most mighty prepar/ation makes for  
 22-23 *Cipres*: *Othello*, the fortitude / of the place, is best knowne to  
 23-24 you, and tho / we haue there a substitute of most allowed suffi /  
 25-26 ciency, yet opinion, a foueraigne mistresse of effects, / throwes  
 26-27 a more safer voyce on you; you must / therefore bee content  
 27-28 to flubber the glosse of your / new fortunes, with this more  
 28-29 flubborne and boif / terous expedition. †  
 30 *Oth.* The tyrant custome most great Senators,  
 31 Hath made the flinty and Steele Cooch of warre,  
 32 My thrice driuen bed of downe: I doe agnize  
 33 A naturall and prompt alacrity,  
 34 I finde in hardnesse, and would vndertake  
 35 This present warres against the *Ottamites*,

---

205 on: || 10 *Cyprus* || 19 eare. || 22 *Cyprus*: || 24 Subst. || 27 be ||  
 29 † C 4 *Oth.* 16 || 30 custome, || great] graue || 32 thrice-driuen ||  
 34 find i. h., and doe vndert. || 235 warre, against the *Ottomites* ||

To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.	198
<i>Duke.</i> Let me speake like your selfe:	99
And lay a Sentence,	
Which as a grife, or step may helpe these Louers.	200
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended	2 < 201 f.
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.	3
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,	4
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.	5
What cannot be prefernd, when Fortune takes:	6
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.	7
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,	8
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.	9
<i>Bra.</i> So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,	10
We loose it not so long as we can smile:	11
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,	12
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.	13
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,	14
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.	15
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,	16
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.	17
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:	18
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.	19
I humbly beseech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.	20
<i>Duke.</i> The Turke with a most mighty Preparation makes	21-22
for Cyprus: <i>Othello</i> , the Fortitude / of the place is best knowne	22-23
to you. And though / we haue there a Substitute of most	23-24
allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more soueraigne Mistris of	24-25
Effects, / throwes a more safer voice on you: you must / there-	25-27
fore be content to stubber the glosse of your / new Fortunes,	27-28
with this more stubborne, and boyf / trous expedition.	28-29
<i>Othe.</i> The Tirant Costume, most Graue Senators,	30
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre	31
My thrice - driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize	32
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,	33
I finde in hardnesse: and do undertake	34
This present Warres against the <i>Ottomites</i> .	35

- 236 Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,  
 37 I craue fit disposition for my wife,  
 38 Due reuerence of place and exhibition,  
 39 Which such accomodation? and besort  
 40 As leuels with her breeding.  
 40-41 *Du.* If you please, / bee't at her fathers.  
 41 *Bra.* He not haue it so.  
     *Oth.* Nor I.  
 42 *Desd.* Nor I, I would not there reside,  
 43 To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
 44 By being in his eye: most gracious Duke,  
 45 To my vnfoldings lend a gracious eare,  
 46 And let me finde a charter in your voyce,  
 47 And if my simpleneffe. — — —  
 48 *Du.* What would you — — — speake.  
 49 *Des.* That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,  
 50 My downe right violence, and scorne of Fortunes,  
 51 May trumpet to the world: my hearts subdued,  
 52 Fuen to the vtmost pleasure of my Lord:  
 53 I saw *Othelloes* viſſage in his minde,  
 54 And to his Honors, and his valiant parts  
 55 Did I my foule and fortunes consecrate:  
 56 So that deere Lords; if I be left behinde,  
 57 A Mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,  
 58 The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,  
 59 And I a heauy interim ſhall ſupport,  
 60 By his deare abſence, let me goe with him.  
 61 *Oth.* Your voyces Lords: beſeech you let her will,  
 62 Haue a free way, I therefore beg it not  
 63 To pleaſe the pallat of my appetite,  
 64 Nor to comply with heate, the young affects ≠  
 65 In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction,

---

238 reference || 39 With ſuch accomodation and beſort, || 46 find  
 || 47 And . . . —] T'afſiſt my ſimpleneffe. — || 48 What . . . ſpeake.]  
 What would you *Deſdemona*? || 49 Moore to || 50 uiolence, and  
 ſtorme of F., || 52 Euen to the very qualitie of my Lord: || 53 viſage  
 || 55 consecrate. || 57 deare || 57 Moth || 60 abſence: let || 61 will ||  
 62 way: *Zeilensſchluß und danach als beſondere Zeile* Vouch with me heauen, I  
 therefore beg it not || 63 palat || 64 ≠ In 17 ||

Most humbly therefore bending to your State,	236.
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,	37
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,	38
With such Accomodation and besort	39
As leuels with her breeding.	40
<i>Duke.</i> Why at her Fathers?	
<i>Bra.</i> I will not haue it so.	41
<i>Othe.</i> Nor I.	
<i>Des.</i> Nor would I there recide,	42
To put my Father in impatient thoughts	43
By being in his eye. Most Graious Duke,	44
To my vnfoldi <sup>ng</sup> , lend your prosper <sup>ous</sup> eare,	45
And let me finde a Charter in your voice	46
T'affist my simpleness <sup>e</sup> .	47
<i>Duke.</i> What would you <i>Desdemona</i> ?	48
<i>Des.</i> That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,	49
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes, †	50
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd	51
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;	52
I saw <i>Othello's</i> visage in his mind,	53
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,	54
Did I my foule and Fortunes consecrate.	55
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind	56
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,	57
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:	58
And I a heauie interim shall support	59
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.	60
<i>Othe.</i> Let her haue your voice.	61
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not	62
To please the pallate of my Appetite:	63
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects	64
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.	65

- 266 But to be free and bounteous of her mind,  
 67 And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke  
 68 I will your ferious and good businesse scant,  
 69 For she is with me; — — no, when light-wingd toyes,  
 70 And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,  
 71 My speculatiue and actiue instruments,  
 72 That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,  
 73 Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,  
 74 And all indigne and base aduersities,  
 75 Make head against my reputation.  
 76 *Du.* Be it, as you shall priuately determine,  
 77 Either for stay or going, the affaires cry haft,  
 78-79 And speede must answer, / you must hence to night,  
     *Desd.* To night my Lord?  
 79 *Du.* This night.  
     *Oth.* With all my heart.  
 80 *Du.* At ten i'the morning here weel meete againe.  
 81 *Othello*, leaue some officer behind,  
 82 And he shall our Commission bring to you,  
 83 With such things else of quality or respect,  
     As doth concerne you.  
 84 *Oth.* Please your Grace, my Ancient,  
 85 A man he is of honesty and trust,  
 86 To his conueyance I assigne my wife,  
 87 With what else needefull your good Grace shall thinke,  
 88 To be sent after me.  
 88 *Du.* Let it be so:  
 89 Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,  
 90 If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,  
 91 Your son in law is farre more faire then blacke.  
 92 1 *Sena.* Adue braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.  
 93 *Bra.* Looke to her Moore, haue a quicke eye to see,  
 94 She has deceiud her father, may doe thee. *Exeunt.*

266 bounteous to her mind, || 69 light wingd || 77 Eyther for her stay  
 or g., the affaire cries haft, || 78 speed || answere, || 79 . . hence to night.  
*Danach neue Zeile Desd.* To night my Lord? *Danach neue Zeile Du.* This night.  
*Oth.* With all my heart. *in einer Zeile* || 80 At nine i'th morning || meet ||  
 83 quality and respect, || 84 concerne] import || 91 Son || 92 Adieu ||  
 93 haue . . . see] if thou haft eyes to see, || 94 deceiud'd her f., and  
 may thee ||

But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:	266
And Heauen defend your good foules, that you thinke	67
I will your serious and great bufinesse scant	68
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes	69
Of feather'd <i>Cupid</i> , feele with wanton dulnesse	70
My fpeculatiue, and offic'd Instrument:	71
That my Difports corrupt, and taint my bufinesse:	72
Let Houfe-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,	73
And all indigne, and bafe aduerfities,	74
Make head againft my Eftimation.	75
<i>Duke.</i> Be it as you fhall priuately determine,	76
Either for her ftay, or going: th'Affaire cries haft:	77
And fpeed muft anfwer it.	78
<i>Sen.</i> You muft away to night.	
<i>Othe.</i> With all my heart.	79
<i>Duke.</i> At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.	80
<i>Othello,</i> leaue fome Officer behind	81
And he fhall our Commiffion bring to you:	82
And fuch things elfe of qualitie and refpect	83
As doth import you.	84
<i>Othe.</i> So pleafe your Grace, my Ancient,	
A man he is of honefty and truft:	85
To his conueyance I affigne my wife,	86
With what elfe needfull, your good Grace fhall think	87
To be fent after me.	88
<i>Duke.</i> Let it be fo:	
Good night to euery one: And Noble Signior,	89
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,	90
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.	91
<i>Sen.</i> Adieu braue Moore, vfe <i>Desdemona</i> well.	92
<i>Bra.</i> Looke to her (Moore) if thou haft eies to fee:	93
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee.	94
<i>Exit.</i>	

- 295 *Oth.* My life vpon her faith: honest *Iago*,  
 96 My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,  
 97 I prethee let thy wife attend on her, ≠  
 98 And bring her after in the best aduantage;  
 99 Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre  
 300 Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,  
 1 To spend with thee, we must obey the time.  
 2 *Rod. Iago.* *Exit Moore and Desdemona.*  
 3 *Iag.* What fairest thou noble heart?  
 4 *Rod.* What will I doe thinkest thou?  
 5 *Iag.* Why goe to bed and sleepe.  
 6 *Rod.* I will incontinently drowne my selfe.  
 7-8 *Iag.* Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee / after it,  
 8 Why, thou silly Gentleman.  
 9-10 *Rod.* It is fillineffe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and  
 10-11 then we haue a prescription, to dye / when death is our Physition.  
 12-13 *Iag.* I ha look'd vpon the / world for foure times seuen yeares,  
 13-14 and since I / could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an iniury, /  
 15-16 I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe: / ere I  
 16-17 would say I would drowne my selfe, for the / loue of a Ginny  
 17-18 Hen, I would change my huma/nity with a Baboone.  
 19-20 *Rod.* What should I do? I confesse it is my / shame to be  
 20-21 so fond, but it is not in my vertue to / amend it.  
 22-23 *Iag.* Vertue? a fig, tis in our selues, that wee / are thus, or  
 23-24 thus, our bodies are gardens, to / the which our wills are Gar-  
 24-25 diners, so that if we / will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set  
 25-27 Ifop, and / weed vp Time; supply it with one gender of / hearbes,  
 27-28 or distract it with many; either to haue it / sterill with Idle-  
 28-29 nesse, or manur'd with Industry, / why the power, and corri-  
 29-30 gible Authority of this, / lies in our wills. If the ballance of  
 30-31 our liues had / not one scale of reason, to poise another of  
 31-33 sen/suality; the blood and baseneffe of our natures, / would  
 33-34 conduct vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue  
 34-35 reason to coole our raging / motions, our carnall stings, our

295 faith. Honest || 97 prethee || ≠ D And 18 || 300 matters and  
 || 3 *Iag.* || fait || 4 thinkst || 5 sleepe, || 8 Why thou || 11 Physitian ||  
 12 *Iag.* O villanous, I ha look'd || 19 doe? || 22 Vertue, a fig, ||  
 28 idleneffe, || industry, || 29 authority ||



<i>Othe.</i> My life vpon her faith. Honeft <i>Iago</i> ,	295
My <i>Desdemona</i> muſt I leaue to thee:	96
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,	97
And bring them after in the beſt aduantage.	98
Come <i>Desdemona</i> , I haue but an houre	99
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction	300
To ſpend with thee. We muſt obey the the time. <i>Exit.</i>	1
<i>Rod. Iago.</i>	2
<i>Iago.</i> What faift thou Noble heart?	3
<i>Rod.</i> What will I do, think'ſt thou?	4
<i>Iago.</i> Why go to bed and ſleepe.	5
<i>Rod.</i> I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.	6
<i>Iago.</i> If thou do'ſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee / after. Why thou	7-8
ſilly Gentleman?	8
<i>Rod.</i> It is ſillyneſſe to liue, when to liue is torment: and	9-10
then haue we a preſcription to dye, / when death is our Phy-	10-11
ſition.	11
<i>Iago.</i> Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the / world for foure	12-13
times ſeuē yeares, and ſince I / could diſtinguiſh betwixt a	13-14
Benefit, and an Iniurie: / I neuer found man that knew how to	14-15
loue himſelfe. / Ere I would ſay, I would drowne my ſelfe for	15-16
the / loue of a Gynney Hen, I would change my Huma/nity	16-18
with a Baboone.	18
<i>Rod.</i> What ſhould I do? I confeſſe it is my / ſhame to be	19-20
ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to / amend it.	20-21
<i>Iago.</i> Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our felues that we / are thus,	22-23
or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to / the which, our	23-24
Wills are Gardiners. So that if we / will plant Nettels, or	24-25
ſowe Lettice: Set Hiſope, and / weede vp Time: Supplie it	25-26
with one gender of / Hearbes, or diſtract it with many: either	26-27
to haue it / ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manured with Induſtry, /	27-28
why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this / lies in our	29-30
Wills. If the braine of our liues had / not one Scale of Reaſon,	30-31
to poize another of Senſualitie, the blood, and baſeneſſe of	31-32
our Natures / would conduct vs to moſt prepoſtrous Conclu-	32-33
ſions. But we haue Reaſon to coole our raging / Motions, our	34-35

335-36 vnbitted lusts; / whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a  
37 sect, / or fyen.

38 *Rod.* It cannot be.

39-40 *Iag.* It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a / permission of  
40-41 the will: Come, be a man; drowne / thy selfe? drowne Cats  
41-42 and blinde Puppies: I / professe me thy friend, and I confesse  
42-43 me knit to / thy deferuing, with cables of perdurable tough- /  
44-45 nesse; I could neuer better steede thee then now. / Put money  
45-46 in thy purse; follow these warres, / ≠ defeate thy fauour with an  
46-47 vsurp'd beard; I say, / put money in thy purse. It cannot be,  
47-48 that *Des/demona* should long continue her loue vnto the /  
49-50 Moore, --- put money in thy purse, --- nor he to / her; it  
50-51 was a violent commencement, and thou / shalt see an answerable  
51-52 sequestration: put but / money in thy purse. --- These Moores  
52-53 are changeable in their wills: --- fill thy purse with money. /  
54-55 The food that to him now, is as luscious as Locusts, / shall be  
55-56 to him shortly as acerbe as the Colloquintida. / When shee is  
56-58 fated / with his body, shee will finde the error of her / choyce;  
58-59 shee must haue change, shee must. There/fore put money  
59-60 in thy purse: if thou wilt needes / damme thy selfe, doe it a  
60-61 more delicate way then / drowning; make all the money thou  
61-62 canst. If / sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring /  
63-64 *Barbarian*, and a super subtle *Venetian*, be not too / hard for my  
64-65 wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou / shalt enioy her; there-  
65-66 fore make money, --- a pox / a drowning, tis cleane out of  
66-67 the way: / seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy /  
68 ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

69-70 *Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes?

71-72 *Iag.* Thou art sure of me --- goe, make money / --- I haue  
72-73 told thee often, and I tell thee againe, / and againe, I hate the  
73-74 Moore, my cause is harted, / thine has no lesse reason, let vs  
74-75 be communicatiue / in our reuenge against him: If thou canst

---

339 meerely || 45 ≠ defeate 19 || 46 say || 49 he to] he his to  
|| 54 now is || 55-56 . . . shortly as bitter as Coloquintida: She  
must change for youth; when shee is fated || 58 change, she must.  
|| 59 purse: If || needs || 63 & a super-subtle || 66 way; || 68 be || 69-70  
. . hopes, if I depend on the issue? || 73 hearted, || 74 communica-  
tiue] coniunctiue ||

carnall Stings, or vnbitted Lufts: / whereof I take this, that 335-36  
you call Loue, to be a Sect, / or Seyen. 36-37

*Rod.* It cannot be. 38

*Iago.* It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a / permissiō of 39-40  
the will. Come, be a man: drowne / thy selfe? Drown Cats, 40-41  
and blind Puppies. I haue / profest me thy Friend, and I con- 41-42  
fesse me knit to / thy deseruing, with Cables of perdurable 42-43  
tough/nesse. I could neuer better steed thee then now. / Put 43-45  
Money in thy purse: follow thou the Warres, / defeate thy fauour, 45-46  
with an vsurp'd Beard. I say / put Money in thy purse. It 46-47  
cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her loue to 47-48  
the / Moore. Put Money in thy purse: nor he his to / her. It 48-50  
was a violent Commencement in her, and thou / shalt see an 50-51  
answerable Sequestration, put but / Money in thy purse. These 51-52  
Moores are change/able in their wils: fill thy purse with Money. / 52-53  
The Food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, / shall be 54-55  
to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. / She must change 55-56  
for youth: when she is sated / with his body she will find the 56-57  
errors of her / choice. There/fore, put Money in thy purse. 57-59  
If thou wilt needs / damne thy selfe, do it a more delicate way 59-60  
then / drowning. Make all the Money thou canst: If / Sancti- 61-62  
monie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring / Barbarian, and 62-63  
super-subtle Venetian be not too / hard for my wits, and all the 63-64  
Tribe of hell, thou / shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: 64-65  
a pox / of drowning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. / 65-66  
Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compassing thy / ioy, then 67-68  
to be drown'd, and go without her. 68

*Rodo.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I de/pend on the 69-70  
issue? 70

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: / I haue told 71-72  
thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, / and againe, I hate the 72-73  
Moore. My cause is hearted; / thine hath no lesse reason. Let 73-74  
vs be coniunctiue / in our reuenge, against him. If thou canst 74-75

375-76 cuckold / him, thou doest thy selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. /  
77-78 There are many euent in the womb of Time, which / will be  
78-79 deliuered. Trauerce, go, prouide thy / money, we will haue  
79-80 more of this to morrow, / Adieu.

81 *Rod.* Where shall we meete i'th morning.

82 *Iag.* At my lodging.

83 *Rod.* Ile be with thee betimes.

84-85 *Iag.* Go to, farewell: --- doe you heare *Roderigo*?

86 *Rod.* what say you?

87 *Iag.* No more of drowning, doe you heare?

88 *Rod.* I am chang'd. *Exit Roderigo.*

*Iag.* Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:

89 Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:

90 For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,

91 If I would time expend with such a snipe,

92 But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore, ≠

93 And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheets

94 Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---

95 Yet I, for meere suspicion in that kind,

96 Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,

97 The better shall my purpose worke on him.

98 *Cassio's* a proper man, let me see now,

99 To get this place, and to make vp my will,

400 A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me see,

1 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eare,

2 That he is too familiar with his wife:

3 He has a person and a smooth dispose,

4 To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:

5 The Moore a free and open nature too,

6 That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:

7-8 And will as tenderly be led bit'h nose --- / as Asses are:

9 I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night

10 Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

*Exit.*

---

376 and *fehlt* || 77 wombe || 78 Trauerse, goe, || 80 adieu. || 81 meet  
i'th morning? || 83 Ile || 86 What || 88 . . . chang'd, Ile goe sell all  
my land. *Exit Roderigo* || Goe to, . . . purse] *fehlt* || 90 prophane ||  
92 ≠ D 2 And 20 || 99 make] plume || 405 The Moore is of a free  
and open nature, || 7 bith' ||

Cuckold / him, thou dost thy felfe a pleasure, me a sport.	375-76
There are many Euent in the Wombe of Time, which / wilbe	77-78
deliuered. Trauerse, go, provide thy / Money. We will haue	78-79
more of this to morrow. / Adieu.	79-80
<i>Rod.</i> Where shall we meete i'th'morning?	81
<i>Iago.</i> At my Lodging.	82
<i>Rod.</i> Ile be with thee betimes.	83
<i>Iago.</i> Go too, farewell. Do you heare <i>Rodo rigo</i> ?	84-85
<i>Rod.</i> Ile sell all my Land.	<i>Exit.</i> 88
<i>Iago.</i> Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:	89
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane	90
If I would time expend with such Snpe, ≠	91
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,	92
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets	93
<u>She</u> ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,	94
But I, for meere suspection in that kinde,	95
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,	96
The better shall my purpose worke on him:	97
<i>Cassio's</i> a proper man: Let me see now,	98
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will	99
<u>In</u> double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.	400
After some time, to abuse <i>Othello's</i> eares,	1
That he is too familiar with his wife:	2
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose	3
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.	4
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,	5
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,	6
And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Nose	7
As Affes are:	8
I haue't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,	9
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.	10

*Actus 2.**Scæna I.*

*Enter Montanio, Gouvernor of Cypres, with  
two other Gentlemen.*

*Montanio.*

- 1 **W**hat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?  
 2 **I Gent.** Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,  
 3 I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne  
 4 Descry a faile.  
 5 **Mon.** Me thinks the wind does speake aloud at land,  
 6 A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:  
 7 If it ha ruffiand fo vpon the sea.  
 8 What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine mes It, ÷  
 9 Can hold the morties, — — — What shall we heare of this?  
 10 **2 Gent.** A segregation of the *Turkish* Fleete:  
 11 For doe but stand vpon the banning shore,  
 12 The chiding billow seemes to pelt the cloudes,  
 13 The winde shak'd furge, with high and monstrous mayne,  
 14 Seemes to cast water, on the burning Beare,  
 15 And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,  
 16 I neuer did, like molestation view,  
 On the inchaſed flood.  
 17 **Mon.** If that the *Turkish* Fleete  
 18 Be not inſhelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,  
 19 It is impossible they beare it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

- 20 **3 Gent.** Newes Lords, your warres are done:  
 21 The desperate Tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turke*,  
 22-23 That their deſignement halts: Another ſhippe of *Venice* | hath ſeene  
 23 A grieuous wracke and ſufferance

II, I, *Bühnenw.* Cyprus, || 3 hauen] heauen || 6 nere || battlements: [  
 7 ſea, || 8 . . when mountaine melt on them, || ÷ Can 21 || 10 fleete: ||  
 || 11 banning] foaming || 12 billowes ſeemes || 13 wind || 14 water on ||  
 || 16 did like || 17 enchaſed || 19 they] to || 20 Lords,] Lads, || 22 de-  
 ſignment halts: *danach Zeilenschluß und neue Zeile* A Noble ſhippe of *Venice*,  
*Zeilenschluß* || 23 Hath ſeene a grieuous wr. a. ſ. ||

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea? 1  
*1. Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood: 2  
 I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine, 3  
 Defcry a Saile. 4

*Mon.* Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land, 5  
 A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements: 6  
 If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea, 7  
 What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them, 8  
 Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this? 9

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet: 10  
 For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore, 11  
 The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds, 12  
 The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine 13  
 Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare, 14  
 And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole: 15  
 I neuer did like mollestation view 16  
 On the enchafed Flood. 17

*Men.* If that the Turkish Fleete 17  
 Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd, 18  
 It is impossible to beare it out. 19

*Enter a Gentleman.*

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done: 20  
 The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes, 21  
 That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice, 22  
 Hath seene a greuous wracke and sufferance 23

24 On most part of the Fleete.

*Mon.* How, is this true?

25 3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in:

26 A Veroneffa, *Michael Cassio*,

27 Lieutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,

28 Is come ashore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,

29 And is in full Commission here for *Cypres*,

30 *Mon.* I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouvernour.

31 3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,

32 Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,

33 And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,

With foule and violent Tempest.

34 *Mon.* Pray Heauen he be:

35 For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands

Like a full Souldier:

36 Lets to the sea side, ho,

37 As well to see the vessell that's come in, †

39 > 38 As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*.

40 3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,

41 For euery minute is expectancy

42 Of more arriuance, *Enter Cassio.*

43 *Cas.* Thanks to the valiant of this worthy Ile,

44 That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens

45 Giue him defence against their Elements,

46 For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

47 *Mon.* Is he well shipt?

48 *Cas.* His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate

49 Of very expert and approu'd allowance,

50 Therefore my hope's not forfeited to death,

Stand in bold cure.

*Enter a Messenger.*

51 *Mess.* A faile, a faile, a faile.

52 *Cas.* What noyse?

24 of their Fleete. || 25 here || 29 *Cyprus*. || 34 heauen || 36 Soldier: || 37 thats || † D 3 As 22 || 38-40 . . *Othello*,

39 Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,

40 An indistinct regard. *Danach neue Zeile* 3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe fo, || 42 arriuance. || 43 worthy *fehlt* || 48 Pilate || 50 hope's (not forfeited to death) || 51 cure || *Mes.* ||



On moſt part of their Fleet.	24
<i>Mon.</i> How? Is this true?	25
3 The Ship is heere put in: / A <i>Verenneſſa</i> , <i>Michael Caſſio</i>	25-26
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, <i>Othello</i> ,	27
Is come on Shore: the Moore himſelfe at Sea,	28
And is in full Commiſſion heere for Cyprus.	29
<i>Mon.</i> I am glad on't:	30
'Tis a worthy Gouverneur.	30
3 But this ſame <i>Caſſio</i> , though he ſpeake of comfort,	31
Touching the Turkiſh loſſe, yet he lookes ſadly,	32
And praye the Moore be ſafe; for they were parted	33
With fowle and violent Tempeſt.	34
<i>Mon.</i> Pray Heauens he be:	34
For I haue ſeru'd him, and the man commands	35
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)	36
As well to ſee the Veſſell that's come in,	37
As to throw-out our eyes for braue <i>Othello</i> ,	38
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,	39
An indiſtinct regard.	40
<i>Gent.</i> Come, let's do fo;	41
For euery Minute is expectancie	41
Of more Arriuancie.	42
<i>Enter Caſſio.</i>	
<i>Caſſi.</i> Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Iſle,	43
That ſo approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens	44
Giue him defence againſt the Elements,	45
For I haue loſt him on a dangerous Sea.	46
<i>Mon.</i> Is he well ſhip'd?	47
<i>Caſſio.</i> His Barke is ſtoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot	48
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;	49
Therefore my hope's (not ſurfetted to death)	50
Stand in bold Cure.	51
<i>Within.</i> A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.	51
<i>Caſſio.</i> What noiſe?	52

53 *Mef.* The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,  
 54 otand ranckes of people, and they cry a fayle.  
 55 *Caf.* My hopes doe fhape him for the guernement.  
 56 2 *Gen.* They doe difcharge the fhot of courtesie,  
 Our friend at leaft. *A fhot.*  
 57 *Caf.* I pray you fir goe forth,  
 58 And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.  
 59 2 *Gent.* I fhall. *Exit.*  
 60 *Mon.* But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?  
 61 *Caf.* Moft fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,  
 62 That parragons defcription, and wild fame:  
 63 One that excells the blaſoning pens,  
 64 And in the eſſentiall veſture of creation,  
 65 Does beare all excellency: — — — now, who has put in?

*Enter 2. Gentleman.*

66 2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the Generall,  
 67 He has had moſt fauourable and happy ſpeede,  
 68 Tempeſts themſelues, by ſeas, and howling windes,  
 69 The guttered rocks, and congregated ſands,  
 70 Traitors enſcerped; to clog the guiltleſſe Keele,  
 71 As hauing fence of beauty, do omit  
 72 Their common natures, letting goe ſafely by ÷  
 The diuine *Deſdemona*.  
 73 *Mon.* What is ſhe?  
 74 *Caf.* She that I ſpoke of, our great Captains Captaine,  
 75 Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.  
 76 Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts  
 77 A ſennights ſpeede — — — great *Ioue Othello* guard,  
 78 And ſwell his faile with thine owne powerfull breath,  
 79 That he may bleſſe this Bay with his tall ſhippe,  
 80 And ſwiftly come to *Deſdemona's* armes.

---

53 *Mef.* || 54 Stands ranckes || 55 gouernement. || 57 forth ||  
 62 fame; || 63 excells the quirkes of blaſoning pens; || 65 all] an  
 || 66 Ancient to the Generall; || 68 by] high || winds, || 69 rockes, ||  
 70 enſcerped;] enſteep'd, || 71 ſenſe || 72 ÷ The 23 || 74 ſpake || Cap-  
 taines C., || 75 *Iago*, || 76 heere ||

<i>Gent.</i> The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea	53
Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saile.	54
<i>Cassio.</i> My hopes do fhape him for the Gouvernor.	55
<i>Gent.</i> They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,	56
Our Friends, at least.	
<i>Cassio.</i> I pray you Sir, go forth,	57
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.	58
<i>Gent.</i> I fhall.	<i>Exit.</i> 59
<i>Mon.</i> But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?	60
<i>Cassio.</i> Most fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid	61
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:	62
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,	63
And in th'essentiall Vesture of Creation,	64
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.	
<i>Enter Gentleman.</i>	65
How now? Who ha's put in?	
<i>Gent.</i> 'Tis one <i>Iago</i> , Auncient to the Generall.	66
<i>Cassio.</i> Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:	67
Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,	68
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,	69
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,	70
As hauing fence of Beautie, do omit	71
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by	72
The Diuine <i>Desdemona</i> .	73
<i>Mon.</i> What is she?	
<i>Cassio.</i> She that I spake of:	74
Our great Captains Captaine,	75
Left in the conduct of the bold <i>Iago</i> ,	76
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,	77
A Senights speed. Great loue, <i>Othello</i> guard,	78
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,	79
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,	80
Make loues quicke pants in <i>Desdemonaes</i> Armes,	



Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits. 81

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.*

Oh behold, 82

The Riches of the Ship is come on shore: 83

You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees. 84

Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen, 85

Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand 86

Enwheelee thee round. 87

*Des.* I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*,

What tydings can you tell of my Lord? † 88

*Cas.* He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought 89

But that he's well, and will be fhortly heere. 90

*Des.* Oh, but I feare:

How loft you company? 91

*Cassio.* The great Contention of Sea, and Skies

Parted our fellowfhip. But hearke, a Saile. 92

*Within.* A Saile, a Saile. 93

*Gent.* They giue this greeting to the Cittadell: 94

This likewise is a Friend. 95

*Cassio.* See for the Newes: 96

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miftris: 97

Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*) 98

That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding, 99

That giues me this bold fhew of Curtesie. 100

*Iago.* Sir, would fhe giue you fo much of her lippes,

As of her tongue fhe oft beftowes on me, 1

You would haue enough. 2

*Des.* Alas: fhe ha's no fpeech. 3

*Iago.* Infaith too much: 4

I finde it fill, when I haue leaue to sleepe. 5

Marry before your Ladyfhip, I grant, 6

She puts her tongue a little in her heart, 7

And chides with thinking. 8

† *Cassio* 317.

- 109 *Em.* You ha little caufe to fay fo.  
 110 *Iag.* Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores:  
 111 Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:  
 112 Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:  
 113 Players in your houfwifery; and houfwives in your beds.  
 114 O fie vpon thee slanderer.  
 115 *Iag.* Nay, it is true, or elfe I am a *Turke*,  
 116 You rife to play, and goe to bed to worke.  
 117 *Em.* You fhall not write my praife.  
*Iag.* No, let me not.  
*Defd.* What wouldft thou write of me,  
 118 If thou fhouldft praife me?  
 119 *Iag.* O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,  
 120 For I am nothing, if not Criticall.  
 121 *Defd.* Come on, affay -- there's one gone to the Harbor?  
 122 *Iag.* I Madam.  
 123 *Defd.* I am not merry, but I doe beguile  
 124 The thing I am, by feeming otherwife:  
 125 Come, how wouldft thou praife me?  
 126 *Iag.* I am about it, but indeed my inuention  
 127 Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,  
 128 It plucks out braine and all: but my Mufe labors,  
 129 And thus ſhe is deliuer'd:  
 130 If ſhe be faire and wife, faireneſſe and wit;  
 131 The one's for uſe, the other vſing it.  
 132 *Defd.* Well praiſde: how if ſhe be blacke and witty?  
 133 *Iag.* If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,  
 134 Shee'll finde a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe hit.  
 135 *Defd.* Worſe and worſe.  
 136 *Em.* How if faire and fooliſh?  
 137 *Iag.* She neuer yet was fooliſh, that was faire,  
 138 For euen her folly helpt her, to a haire.  
 139-40 *Def.* Theſe are old paradoxes, to make / fooles laugh i'the  
 40 Alehouſe,

---

110 Come on, come on, || out of dores: || 13 houſewifery; || houſe-  
 wives || 14 *Def.* O fie . . . || 18 *Def.* || 20 criticall. || 21 gon || 23 *Def.*  
 || 28 labors. || 29 deliuered: || 30-31 *kurſu* || 31 vſing] *uſeth* || 32 *Def.* ||  
 praiſ'd: || black || 33-34 *kurſu* || 34 *Shee'l* || hit.] *fit.* || 35 *Def.* || 37-38  
*kurſu* || ≠ For 25 || 38 her, to a haire.] *her to an Heire.* || 39 paro-  
 doxes, || 40 i'th Alehouſe: ||

<i>Æmil.</i> You haue little caufe to fay fo.	109
<i>Iago.</i> Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doore: /	10
Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens: / Saints in	11-12
your Iniuries: Diuels being offended: / Players in your Hufwi-	12-13
ferie, and Hufwiues in your Beds.	13
<i>Def.</i> Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.	14
<i>Iago.</i> Nay, it is true: or elfe I am a Turke,	15
You rife to play, and go to bed to worke.	16
<i>Æmil.</i> You fhall not write my praife.	17
<i>Iago.</i> No, let me not.	
<i>Defde.</i> What would'ft write of me, if thou fhould'ft praife me?	18
<i>Iago.</i> Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too .t,	19
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.	20
<i>Def.</i> Come on, affay.	21
There's one gone to the Harbour?	
<i>Iago.</i> I Madam.	22
<i>Def.</i> I am not merry: but I do beguile	23
The thing I am, by feeming otherwise.	24
Come, how would'ft thou praife me?	25
<i>Iago.</i> I am about it, but indeed my inuention / comes from	26-27
my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, / it pluckes out Braines	27-28
and all. But my Mufe labours, / and thus ſhe is deliuer'd.	28-29
<i>If ſhe be faire, and wiſe: faireneſſe and wit,</i>	30
<i>The ones for uſe, the other uſeth it.</i>	31
<i>Def.</i> Well prais'd:	32
How if ſhe be Blacke and Witty?	
<i>Iago.</i> <i>If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,</i>	33
<i>She'le find a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.</i>	34
<i>Def.</i> Worſe, and worſe.	35
<i>Æmil.</i> How if Faire, and Fooliſh?	36
<i>Iago.</i> <i>She neuer yet was fooliſh that was faire,</i>	37
<i>For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.</i>	38
<i>Defde.</i> Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make / Fooles laugh	39-40

- 140-41 What miserable praise/hast thou for her,  
 41 That's foule and foolish?  
 42 *Iag.* There's none so foule; and foolish thereunto,  
 43 But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.  
 44-45 *Desd.* O heauy Ignorance, that praises the/worst best: but  
 45-46 what praise couldst thou bestow/on a deseruing woman indeed?  
 46-47 one, that in the/authority of her merriits, did iustly put on  
 47-48 the vouch/of very malice it selfe?  
 49 *Iag.* She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,  
 50 Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,  
 51 Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,  
 52 Fled from her wifh, and yet said, now I may:  
 53 She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,  
 54 Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;  
 55 She that in wisedome, neuer was so fraile,  
 56 To change the Codfhead for the Salmons taile.  
 57 She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,  
 58 > 57 She was a wight, if euer such whight were.  
 59 *Des.* To doe what?  
 60 *Iag.* To fuckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.  
 61 *Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion:  
 62 Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy/husband;  
 63-64 How say you *Cassio*, is he not a/most prophane and liberall  
 64-65 Counsellour?  
 65 *Cas.* He speakes home Madam, you may rellish/him  
 66-67 More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.  
 67 *Iag.* He takes her by the palme; I/well fed, whisper: as  
 68-69 little a webbe as this/will ensnare as great a Flee as *Cassio*.  
 69-70 I smile/vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your owne court-/  
 70-71 esies: you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes/as these,  
 72-73 strip you out of your Leiutenantry, it had/beene better you  
 73-74 had not rift your three fingers/so oft, which now againe, you  
 74-75 are most apt to play/the fir in: good, well kist, an excellent/  
 75-76

142-43 *kurfu* || 44 *Des.* || ignorance, || 47 merits, || 49-59 *kurfu* ||  
 156 taile: || 58 See *Suters following*, and not looke behinde: || 59 . .  
 wight, (if euer such wight were,) || 61 *kurfu* || 64 husband: || 65 liberal  
 || 66 Madam you || 69-70 whisper; with as little a webbe as this, will  
 I enfn. as gr. a Flie as *Cassio*. I smile || 71 owne courtesies:] own  
 courtship: || 74 been || 76 good,] very good, | an exc.] and exc. ||



i'th'Alehoufe. What miserable praife/haft thou for her that's 140-41  
Foule, and Foolifh. 41

*Iago.* There's none fo foule and foolifh thereunto, 41  
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wife-ones do. 42

*Defde.* Oh heauy ignorance: thou praifeft the/worft beft. 44-45  
But what praife could'ft thou beftow/on a deferuing woman 45-46  
indeed? One, that in the/authorithy of her merit, did iuftly 46-47  
put on the vouch/of very malice it felfe. 47-48

*Iago.* She that was euer faire, and neuer proud, 49  
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud: 50

Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay, 51  
Fled from her wifh, and yet faid now I may. 52

She that being angred, her reuenge being nie, 53  
Bad her wrong ftay, and her difpleafure flie: 54

She that in wifedome neuer was fo fraile, 55  
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile: 56

She that could thinke, and neu'r difclofe her mind, 57  
See Suitors following, and not looke behind: 58

She was a wight, (if euer fuch wightes were) 59  
*Def.* To do what? 60

*Iago.* To fuckle Fooles, and chronicle fmall Beere. 61

*Defde.* Oh moft lame and impotent conclufion. / Do not 62-63  
learne of him *Æmillia*, though he be thy / husband. How 63-64  
fay you (*Caffio*) is he not a / moft prophane, and liberall Coun- 64-65  
failor? 65

*Caffio.* He fpeakes home (Madam) you may rellifh / him 66-67  
more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler. 67

*Iago.* He takes her by the palme: I, / well faid, whifper. 68-69  
With as little a web as this, / will I enfnares as great a Fly as 69-70

*Caffio.* I fmile / vpon her, do: I will giue thee in thine owne 70-71  
Court/ship. You fay true, 'tis fo indeed. If fuch tricks / as 71-73

theſe ftirp you out of your Lieutenantrie, it had / beene better 73-74  
you had not kiſs'd your three fingers / fo oft, which now againe 74-75

you are moft apt to play / the Sir, in. Very good: well kiſs'd, 75-76

177-78 courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers / at your lips?  
 78-79 Would they were Cliffterpipes for / your fake. --- The Moore,  
 79-80 I / know his Trumpet. † *Trumpets within.*

*Enter Othello, and Attendants.*

81 *Caf.* Tis truely so.

82 *Def.* Lets meete him, and receiue him.

83 *Caf.* Loe, where he comes.

84 *Oth.* O my faire Warriour.

*Def.* My deare *Othello*.

85 *Oth.* It giues me wonder great as my content,

86 To see you here before me: O my foules ioy,

87 If after euery tempest, come such calmenesse,

88 May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,

89 And let the labouring Barke clime hills of seas,

90 *Olympus* high, and duck againe as low,

91 As hell's from Heauen: If it were now to dye,

92 T'were now to be most happy, for I feare

93 My foule hath her content so absolute,

94 That not another comfort, like to this

Succeeds in vnknowne Fate,

95 *Def.* The Heauens forbid,

96 But that our loues and comforts should increase,

Euen as our dayes doe growe.

97 *Oth.* Amen to that sweete power,

98 I cannot speake enough of this content,

99 It stops me heere, it is too much of ioy:

200 And this, and this, the greatest discord be,

*they kisse.*

That ere our hearts shall make.

1 *Iag.* O, you are well tun'd now,

2 But I'll set downe the pegs, that make this musique,

As honest as I am.

3 *Oth.* Come, let vs to the Castle:

4 Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drown'd:

5 How doe our old acquaintance of the Isle;

178 would || 80 . . . *Trumpet within.* || † E *Enter* 26 || 82 meet  
 || 85 wonder, great || 88 death; || 89 hills || 91 heauen; || 95 vnknown  
 Fate. || heauens || 97 grow. || that, sweet Powers: || 99 here, || 200 . . .  
*they kisse.] kisse.* || 2 Ile || makes || 4 v || 5 doe our] dos my || of  
 this Ile? ||

and excellent / Curtie: 'tis so indeed.. Yet againe, your fingers /	176-77
to your lippes? Would they were Clufter-pipes for / your fake.	78-79
The, Moore I / know his Trumpet.	79-80
<i>Cassio</i> . 'Tis truly so.	81
<i>Des</i> . Let's meete him, and recieue him.	82
<i>Cassio</i> . Loe, where he comes.	83
<i>Enter Othello, and Attendants.</i>	
<i>Oth</i> . O, my faire Warriour.	84
<i>Des</i> . My deere <i>Othello</i> .	85
<i>Othe</i> . It giues me wonder great, as my content	86
To see you heere before me.	87
Oh my Soules Ioy:	88
If after euery Tempeft, come fuch Calmes,	89
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:	90
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas	91
<i>Olympus</i> high: and duck againe as low,	92
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,	93
'Twere now to be moft happy. For I feare,	94
My Soule hath her content fo abfolute,	95
That not another comfort like to this,	96
Succedes in vnknowne Fate.	97
<i>Des</i> . The Heauens forbid	98
But that our Loues	99
And Comforts fhould encreafe	200
Euen as our dayes do grow.	1
<i>Othe</i> . Amen to that (fweet Powers)	1-2
I cannot fpeake enough of this content,	2-3
It ftoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.	3
And this, and this the greateft difcords be	4
That ere our hearts fhall make.	5
<i>Iago</i> . Oh you are well tun'd now: / But Ile fet downe the	
peggs that make this Muficke, / as honeft as I am. ‡	
<i>Othe</i> . Come: let vs to the Caffe.	
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:	
The Turkes are drown'd.	
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Ifle?	

206 Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cypres*;

7 I haue found great loue amongst them: O my sweete,

8 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,

9 In mine one comforts: I preethee good *Iago*,

10 Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers;

11 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell; †

12 He is a good one, and his worthinesse,

13 Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,

14 Once more well met at *Cypres*.

*Exit.*

15-16 *Iag.* Doe thou meete me presently at the Harbour; come  
16-17 hither, If thou bee'st valiant, as they say, bafe men being in  
17-18 loue, haue then a Nobility in their natures, more then is native  
18-20 to them --- lift me, the Lieutenant to night watches / on  
20-21 the Court of Guard: first I will tell thee, this *Desdemona* is  
21 directly in loue with him.

22 *Rod.* With him? why tis not possible.

23-24 *Iag.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed:  
24-25 marke me, with what violence she / first lou'd the Moore, but  
25-26 for bragging, and telling / her fantastick lies; and will she loue  
26-27 him still for / prating? let not the discreet heart thinke so. Her/  
28-29 eye must be fed, and what delight shall she haue / to look on  
29-30 the Diuell? When the blood is made / dull with the act of sport,  
30-31 there should be againe / to inflame it, and giue society a fresh  
31-32 appetite. / Louelines in fauour, sympathy in yeares, manners/  
33-34 and beauties; all which the Moore is defectiue in: / now for want  
34-35 of these requir'd conueniences, / her delicate tenderneffe will finde  
35-36 it selfe abus'd, / beginne to heaue the gorge, disrellish and abhorre  
36-38 the / Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and / compell her  
38-39 to some second choyce: now sir, / this granted, as it is a most  
39-40 pregnant and vnforced position, who stands so eminently in the /  
41-42 degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knaue / very voluble,  
42-43 no farder conscionable, then in / putting on the meere forme of  
43-44 ciuill and hand- / seeming, for the better compassing of his salt

206 *Cyprus*; || 7 sweet; || 9 one] owne || prethee || 11 Citadell: ||  
† He 27 || 14 *Cyprus*. || *Exit.* || 15 meet || 15-16 Harbour:  
|| 17, (as || 19 them,) || 20 thee, this] thee this, || 27 fo.] it. || 29 looke  
|| 30 againe] 21. 22 || 32 manners, || 35 finde || 36 disrellish || 38 Now  
|| 39 is a most is most || 43 hand-] humane ||

(Hony) you fhall be well defir'd in Cyprus,	206
I haue found great loue among't them. Oh my Sweet,	7
I prattle out of fashon, and I doate	8
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good <i>Iago</i> ,	9
Go to the Bay, and difimbarke my Coffers:	10
Bring thou the Mafter to the Cittadell,	11
He is a good one, and his worthyneffe	12
Do's challenge much refpect. Come <i>Defdemona</i> ,	13
Once more well met at Cyprus.	14

*Exit Othello and Defdemona.*

<i>Iago</i> . Do thou meet me prefently at the Har/bour. Come	15-16
thither, if thou be'ft Valiant, (as/they fay bafe men being in	16-17
Loue, haue then a/Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is	17-18
natue to/ them) lift-me; the Lieutenant to night watches/ on	18-20
the Court of Guard. Firft, I muft tell thee this:/ <i>Defdemona</i> ,	20-21
is direclly in loue with him.	21

*Rod.* With him? Why, 'tis not poffible.

<i>Iago</i> . Lay thy finger thus: and let thy foule be/inftructed.	23-24
Marke me with what violence fhe/ firft lou'd the Moore, but	24-25
for bragging, and telling/ her fantafticall lies. To loue him ftill	25-26
for/ prating, let not thy difcreet heart thinke it. Her/ eye muft	26-28
be fed. And what delight fhall fhe haue/ to looke on the	28-29
diuell? When the Blood is made/ dull with 'the Act of Sport,	29-30
there fhould be a gaine/ to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a	30-31
frefh appetite./ Louelineffe in fauour, fimpathy in yeares, Man-	31-32
ners,/ and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in./ Now	32-34
for want of thefe requir'd Conueniences,/ her delicate tender-	34-35
neffe wil finde it felfe abus'd,/ begin to heaue the, gorge,	35-36
difrellifh and abhorre the/ Moore, very Nature wil inftruct her	36-37
in it, and/ compell her to fome fecond choice. Now Sir,/ this	37-39
granted (as it is a moft pregnant and vnforc'd pofition) who	39-40
ftands fo eminent in the/ degree of this Fortune, as <i>Caffio</i> do's:	40-41
a knaue/ very voluble: no further confcionable, then in/ putting	41-43
on the meere forme of Ciuill, and Humaine/ feeming, for the	43-44

244-46 and/hidden affections:/A subtle flippery knaue, a finder out of  
46-48 oc/casions; that has an eye, can flampe and counter/feit the true  
48-50 aduantages neuer/present themselues. Besides, the/knaue is hand-  
50-51 some, yong, and hath all those/requifites in him that folly and  
51-52 green mindes look/after; a pestilent compleate knaue, and the  
52-53 woman/has found him already.

54-55 *Rod.* I cannot beleue that in her, shee's full/of most blest  
55 condition.

56-67 *Iag.* Blest figs end: the wine shee drinkes is/made of grapes:  
57-58 if she had beene blest, she would/neuer haue lou'd the Moore./  
59-60 Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of/his hand?  
61-62 *Rod.* Yes, but that was but courtesie.

63-64 *Iag.* Lechery, by this hand: an Index and/prologue to the  
64-65 hi[+]story of lust and foule/thoughts: they met so neere with  
65-67 their lips, that/their breathes embrac'd together./ When these  
67-68 mutualities so/marshall the way, hand at hand, comes the/  
69-70 maine exercise, the incorporate conclusion./ But sir, be you  
70-71 rul'd by mee, I haue/brought you from *Venice*: watch you to  
71-73 night,/for your command I'll lay't vpon you, *Cassio*/knowes  
73-74 you not, I'll not be farre from you, do you/finde some occa-  
74-75 sion to anger *Cassio*, either by/speaking too loud, or tainting  
75-76 his discipline, or/from what other cause you please; which the/  
77 time shall more fauourably minister.

78 *Rod.* Well.

79-80 *Iag.* Sir he is rash, and very suddain in choler,/and haply  
80-81 with his Trunchen may strike at you; prouoke him that/he  
81-82 may, for euen out of that, will I cause these of *Cyprus* to mu-  
82-83 tiny, whose qualification shall/come into no true trust again't,  
83-84 but by the displanting of *Cassio*: So shall you haue a shorter  
84-85 journey/to your desires by the meanes I shall then haue to/

245 hidden] most hidden loose || 48 the true aduantages] aduantages,  
tho true aduantage || 49 themselues.] it selfe. || 51 looke || 52 compleat  
|| 56 she || 57 been || 60 his hand? didst not marke that? || 64 prolo-  
gue] obscure prologue || history, || + E 2 story, 28 || 66-67 together.  
When] together, villanous thoughts, when || 68-69 way, . . . exer-  
cise,] way; hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the master and the maine  
exercise, || 70 me, || 71 *Venice*; || 72 your *feh* || Ile || 73 Ile || doe ||  
76 cause] course || 77 fauorably || 79 suddaine || 82 *Cyprus* || qualifi-  
cation || 83 trust] taste || 85 desires, by || shall ||

better compaffe of his falt, and / moſt hidden looſe Affection? 244-45  
 Why none, why / none: A flipper, and ſubtle knaue, a finder 45-46  
 of oc/caſion: that he's an eye can ſtampe, and counter/feit Ad- 46-48  
 uantages, though true Aduantage neuer / preſent it ſelfe. A 48-49  
 diueliſh knaue: beſides, the / knaue is handſome, young: and 49-50  
 hath all thoſe / requiſites in him, that folly and greene mindes 50-51  
 looke / after. A peſtilent compleat knaue, and the woman / 51-52  
 hath found him already. 53

*Rodo.* I cannot beleuee that in her, ſhe's full / of moſt bleſſ'd 54-55  
 condition. 55

*Iago.* Bleſſ'd figges-end. The Wine ſhe drinks is / made of 56-57  
 grapes. If ſhee had beene bleſſ'd, ſhee would / neuer haue 57-58  
 lou'd the Moore: Bleſſ'd pudding. / Didſt thou not ſee her 58-59  
 paddle with the palme of / his hand? Didſt not marke that? 59-60

*Rod.* Yes, that I did: but that was but cur/teſie. 61-62

*Iago.* Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and / obſcure pro- 63-64  
 logue to the Hiſtory of Luſt and foule / Thoughts. They met 64-65  
 ſo neere with their lippes, that / their breathes embrac'd together. 65-66  
 Villanous / thoughts *Rodorigo*, when theſe mutabilities ſo / 66-67  
 marſhall the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, / and maine 68-69  
 exerciſe, th'incorporate concluſion: / Piſh. But Sir, be you 69-70  
 rul'd by me. I haue / brought you from Venice. Watch you 70-71  
 to night: / for the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Caffio* / 71-72  
 knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you / finde 73-74  
 ſome occaſion to anger *Caffio*, either by / ſpeaking too loud, 74-75  
 or tainting his diſcipline, or / from what other courſe you 75-76  
 pleaſe, which the / time ſhall more fauorably miniſter. 76-77

*Rod.* Well. 78

*Iago.* Sir, he's raſh, and very ſodaine in Choller: / and hap- 79-80  
 pely may ſtrike at you, prouoke him that / he may: for euen 80-81  
 out of that will I cauſe theſe of / Cyprus to Mutiny. Whoſe 81-82  
 qualification ſhall / come into no true taſte againe, but by the 82-83  
 diſplant'ing of *Caffio*. So ſhall you haue a ſhorter journey / 83-84  
 to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to / preferre 85-86

286-87 prefer them, & the impediment, moſt profitably / remou'd,  
 87-88 without which there were no ex/pectation of our proſperity. /  
 89-90 *Rod.* I will doe this, if I can bring it to any / opportunity.  
 91-92 *Iag.* I warrant thee, meete me by and by at / the Cittadell;  
 92-93 I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. — — — / Farewell.

94 *Rod.* Adue.

*Exit.*

95 *Iag.* That *Cafſio* loues her, I doe well beleue it;  
 96 That ſhe loues him, tis apt and of great credit;  
 97 The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,  
 98 Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature;  
 99 And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Deſdemona*,  
 300 A moſt deere husband: now I doe loue her too,  
 1 Not out of abſolute luſt, tho peraduenture.  
 2 I ſtand accountant for as great a fin,  
 3 But partly lead to diet my reuenge,  
 4 For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore,  
 5 Hath leap'd into my ſeate, the thought whereof  
 6 Doth like a poiſonous minerall gnaw my inwards,  
 7 And nothing can, nor ſhall content my ſoule,  
 8 Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife:  
 9 Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,  
 10 At leaſt, into a iealouſie ſo ſtrong, ≠  
 11 That Iudgement cannot cure; which thing to doe,  
 12 If this poore traſh of *Venice*, whom I cruſh,  
 13 For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,  
 14 Ple haue our *Michael Cafſio* on the hip,  
 15 Abufe him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,  
 16 (For I feare *Cafſio*, with my nightcap to)  
 17 Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,  
 18 For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,  
 19 And practiſing vpon his peace and quiet,  
 20 Euen to madneſſe: tis here, but yet confus'd,  
 21 Knaueries plaine face is neuer ſeene, till vs'd.

*Exit.*

291 meet || 92 a ſhore. — || 95 do || 300 husband; || 1, (tho peraduenture, || 2 accomptant || fin,) || 5 ſeat, || 6 inwards; || 8 euen'd || wife for wife; || 10 iealouſie || ≠ That 29 || 11 iudgement can not || 12 cruſh || trace, || 14 Ile || 16 night cap || 20 madneſſe: — tis heere, b. y. c.; ||



them. And the impediment most profitably / remoued, without 286-87  
the which there were no ex/pectation of our prosperitie. 87-88

*Rodo.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any / opportunity. 89-90

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at / the Cittadell. 91-92  
I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. / Farewell. 92-93

*Rodo.* Adieu. *Exit.* 94

*Iago.* That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleeu't: 95

That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite. 96

The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not) 97

Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature, 98

And I dare thinke, he'lle proue to *Desdemona* 99

A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too, 300

Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure 1

I stand accomptant for as great a sin) 2

But partely led to dyet my Renenge, 3

For that I do suspect the lustie Moore 4

Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof, 5

Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes: 6

And nothing can, or shall content my Soule 7

Till I am euen'd with him, wife, for wift. 8

Or sayling so, yet that I put the Moore, 9

At least into a Ielouzie so strong 10

That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do, 11

If this poore Traff of Venice, whom I trace 12

For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on, 13

Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip, 14

Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe 15

(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too) 16

Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me, 17

For making him egregiously an Affe, 18

And practising vpon his peace, and quiet, 19

Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd, 20

Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd. *Exit.* 21

*Enter a Gentleman reading a Proclamation.*

1-2 It is *Othello's* pleafure; our noble and / valiant Generall, that  
2-3 vpon certaine tidings now / arriued, importing the meere per-  
3-4 dition of the / *Turkifh* Fleete; that euery man put himfelfe  
4-5 into triumph: / Some to dance, fome make bonafires; each man /  
6-7 to what fport and Reuels his minde leades him; / for befides  
7-8 thefe beneficiall newes, it is the cele/bration of his Nuptialls:  
8-9 So much was his pleafure / fhould bee proclaimed. All Offices  
9-11 are open, and / there is full liberty, from this prefent / houre of  
11-12 fwee, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen / bleffe the Ifle of  
12-13 *Cyprus*, and our noble Generall / *Othello*.

*Enter Othello, Caffio, and Desdemona.*

1 *Oth.* Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night,  
2 Lets teach our felues the honourable ftoppe,  
3 Not to out fport difcretion.  
4 *Caf.* *Iago* hath directed what to doe:  
5 But notwithstanding with my perfonall eye  
6 Will I looke to it.

*Oth.* *Iago* is moft honeft,  
7 *Michael* good night, to morrow with your earlieft,  
8 Let me haue fpeech with you, come my deare loue,  
9 The purchafe made, the fruits are to enfue, ≠  
10 The profits yet to come twixt me and you,  
11 Good night.

*Exit Othello and Desdemona.*

*Enter Iago.*

12 *Caf.* Welcome *Iago*, we muft to the watch.  
13-14 *Iag.* Not this houre Lieutenant, tis not yet / ten a'clock: our  
14-15 Generall caft vs thus early / for the loue of his *Desdemona*. who  
15-17 let vs not / therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton / the  
17 night with her; and fhe is fport for *Ioue*.  
18 *Caf.* She is a moft exquisite Lady.  
19 *Iag.* And I'll warrant her full of game.  
20-21 *Caf.* Indeepe fhe is a moft frefh and delicate / creature.  
22 *Iag.* What an eye fhe has?

II, II. a Gentleman] *Othello's Herald*, || 1 pleasure, || 4-5 triumph,  
fome || bonafires; || 6 minde] addiction || 9 be || 12 *Cyprus*, || II, III,  
1 *Michael* looke || 2 the] that || 3 outfport || 4 directed] direction ||  
5 notwithstanding, || 6 honeft: || 7 goodnight, || 9 ≠ E 3 The 30 ||  
10 The] That || 15 *Desdemona*, who || 16 he || 19 He || 20 Indeepe ||



*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.*

*Herald.* It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete: euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure / should be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this present / houre of five, till the Bell haue told eleuen. Bleste the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*.

*Exit.*

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.*

*Othe.* Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night. Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* *Iago*, hath direction what to do. But notwithstanding with my personall eye Will I looke to't.

*Othe.* *Iago*, is most honest: *Michael*, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest, Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue, The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue, That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you. Goodnight.

*Exit.*

*Enter Iago.*

*Cas.* Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch. *Iago.* Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet / ten o'th'clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely / for the loue of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not / therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton / the night with her: and she is sport for *Ioue*. *Cas.* She's a most exquisite Lady. *Iago.* And Ile warrant her, full of Game. *Cas.* Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate / creature. *Iago.* What an eye she ha's?

- 22-23 Me thinks it / sounds a parly of prouocation. /  
 24-25 *Caf.* An inuiting eye, and yet me thinks right / modest. /  
 26-27 *Iag.* And when she speakes, tis an / alarme to loue.  
 28 *Caf.* It is indeede perfection.  
 29-30 *Iag.* Well, happinesse to their sheetes --- come / Lieutenant.  
 30-31 I haue a stope of Wine, and heere / without are a brace of  
 31-32 *Cypres* Gallants, that / would faine haue a measure to the health  
 32-33 of the blacke / *Othello*.  
 34-35 *Caf.* Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very / poore and vn-  
 35-36 happy braines for drinking: I could / well with courtesie woulde  
 36-37 inuent some other custome of entertainment.  
 38-39 *Iag.* O they are our friends, --- but one cup: / Ple drink  
 39 for you. /  
 40-41 *Caf.* I ha drunke but one cup to night, and / that was craftily  
 41-42 qualified to, and behold what / innouation it makes here: I am  
 42-43 vnfortunate in / the infirmity, and dare not taske my weak-  
 43-44 nesse / with any more.  
 45-46 *Iag.* What man, tis a night of Reuells, the / Gallants desire it. /  
 47 *Caf.* Where are they?  
 48 *Iag.* Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.  
 49 *Caf.* Ple do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*  
 50 *Iag.* If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,  
 51 With that which he hath drunke to night already,  
 52 Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,  
 53 As my young misstris dog: --- Now my sicke foole *Roderigo*,  
 54 Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward, †  
 55 To *Desdemona*, hath to night caroust  
 56 Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch  
 57 Three lads of *Cypres*, noble swelling spirits,  
 58 That hold their honour, in a wary distance,  
 59 The very Elements of this warlike Isle,  
 60 Haue I to night flustred with flowing cups,  
 61 And the watch too: now mongst this flocke of drunkards,  
 62 I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,

25 modest. || 28 She is indeed p. || 31 *Cyprus* || 39 He drinke || 49 He  
 || 52 Hee'l || 53 my] mw || 54 (Whom . . . outward) || † To 31 ||  
 56 watch: || 57 Lads of *Cyprus*, || 58-59 (That . . . Isle,) || 61 flock ||

Methinkes it / founds a parley to prouocation.	22-23
<i>Caf.</i> An inuiting eye:	24
An yet me thinkes right / modeft.	24-25
<i>Iago.</i> And when fhe fpeakes,	26
Is it not an / Alarum to Loue?	26-27
<i>Caf.</i> She is indeed perfection.	28
<i>Iago.</i> Well: happineffe to their Sheetes. Come / Lieutenant,	29-30
I haue a ftope of Wine, and heere / without are a brace of	30-31
Cyprus Gallants, that / would faine haue a meafure to the	31-32
health of blacke / <i>Othello</i> .	32-33
<i>Caf.</i> Not to night, good <i>Iago</i> , I haue very / poore, and vn-	34-35
happie Braines for drinking. I could / well wifh Curtefie would	35-36
inuent fome other Cuftome of entertainment.	36-37
<i>Iago.</i> Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, / Ile drinke	38-39
for you.	39
<i>Caffio.</i> I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and / that was	40-41
craftily qualified too: and behold what / inouation it makes	41-42
heere. I am infortunate in / the infirmity, and dare not taske	42-43
my weakenesse / with any more.	43-44
<i>Iago.</i> What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the / Gallants de-	45-46
fire it.	46
<i>Caf.</i> Where are they?	47
<i>Iago.</i> Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.	48
<i>Caf.</i> Ile do't, but it diflikes me.	<i>Exit.</i> 49
<i>Iago.</i> If I can faften but one Cup vpon him	50
With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,	51
He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence	52
As my yong Miftris dogge.	
Now my ficke Foole <i>Rodorigo</i> ,	53
Whom Loue hath turn'd almoft the wrong fide out,	54
To <i>Defdemona</i> hath to night Carrows'd.	55
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.	56
Three elfe of Cyprus, Noble fwelling Spirites,	57
(That hold their Honours in a wary diftance,	58
The very Elements of this Warrelike Ifle)	59
Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,	60
And 'they Watch too.	
Now 'mongft this Flocke of drunkards	61
Am I put to our <i>Caffio</i> in fome Aftion	62

- 63 That may offend the Ile; *Enter Montanio, Caffio,*  
 But here they come: *and others.*  
 64 If consequence doe but approue my dreame,  
 65 My boate failes freely, both with winde and streame.  
 66-67 *Caf.* Fore Good they haue giuen me a rouse / already. /  
 68 *Mon.* Good faith a little one, not past a pint, /  
 69-70 As I am a souldier. / *Iag.* Some wine ho: /  
 71 *And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,*  
 72 *And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:*  
 73-74 *A Souldier's a man, / a life's but a span,*  
 75-76 *Why then let a souldier drinke. --- / Some wine boyes, /*  
 77 *Caf.* Fore God an excellent song.  
 78-79 *Iag.* I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed / they are most  
 79-80 potent in potting: your *Dane*, / your *Germaine*, and your swag-  
 80-81 bellied *Hollander*; / drinke ho, are nothing to your *Englisb.* /  
 82-83 *Caf.* Is your *Englisb.* man so expert in his / drinking? /  
 84-85 *Iag.* Why he drinckes you with facillity, your / *Dane* dead  
 85-86 drunke: he sweats not to ouerthrow / your *Almaine*; he giues  
 86-87 your *Hollander* a vomit, / ere the next pottle can be fild.  
 88 *Caf.* To the health of our Generall.  
 89-90 *Mon.* I am for it Lieutenant, and I will doe you / iustice. /  
 91-92 *Iag.* O sweete *England*, --- / King *Stephen* was a worthy peere,  
 93 *His breeches cost him but a crowne,*  
 94 *He held 'em sixpence all too deere,*  
 95 *With that he cald the Taylor lowne,*  
 96 *He was a wight of high renowne,*  
 97 *And thou art but of low degree,*  
 98 *Tis pride that puls the Countrey downe,*  
 99-100 *Then take thine owd cloke about thee. --- / Some wine ho. /* ≠  
 1-2 *Caf.* Fore God this is a more exquisite song then / the other.  
 3 *Iag.* Will you hear't agen?  
 4-5 *Caf.* No, for I hold him vnworthy of / his place, that does  
 5-6 those things: well, God's / aboue all, and there bee soules that  
 6 must bee saued.

65 wind || 69-70 .. Soldier. *Danach neue Zeile Iag.* S. w. hoe: || 75 *Souldier* || 77 God] heauen || 80 *Germane*, || *Hollander*, (drinke ho,) are .. || 82 expert] exquisite || 85 sweates || 92 sweet *England*, - *danach neue Zeile King Stephen was and a worthy Peere*, || 94 too] to || 99 *owd*] *auld* || 100 ≠ E 4 *Caf.* 32 || 1 Fore God] Why, || 5 things .. aboue] things well, Heauen's aboue ||

That may offend the Ile. But here they come.	63
<i>Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.</i>	
If Consequence do but approue my dreame,	64
My Boate failes freely, both with winde and Streame.	65
<i>Cas.</i> 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowfe / already.	66-67
<i>Mon.</i> Good-faith a litle one: not past a pint, / as I am a	68-69
Souldier.	69
<i>Iago.</i> Some Wine hoa.	70
<i>And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:</i>	71
<i>And let me the Cannakin clinke.</i>	72
<i>A Souldiers a man:   Oh, mans life's but a span,</i>	73-74
<i>Why then let a Souldier drinke.</i>	75
Some Wine Boyes.	76
<i>Cas.</i> 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.	77
<i>Iago.</i> I learn'd it in England: where indeed / they are most	78-79
potent in Potting. Your Dane, / your Germaine, and your	79-80
fwag-belly'd Hollander, / (drinke hoa) are nothing to your	80-81
Englilh.	81
<i>Cassio.</i> Is your Englilhmen so exquisite in his / drinking?	82-83
<i>Iago.</i> Why, he drinkes you with facilitie, your / Dane dead	84-85
drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow / your Almaine. He	85-86
giues your Hollander a vomit, / ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.	86-87
<i>Cas.</i> To the health of our Generall.	88
<i>Mon.</i> I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you / Iustice.	89-90
<i>Iago.</i> Oh sweet England.	91
<i>King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,</i>	92
<i>His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,</i>	93
<i>He held them Six pence all to deere,</i>	94
<i>With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:</i>	95
<i>He was a wight of high Renowne,</i>	96
<i>And thou art but of low degree:</i>	97
<i>'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,</i>	98
<i>And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.</i>	99
Some Wine hoa.	100
<i>Cassio.</i> Why this is a more exquisite Song then / the other.	1-2
<i>Iago.</i> Will you heare't againe?	3
<i>Cas.</i> No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of / his Place, that	4-5
do's those things. Well: heau'ns / aboue all: and there be	5-6
foules must be faued, and / there be foules must not be faued.	6-7

108 *Iag.* It is true good Leutenant.

9-10 *Caf.* For mine own part, no offence to the / Generall, nor  
10-11 any man of quality, I hope to be / faued.

12 *Iag.* And fo doe I Leutenant.

13-14 *Caf.* I, but by your leaue, not before me; / the Leutenant  
14-15 is to be faued before the Ancient. / Let's ha no more of this,  
15-16 let's to our affaires: / God forgiue vs our fins: Gentlemen, let's  
16-17 looke to / our bufineffe; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am /  
18-19 drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, / and this  
19-20 is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can / stand well  
20 enough, and speake well enough.

21 *All.* Excellent well.

22-23 *Caf.* Very well then: you must not thinke, / that I am drunke. *Ex.*

24-25 *Mon.* To the plotforme maisters. Come, let's / fet the watch.

26 *Iag.* You see this fellow that is gone before,

27 He is a Souldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*,

28 And giue direction: and doe but see his vice,

29 Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,

30 The one as long as th'other: tis pittie of him,

31 I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,

32 On some odde time of his infirmity,

Will shake this Island.

33 *Mon.* But is he often thus.

34 *Iag.* Tis euermore the Prologue to his sleepe:

35 Hee'le watch the horolodge a double fet,

36 If drinke rocke not his cradle.

36-37 *Mon.* Twere well / the Generall wete put in minde of it,

38 Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature,

39 Praises the vertues that appears in *Cafsio*,

40 And looke not on his euills: is not this true?

41 *Iag.* How now *Roderigo*,

*Enter Roderigo.*

42 I pray you after the Leutenant, goe.

*Exit Rod.*

43 *Mon.* And tis great pittie that the noble Moore ≠

44 Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,

---

109 owne || 10 quality, || 16 God *feh* || 17 bufineffe: doe || 22 Very]  
Why very || thinke,] thinke then, || 23 *Exit.* || 24 masters. || 28 vice; ||  
36 T'were || 37 wete] were || 38 nature || 39 vertue || 40 looks ||  
42 .. *Exit* Rod. || 43 ≠ should 33 ||



<i>Iag.</i> It's true, good Lieutenant.	108
<i>Caf.</i> For mine owne part, no offence to the / Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be / saued.	9-10 10-11
<i>Iag.</i> And so do I too Lieutenant.	12
<i>Cassio.</i> I: (but by your leaue) not before me. / The Lieute- nant is to be saued before the Ancient. / Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. / Forgiue vs our sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to / our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am / drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, / and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can / stand well enough, and I speake well enough.	13-14 14-15 15-16 16-17 18-19 19-20 20
<i>Gent.</i> Excellent well.	21
<i>Caf.</i> Why very well then: you must not thinke / then, that I am drunke.	22-24 <i>Exit.</i> 24
<i>Monta.</i> To th'Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the Watch.	25
<i>Iago.</i> You see this Fellow, that is gone before, He's a Souldier, fit to stand by <i>Cæsar</i> , And giue direction. And do but see his vice, 'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox, ‡ The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him: I feare the trust <i>Othello</i> puts him in, On some odde time of his infirmitie Will shake this Island.	26 27 28 29 30 31 32
<i>Mont.</i> But is he often thus?	33
<i>Iago.</i> 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe, He'll watch the Horologe a double Set, If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.	34 35 36
<i>Mon.</i> It were well The Generall were put in mind of it: Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature Prizes the vertue that appears in <i>Cassio</i> , And lookes not on his euils: is not this true?	37 38 39 40
<i>Enter Rodorigo.</i>	
<i>Iago.</i> How now <i>Rodorigo</i> ?	41
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.	42
<i>Mon.</i> And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second	43 44

- 145 With one of an ingraft infirmity:  
 146-47 It were an honest action to say / so to the Moore.  
 47 *Iag.* Nor I, for this faire Island:  
 48 I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within.*  
 49 To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noyse.

*Enter Cassio, driuing in Roderigo.*

- Cas.* Zouns, you rogue, you rascal.  
 50 *Mon.* what's the matter Leutenant?  
 51-52 *Cas.* A knaue, teach mee my duty: / but I'le beate the knaue  
 52 into a wicker bottle. /  
 53 *Rod.* Beate me?  
 53 *Cas.* Doeft thou prate rogue?  
 53-54 *Mon.* Good Leutenant; / pray fir hold your hand.  
 54-55 *Cas.* Let me goe fir, / or ile knocke you ore the mazzard.  
 55 *Mon.* Come, come, you are drunke.  
 56 *Cas.* Drunke? *they fight.*  
 57 *Iag.* Away I say, goe out and cry a muteny. *A bell rung.*  
 58 Nay good Leutenant: godswill Gentlemen,  
 59 Helpe ho, Leutenant: Sir *Montanio*, fir,  
 60 Helpe maisters, here's a goodly watch indeed,  
 61 Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo — — — ho,  
 62 The Towne will rife, godswill Leutenant, hold,  
 63 You will be sham'd for euer.

*Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.*

- 63 *Oth.* What is the matter here?  
 64 *Mon.* Zouns, I bleed still, I am hurt, to the death:  
 65 *Oth.* Hold, for your liues.  
 66 *Iag.* Hold, hold Leutenant, fir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,  
 67 Haue you forgot all place of fence, and duty:  
 68 Hold, the Generall speakes to you; hold, hold, for shame.  
 69 *Oth.* Why how now ho, from whence arifes this?  
 70 Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to our selues doe that,  
 71 Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*: ‡

147 Nor I,] Not I, || 50 Zouns, you] You || What's || 51 me || 52 Ile ||  
 54 Ile knock || 57 out, and || *A bell rung.*] *Exit Rod.* || 58 God's-will ||  
 59 Sir, *Montanio*, fir, || 60 masters, heer's . . . indeed: *A bell rings.* ||  
 62 godswill] fie, fie, || 63 *Oth.* What's the m. heere? || 64 Zounds, *fehlt*  
 || hurt to the death. *he faints.* || 71 ‡ F For 34 ||

With one of an ingraft Infirmities, 145  
It were an honest Action, to say / so 46-47  
To the Moore.

*Iag.* Not I, for this faire Island, 47  
I do loue *Cassio* well: and would do much 48  
To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noife? 49

*Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.*

*Caf.* You Rogue: you Rascall.

*Mon.* What's the matter Lieutenant? 50

*Caf.* A Knaue teach me my dutie? / Ile beate the 51-52  
Knaue into a Twiggen-Bottle. 52

*Rod.* Beate me?

*Caf.* Dost thou prate, Rogue? 53

*Mon.* Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

*Cassio.* Let me go (Sir) 54

Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard. 55

*Mon.* Come, come: you're drunke. 56

*Cassio.* Drunke? 56

*Iago.* Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie. 57

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen: 58

Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*: 59

Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed. 60

Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa: 61

The Towne will rife. Fie, fie Lieutenant, 62

You'le be asham'd for euer. 63

*Enter Othello, and Attendants.*

*Othe.* What is the matter heere? 63

*Mon.* I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies. 64

*Othe.* Hold for your liues. 65

*Iag.* Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen: 66

Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie? 67

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame. 68

*Oth.* Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this? 69

Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that 70

Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottomittes*. 71

- 172 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle;  
 73 He that stirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,  
 74 Holds his foule light, he dies vpon his motion;  
 75 Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Ile  
 76 From her propriety: what's the matter masters?  
 77 Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,  
 78 Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.  
 79 *Iag.* I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,  
 80 In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,  
 81 Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,  
 82 As if some plannet had vnwitted men,  
 83 Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,  
 84 In opposition bloody. I cannot speake  
 85 Any beginning to this peeuishe odds;  
 86 And would in action glorious, I had loft  
 87 These legges, that brought me to a part of it.  
 88 *Oth.* How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?  
 89 *Cas.* I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.  
 90 *Oth.* Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,  
 91 The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,  
 92 The world hath noted, and your name is great,  
 93 In men of wisest censure: what's the matter  
 94 That you vnlace your reputation thus,  
 95 And spend your rich opinion, for the name  
 96 Of a night brawler? giue me answer to't?  
 97 *Mon.* Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,  
 98 Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,  
 99 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,  
 200 Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought  
 1 By me, that's fed or done amisse this night,  
 2 Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,  
 3 And to defend our selues it be a sinne,  
 When violence assayles vs.  
 4 *Oth.* Now by heauen  
 5 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,  
 6 And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,

173 forth] for || 74 motion: || 82 (As if some Planet h. v. men,) |  
 87 These] Those || 93 men] mouthes || whats the matter, || 96 answere  
 || 201 fed] saide || night; ||

For Christian flame, put by this barbarous Brawle:	172
He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,	73
Holds his foule light: He dies vpon his Motion.	74
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,	75
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?	76
Honest <i>Iago</i> , that lookes dead with greening,	77
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?	78
<i>Iago</i> . I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.	79
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome	80
Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now:	81
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)	82
Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,	83
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake	84
Any begining to this peeuiſh oddes.	85
And would, in Action glorious, I had lost	86
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.	87
<i>Othe</i> . How comes it ( <i>Michaell</i> ) you are thus forgot?	88
<i>Caf</i> . I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.	89
<i>Othe</i> . Worthy <i>Montano</i> , you were wont to be ciuill:	90
The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth	91
The world hath noted. And your name is great	92
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter	93
That you vnlace your reputation thus,	94
And spend your rich opinion, for the name	95
Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.	96
<i>Mon</i> . Worthy <i>Othello</i> , I am hurt to danger,	97
Your Officer <i>Iago</i> , can informe you,	98
While I spare speech which something now offends me.	99
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought	200
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,	1
Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,	2
And to defend our selues, it be a sinne	3
When violence assailes vs.	4
<i>Othe</i> . Now by Heauen,	5
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,	6
And passion (hauing my best iudgement collid)	6

- 207 Affayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre, ‡  
8 Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you  
9 Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know  
10 How this foule rout began, who set it on,  
11 And he that is approou'd in this offence,  
12 Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,  
13 Shall loofe me; what, in a Towne of warre,  
14 Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,  
15 To mannage priuate and domesticke quarrells,  
16 In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?  
17 Tis monstfrous. *Iago*, who began?  
18 *Mon.* If partiality affn'd, or league in office,  
19 Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,  
20 Thou art no fouldier.  
21 *Iag.* Touch me not so neere,  
22 I had rather ha this tongue out from my mouth,  
23 Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:  
24 Yet I perfwade my selfe to speake the truth,  
25 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:  
26 *Montanio* and my selfe being in speech,  
27 There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,  
28 And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,  
29 To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman  
30 Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;  
31 My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,  
32 Left by his clamour, as it so fell out,  
33 The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,  
34 Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,  
35 For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:  
36 And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till to night,  
37 I ne're might see before: when I came backe,  
38 For this was briefe, I found them close together,  
39 At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,  
40 When you your selfe did part them.  
41 Moore of this matter can I not report,  
42 But men are men, the best sometimes forget;

207 way . . . stirre.] way: If once I stirre, || ‡ Or 35 || 12 twinn'd  
|| 14 wilde, || 15 domestike quarrells, || 18 office || 19 deliuer more or  
|| 20 foldier. || 21 ha' this t. out of m. m., || 29 in to] into || 35 oath,  
|| 36 see] say || 41 forget: ||

Affaires to leade the way. If I once stir,	207
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you	8
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know	9
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,	10
And he that is approu'd in this offence,	11
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,	12
Shall loofe me. What in a Towne of warre,	13
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,	14
To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?	15
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?	16
'Tis monstrous: <i>Iago</i> , who began't?	17
<i>Mon.</i> If partially Affin'd, or league in office,	18
Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,	19
Thou art no Souldier.	20
<i>Iago.</i> Touch me not so neere,	
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,	21
Then it should do offence to <i>Michaell Cassio</i> .	22
Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth	23
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:	24
<i>Montano</i> and my selfe being in speech,	25
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,	26
And <i>Cassio</i> following him with determin'd Sword	27
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,	28
Steppes in to <i>Cassio</i> , and entreats his pause:	29
My selfe, the crying Fellow, did pursue,	30
Least by hisc. lamour (as it so fell out)	31
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)	32
Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather	33
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,	34
And <i>Cassio</i> high in oath: Which till to night	35
I nere might say before. When I came backe	36
(For this was briefe) I found them close together	37
At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were	38
When you your selfe did part them.	39
More of this matter cannot I report,	40
But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,	41

- 242 Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,  
 43 As men in rage strike those that with them best, ≠  
 44 Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleue receiu'd  
 45 From him that fled, some strange indignity,  
 46 Which patience could not passe.  
*Oth.* I know *Iago*,  
 47 Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,  
 48 Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,  
 49 But neuer more be Officer of mine. *Enter Desdemona,*  
 50 Looke if my Gentle loue be not rais'd vp: *with others.*  
 Ple make thee an example.  
 51 *Desd.* What is the matter?  
 52 *Oth.* All's well now sweeting:  
 52-53 Come away to bed: / fir, for your hurts,  
 53-54 My selfe will be your surgeon; / leade him off; /  
 55 *Iago*, looke with care about the Towne;  
 56 And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.  
 57 Come *Desdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,  
 58 To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,  
 59 *Iag.* What are you hurt Lieutenant?  
*Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.*  
 60 *Cas.* I, past all surgery.  
 61 *Iag.* Mary God forbid.  
 62-63 *Cas.* Reputation, reputation, / I ha lost my reputation:  
 63-64 I ha lost the im/mortall part fir of my selfe,  
 64-65 And what remaines it beaftiall, / my reputation,  
 65 *Iago*, my reputation. /  
 66-67 *Iag.* As I am an honest man, I thought you / had receiu'd  
 67-68 some bodily wound, there is more / offence in that, then in  
 68-69 Reputation: reputation is / an idle and most false imposition,  
 69-70 oft got with/out merit, and lost without deseruing, You haue /  
 71-72 lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your / selfe such a  
 72-73 loser; what man, there are wayes to / recouer the Generall agen:  
 73-74 you are but now cast / in his moode, a punishment more in

243 best: || ≠ F 2 Yet 36 || 49-50 Bühnenw. in einer Zeile zwischen 50-51 ||  
 50 gentle || rais'd || 51 What's the || 56 braule || 57 Desdemona, || Sol-  
 diers || 59 What, are || 61 God] Heauen || 62-63 Reputation, reputation,  
 oh I ha l. m. r.: || 64 beftiall, || 70 deseruing: ||



Though <i>Cassio</i> did some little wrong to him,	242
As men in rage strike those that with them best,	43
Yet surely <i>Cassio</i> , I beleue receiu'd	44
From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,	45
Which patience could not passe. ‡	46
<i>Othe.</i> I know <i>Iago</i>	47
Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,	48
Making it light to <i>Cassio</i> : <i>Cassio</i> , I loue thee,	49
But neuer more be Officer of mine.	
<i>Enter Desdemona attended.</i>	
Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:	50
Ile make thee an example.	51
<i>Des.</i> What is the matter (Deere?)	52
<i>Othe.</i> All's well, Sweeting:	52-53
Come away to bed. / Sir for your hurts,	53-54
My selfe will be your Surgeon. / Lead him off: /	55
<i>Iago</i> , looke with care about the Towne,	56
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.	57
Come <i>Desdemona</i> , 'tis the Soldiers life,	58
To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.	<i>Exit.</i> 59
<i>Iago.</i> What are you hurt Lieutenant?	60
<i>Cas.</i> I, past all Surgery.	61
<i>Iago.</i> Marry Heauen forbid.	62-63
<i>Cas.</i> Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh / I haue lost my	63-64
Reputation. I haue lost the im/mortall part of myselfe, and	64-65
what remaines is bestiall. / My Reputation, <i>Iago</i> , my Reputation.	66-67
<i>Iago.</i> As I am an honest man I had thought you / had re-	67-68
ceiued some bodily wound; there is more / sence in that then	68-69
in Reputation. Reputation is / an idle, and most false imposi-	69-70
tion; oft got with/out merit, and lost without deseruing.	70-71
You haue / lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your /	72
selfe such a looser. What man, there are more wayes to /	73-74
recouer the Generall againe. You are but now cast / in his	

‡ *Othe.* 321.

274-75 pollicy, then in / malice, euen so, as one would beate his  
75-76 offencelesse / dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: fue to him /  
77 againe, and hees yours. /

78-79 *Caf.* I will rather fue to be despis'd, then to / deceiue so  
81-82 > 79-80 good a Commander, with so light, so / drunken, and indiscreete  
80-83 an Officer: O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no /  
84 name to bee knowne ≠ by, let vs call thee Diuell.

85-86 *Iag.* What was he, that you followed with / your sword?  
86 What had he done to you? /

87 *Caf.* I know not.

88 *Iag.* Ist possible?

89-90 *Caf.* I remember a masse of things, but nothing / distinctly; a  
90-91 quarrell, but nothing wherefore. / O God, that men should put  
91-92 an enemy in there / mouthes, to steale away there braines;  
92-93 that wee should / with ioy, Reuell, pleasure, and applause,  
93-94 transforme / our felues into beasts.

95-96 *Iag.* Why, but you are now well enough: / how came you  
96 thus recouered?

97-98 *Caf.* It hath pleasde the Diuell drunkenesse, to / giue place  
98-99 to the Diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, / shewes me another,  
99-300 to make me frankly despise / my selfe.

1-2 *Iag.* Come, you are too seuer a morraller; as / the time, the  
2-3 place, the condition of this / Countrey stands, I could heartily  
3-4 wish, this had not / so befallne; but since it is as it is, mend  
4-5 it, for your / own good.

6-7 *Caf.* I will aske him for my place againe, hee / shall tell  
7-8 me I am a drunkard: had I as many / mouthes as *Hydra*, such  
8-9 an answer would stop / em all: to be now a sensible man, by  
9-11 and by / a foole, and presently a beast. Euery / ynordinate cup  
11-12 is vnblest, and the ingredience is / a diuell.

13-14 *Iag.* Come, come, good wine is a good fami/liar creature, if

---

274 policie, || 76 dogge, || 77 hees] he's || 80 indiscreet || Officer. *Danach*  
*neue Zeile* Drunke? and speake parrat? and squabble, swagger, sweare?  
and discourse fustian with ones owne fhaddow O thou inuisible . . . ||  
84 be known || ≠ F by 37 || 85 he that || 86 sword: || 91 God, *fehlt*  
|| their || 92 their || 93 reuell, || 94 beastes. || 97 pleas'd the deuill ||  
98 deuill || 305 owne || 8 answere || 9 all; || 10 beast: euery inordi-  
nate cuppe ||

moode, (a punishment more in policie, then in /malice) euen 274-75  
so as one would beate his offence /dogge, to affright an 75-76  
Imperious Lyon. Sue to him /again, and he's yours. 76-77

*Caf.* I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to /deceiue fo 78-79  
good a Commander, with so flight, so /drunken, and so in- 79-80  
discreet an Officer. Drunke? /And speake Parrat? And squabble? 80-81  
Swagger? Swear? /And discourse Fustian with ones owne 81-82  
shadow? /Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou hast no /name 82-84  
to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell. 84

*Iago.* What was he that you follow'd with /your Sword? 85-86  
What had he done to you? 86

*Caf.* I know not. 87

*Iago.* Is't possible? 88

*Caf.* I remember a masse of things, but nothing /distinctly: 89-90  
a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. /Oh, that men should put 90-91  
an Enemie in their /mouthes, to steale away their Braines? 91-92  
that we should /with ioy, pleasure, reuell and applause, trans- 92-93  
forme /our selues into Beasts. 93-94

*Iago.* Why? But you are now well enough: /how came you 95-96  
thus recouered? 96

*Caf.* It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenesse, to /giue place 97-98  
to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, /shewes me another to 98-99  
make me frankly despise /my selfe. 299-300

*Iago.* Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As /the Time, 301-2  
the Place, & the Condition of this /Country stands I could 2-3  
hartily wish this had not /befalne: but since it is, as it is, 3-4  
mend it for your /owne good. 4-5

*Caf.* I will aske him for my Place againe, he /shall tell me, 6-7  
I am a drunkard: had I as many /mouthes as *Hydra*, such an 7-8  
answer would stop /them all. To be now a sensible man, by 8-9  
and by /a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! Euery / 9-10  
inordinate cup is vnblest'd, and the Ingredient is /a diuell. 11-12

*Iago.* Come, come: good wine, is a good famil/lar Creature, 13-14

314-15 it be well vs'd; exclaime no more / against it; and good Leiu-  
15-16 tenant, I thinke you / thinke I loue you.

17 *Caf.* I haue well approou'd it fir, --- I drunke?

18-19 *Iag.* You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at / some time:  
19-20 P'le tell you what you shall do, / -- our Generals wife is now  
20-21 the Generall; I may say / so in this respect, for that he has  
21-22 deuoted and / giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke  
22-24 and / deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse / your selfe  
24-25 freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put / you in your  
25-26 place againe: she is so free, so kind, / so apt, so blessed a dif-  
26-27 position, that shee holds it a vice / in her goodnesse, not to  
27-28 doe more then shee is re/quested. This braule betweene you  
28-29 and her / husband, intreate her to splinter, and my fortunes /  
30-31 against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your / loue ≠ shall  
31 grow stronger then twas before.

32 *Caf.* You aduise me well.

33-34 *Iag.* I protest in the sincerity of loue and / honest kindnesse.

35-36 *Caf.* I thinke it freely, and betimes in the / morning, will I  
36-37 beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, / to vndertake for me; I am  
37-38 desperate of my for/tunes, if they checke me here.

39 *Iag.* You are in the right:

39-40 Good night / Lieutenant, I must to the watch.

41 *Caf.* Good night honest *Iago*.

*Exit.*

42 *Iag.* And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,

43 When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,

44 Probable to thinking, and indeed the course,

45 To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie

46 The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,

47 In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,

48 As the free Elements: and then for her

49 To win the Moore. wer't to renounce his baptisme,

50 All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,

51 His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,

52 That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,

---

315 think || 18 be || 19 time:] time man: || 11e || doe, || 23 denotement  
|| 25 kinde, || 26 she || 27 goodnes, || she || 28 braule] broken ioynt ||  
29 intreat || 31 ≠ F 3 shall 38 || 31 t'was || 47 suite she's || 49 Moore,  
wer't ||

if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more/against it. And good 314-15  
Lieutenant, I thinke, you/thinke I loue you. 15-16

*Cassio.* I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke? 17

*Iago.* You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at / a time 18-19  
man. I tell you what you fhall do: / Our General's Wife, is 19-20  
now the Generall. I may say / so, in this respect, for that he 20-21  
hath deuoted, and / giuen vp himselfe to the Contemplation, 21-22  
marke: and / deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse / 22-23  
your selfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put / you in 24-25  
your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, / so apt, so 25-26  
blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice / in her goodnesse, 26-27  
not to do more then she is re/quested. This broken ioynt 27-28  
betweene you, and her / husband, entreat her to splinter. And 28-29  
my Fortunes / against any lay worth naming, this cracke of 29-30  
your / Loue, fhall grow stonger, then it was before. 30-31

*Cassio.* You aduise me well. 32

*Iago.* I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and / honest kind- 33-34  
nesse. 34

*Cassio.* I thinke it freely: and betimes in the / morning, I 35-36  
will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* / to vndertake for me: I 36-37  
am desperate of my For/tunes if they check me. / 37-38

*Iago.* You are in the right: good night / Lieutenant, I must 39-40  
to the Watch. 40

*Cassio.* Good night, honest *Iago*. 41

*Exit Cassio.*

*Iago.* And what's he then, 42  
That saies I play the Villaine?  
When this aduise is free I giue, and honest, 43  
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course 44  
To win the Moore againe. 45  
For 'tis most easie  
Th'inclining *Desdemona* to subdue 46  
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull 47  
As the free Elements. And then for her 48  
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme, 49  
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin: 50  
His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Loue, 51  
That she may make, vnmake, do what she list, 52

- 353 Euen as her appetite fhall play the god  
 54 With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?  
 55 To counfell *Cafsio* to this parrallel courfe.  
 56 Dire&ly to his good: diuinity of hell,  
 57 When diuells will their blackeft fins put on,  
 58 They doe fuggeft at firft with heauenly fhewes,  
 59 As I doe now: for while this honeft foole  
 60 Plyes *Defdemona* to repaire his fortunes,  
 61 And fhe for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:  
 62 I'll poure this peftilence into his eare,  
 63 That fhe repeales him for her bodyes luft;  
 64 And by how much fhe friues to doe him good,  
 65 She fhall vndoe her credit with the Moore,  
 66 So will I turne her vertue into pitch,  
 67 And out of her owne goodneffe make the net  
 That fhall enmesh em all: Enter Roderigo.  
 68 How now *Roderigo*? ≠  
 69-70 *Rod.* I do follow here in the chafe, not like a / hound that  
 70-71 hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: / my money is almoft  
 71-72 fpent, I ha bin to night / exceedingly well cudgeld: I thinke  
 72-73 the iffue / will be, I fhall haue fo much experience for my /  
 74-75 paines, as that comes to, and no money at all, and with / that  
 75 wit returne to *Venice*.  
 76 *Iag.* How poore are they, that ha not patience?  
 77 What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?  
 78 Thou knoweft we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,  
 79 And wit depends on dilatory time.  
 80 Do'ft not goe well? *Cafsio* has beaten thee,  
 81 And thou, by that fmall hurt, haft casheird *Cafsio*,  
 82 Tho other things grow faire againft the fun,  
 83 But fruites that blofome firft, will firft be ripe,  
 84 Content thy felfe awhile; bi'the maffe tis morning;  
 85 Pleafure, and action, make the houres feeme fhort:

54 villaine, || 55 courfe, || 56 good? || 59 now; for whilst || 61 Moore;  
 || 62 Ile || 63 bodies || 65 Moore; || 67 goodneffe, || 68 em] them ||  
 ≠ *Rod.* 39 || 72 cudgeld: || 74 as. that comes to, *fehlt.* || and no  
 money] and fo no mony || 75 that] a little more || 76 that haue not  
 Patience? || 78 witchcraft, || 80 Dos't || 81 casheir'd || 83 But] Yet ||  
 ripe; || 84 a while; || bi'the] by'th ||

Euen as her Appetite fhall play the God,	353
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,	54
To Counfell <i>Caffio</i> to this paralell courfe,	55
Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,	56
When diuels will the blackeft finnes put on,	57
They do fuggelt at firft with heauenly fhewes,	58
As I do now. For whiles this honeft Foole	59
Plies <i>Defdemona</i> , to repaire his Fortune,	60
And fhe for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,	61
Ile powre this peftilence into his eare:	62
That fhe repeales him, for her bodies Luft	63
And by how much fhe ftrives to do him good,	64
She fhall vndo her Credite with the Moore.	65
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,	66
And out of her owne goodneffe make the Net,	67
That fhall en-mafh them all.	68
How now <i>Rodorigo</i> ?	

*Enter Rodorigo.*

<i>Rodorigo.</i> I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound	69-70
that hunts, but one that filles vp the Crie. / My Money is al-	70-71
moft fpent; I haue bin to night / exceedingly well Cudgell'd:	71-72
And I thinke the iffue / $\neq$ will bee, I fhall haue fo much ex-	72-73
perience for my / paines; And fo, with no money at all, and	73-74
a little / more Wit, retorne againe to Venice.	74-75

<i>Iago.</i> How poore are they that haue not Patience?	76
What wound did euer heale but by degrees?	77
Thou know'ft we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft	78
And Wit depends on dilatory time:	79
Dos't not go well? <i>Caffio</i> hath beaten thee,	80
And thou by that fmall hurt hath casheer'd <i>Caffio</i> :	81
Though other things grow faire againft the Sun,	82
Yet Fruites that bloffome firft, will firft be ripe:	83
Content thy felfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;	84
Pleasure, and Action, make the houres feeme fhort.	85

386 Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,  
 87 Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:  
 88 Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,  
 89 My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistress,  
 90 I'll set her on.  
 91 My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,  
 92 And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,  
 93 Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,  
 94 Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cassio, with Musicians and the Clowne.*

1 *Cas.* Masters, play here, I will content your paines,  
 2 Something that's briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.  
 3-4 *Clo.* Why masters, ha your instruments / bin at Naples, that  
 4 they speake i'the nose thus?  
 5 *Boy.* How fir, how?  
 6 *Clo.* Are these I pray, cold wind Instruments?  
 7 *Boy.* I marry are they fir.  
 8 *Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tale.  
 9 *Boy.* Whereby hangs a tale fir?  
 10-11 *Clo.* Marry fir, by many a winde Instrument / that I know:  
 11-12 But ≠ masters heere's money for / you, and the Generall so likes  
 12-13 your musique, that hee / desires you of all loues, to make no  
 13-14 more noyse / with it.  
 15 *Boy.* Well fir, we will not.  
 16-17 *Clo.* If you haue any musique that may not bee / heard, to't  
 17-18 againe, but as they saay, to heare musique, / the Generall does  
 18 not greatly care.  
 19 *Boy.* We ha none such fir.  
 20-21 *Clo.* Then put your pipes in your bag, for / I'll away; goe,  
 21 vanish away.  
 22 *Cas.* Dost thou heare my honest friend?  
 23-24 *Clo.* No, I heare not your honest friend, I / heare you.

---

388 gon: || 90 Ile || 91 a while, || III, I. *Vor Enter Cassio, . . .*  
*eine Zeile Bühnenw.: Actus 3. Scena 1. || Musicians and the Clowne.] Musi-*  
*tians. || 2 that's || Zwischen 2 und 3 Bühnenw. They play, and enter the*  
*Clowne. || 3 Instruments || 4 Naples, || i'th nose || 11 know. ||*  
 ≠ maisters, 40 || masters, heer's || 13 of all loues,] for loues sake,  
 || 17 say, || 21 Ile || vanish into aire, away. || 22 Dost ||



Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:	386
Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:	87
Nay get thee gone.	<i>Exit Rodorigo.</i> 88
Two things are to be done:	
My Wife must moue for <i>Cassio</i> to her Mistris:	89
Ile set her on / my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,	90-91
And bring him iumpe, when he may <i>Cassio</i> finde	92
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:	93
Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.	<i>Exit.</i> 94

---

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

---

*Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.*

<i>Cassio.</i> Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,	1
Something that's brieft: and bid, goodmorrow General.	2
<i>Clo.</i> Why Masters, haue your Instruments / bin in Naples,	3
that they speake i'th' Nose thus?	4
<i>Mus.</i> How Sir? how?	5
<i>Clo.</i> Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?	6
<i>Mus.</i> I marry are they fir.	7
<i>Clo.</i> Oh, thereby hangs a tale.	8
<i>Mus.</i> Whereby hangs a tale, fir?	9
<i>Clow.</i> Marry fir, by many a winde Instrument / that I know.	10-11
But Masters, heere's money for / you: and the Generall so likes	11-12
your Musick, that he / desires you for loues sake to make no	12-13
more noife / with it.	13-14
<i>Mus.</i> Well Sir, we will not.	15
<i>Clo.</i> If you haue any Musicke that may not be / heard, too't	16-17
again. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, / the Generall	17-18
do's not greatly care.	18
<i>Mus.</i> We haue none such, fir.	19
<i>Clow.</i> Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for / Ile away.	20-21
Go, vanish into ayre, away.	<i>Exit Mu.</i> 21
<i>Cassio</i> Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?	22
<i>Clo.</i> No, I heare not your honest Friend:	23
I heare you.	24

25-26 *Caf.* Preethee keepe vp thy quillets, there's / a poore peece  
26-27 of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman / that attends the Generall  
27-28 wife be stirring, tell her / there's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little  
28-29 fauour of / speech --- wilt thou doe this?

30-31 *Clo.* She is stirring fir, if she will stirre hither, / I shall seeme  
31 to notifie vnto her. *Enter Iago.*

32 *Caf.* Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

33 *Iag.* You ha not bin a bed then.

34-35 *Caf.* Why no, the day had broke / before we parted:.

35-36 I ha made bold *Iago*, / to fend in to your wife, -- my suite to her,

37 Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*,

Procure me some acceffe.

38 *Iag.* Ple send her to you presently,

39 And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore

40 Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse,

41 May be more free. *Exit.*

42 *Caf.* I humbly thanke you for it: I neuer knew

43 A Florentine more kinde and honest:

*Enter Emilla.*

44 *Em.* Good morrow good Leutenant, I am forry

45 For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,

46 The Generall and his wife are talking of it,

47 And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies,

48 That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,

49 And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome, ≠

50 He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loues you,

51 And needes no other fuitor but his likings,

52 To take the safest occasion by the front,

To bring you in againe.

53 *Caf.* Yet I beseech you,

54 If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,

55 Giue me aduantage of some briefe discourse

With *Desdemona* alone.

56 *Em.* Pray you come in,

---

25 Prethee || ther's || 27 Generals || 28 ther's || a little || 29 speech—  
|| 32 *Danach* in derselben Zeile *Bühnenw.*: *Exit Clo.* || 35 *Iago* || 38 Ile [  
42 for't: || 43 *Florentine* || kind and honest. || 48 *Cyprus*, || 49 ≠ He 41  
|| 50 refuse you:] refuse: || 51 needs ||

*Cassio*. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's / a poore peece 25-26  
of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman / that attends the Ge- 26-27  
nerall be stirring, tell her, / there's one *Cassio* entreats her a 27-28  
little fauour of / Speech. Wilt thou do this? 28-29

*Clo*. She is stirring fir: if she will stirre hither, / I shall seeme 30-31  
to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.* 31

*Enter Iago.*

In happy time, *Iago*. 32

*Iago*. You haue not bin a-bed then? 33

*Cassio*. Why no: the day had broke / before we parted. 34-35  
I haue made bold (*Iago*) / to send in to your wife: 35-36  
My fuite to her / is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona* / 36-37  
Procure me some acceffe. 38

*Iago*. Ile send her to you presently: 39  
And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore 40  
Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse 40  
May be more free. *Exit* 41

*Cassio*. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew 42  
A Florentine more kinde, and honest. 43

*Enter Emilia.*

*Emil*. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am forrie 44  
For your displeasure: but all will fure be well. 45  
The Generall and his wife are talking of it, 46  
And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies, 47  
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, 48  
And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wifedome 49  
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you 50  
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings 51 < 52  
To bring you in againe. 53

*Cassio*. Yet I beseech you, 54  
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, 54  
Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse 55  
With *Desdemon* alone. 56

*Emil*. Pray you come in:

57 I will bestow you where you shall haue time,  
 58 To speake your bosome freely.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.*

1 *Oth.* These letters giue *Iago*, to the Pilate,  
 2 And by him, doe my duties to the State;  
 3 That done, I will be walking on the workes,  
 Repaire there to me.  
 4 *Iag.* Well my good Lord, I'll do't.  
 5 *Oth.* This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?  
 6 *Gent.* We waite vpon your Lordship.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.*

1 *Des.* Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe  
 2 All my abilities in thy behalfe.  
 3 *Em.* Good Madam do, I know it grieues my husband,  
 4 As if the case were his.  
 5 *Desd.* O that's an honest fellow: - do not doubt *Cassio*,  
 6 But I will haue my Lord and you againe,  
 As friendly as you were.  
 7 *Cas.* Bountious Madame,  
 8 What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,  
 9 Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.  
 10 *Desd.* O fir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord:  
 11 You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd,  
 12 He shall in strangest stand no farther off,  
 Then in a politique distance. =  
 13 *Cas.* I but Lady,  
 14 The pollicy may either last so long,  
 15 Or feede vpon such nice, and watrish diet,  
 16 Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance,  
 17 That I being absent, and my place supplied,  
 18 My Generall will forget my loue and seruice:

---

58 freely. *Danach neue Zeile Cas.* I am much bound to you. *Exeunt.*  
 || III, II, *Bühnenw. Gentlemen.* || 1 *Iago* to || 3 on] to || 4 Ile || III, III,  
 3 doe || 5 *Des.* || doe || 7 Bounteous || 10 *Des.* || 13 = G *Cas.* 42 ||  
 14 The] That || 15 feed || nice and waterish || 18 seruice. ||

I will bestow you where you shall haue time	57
To speake your bosome freely.	
<i>Cassio</i> . I am much bound to you.	58

---

*Scæna Secunda.*

---

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.*

<i>Othe</i> . These Letters giue ( <i>Iago</i> ) to the Pylot,	1
And by him do my duties to the Senate:	2
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,	3
Repaire there to mee.	
<i>Iago</i> . Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.	4
<i>Oth</i> . This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?	5
<i>Gent</i> . Well waite vpon your Lordship.	6
<i>Exeunt</i>	

---

*Scæna Tertia.*

---

*Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.*

<i>Des</i> . Be thou assur'd (good <i>Cassio</i> ) I will do	1
All my abilities in thy behalfe.	2
<i>Emil</i> . Good Madam do:	
I warrant it greeues my Husband,	3
As if the cause were his.	4
<i>Des</i> . Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt <i>Cassio</i>	5
But I will haue my Lord, and you againe	6
As friendly as you were.	
<i>Cassio</i> . Bounteous Madam,	7
What euer shall become of <i>Michael Cassio</i> ,	8
He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.	9
<i>Des</i> . I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:	10
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd	11
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,	12
Then in a politique distance.	
<i>Cassio</i> . I, but Lady,	13
That policie may either last so long,	14
Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,	15
Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,	16
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,	17
My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.	18

- 19 *Desd.* Doe not doubt that, before *Emillia* here,  
 20 I giue thee warrant of thy place; assure thee  
 21 If I doe vow a friendship, I'll performe it  
 22 To the last Article; my Lord shall neuer rest,  
 23 I'll watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;  
 24 His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a shrift,  
 25 I'll intermingle euery thing he does,  
 26 With *Cassio's* fuite; therefore be merry *Cassio*,  
 27 For thy foeliciter shall rather die,  
 28 Then giue thee cause: away.

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.*

- 29 *Em.* Madam, here comes my Lord.  
 30 *Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leaue.  
 31 *Desd.* Why stay and heare me speake.  
 32 *Cas.* Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,  
 33 Vnfit for mine owne purpose.  
 34 *Desd.* Well, doe your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*  
     *Iag.* Ha, I like not that.  
 35 *Oth.* What doest thou say?  
 36 *Iag.* Nothing my Lord, or if, I know not what.  
 37 *Oth.* Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?  
 38 *Iag.* *Cassio* my Lord? — no sure, I cannot thinke it,  
 39 That he would sneake away so guilty-like,  
     Seeing you comming.  
 40 *Oth.* I doe beleeeue twas he.  
 41 *Desd.* How now my Lord,  
 42 I haue beene talking with a suiter here,  
 43 A man that languishes in your displeasure.  
 44 *Oth.* Who is't you meane?  
 45 *Desd.* Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord, †  
 46 If I haue any grace or power to moue you,  
 47 His present reconciliation take:  
 48 For if he be not one that truly loues you,  
 49 That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,

---

19 *Desd.* || 20 place? assure thee, || 21 Ile p. it, || 22 Article: || 23 Ile  
 || 25 Ile || 27 foliciter || 28 g. thy cause away. || 30 ile || 31 *Desd.* || Why  
 stay] Nay stay, || 34 *Desd.* || 35 doft || 36 or if, — I kn. || 39 sneake] steale  
 || 41 *Desd.* || 42 been || 45 *Desd.* || † If 43 || 47 reconciliation ||

*Des.* Do not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here, ‡  
 I giue thee warrant of thy place. Affure thee,  
 If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it  
 To the last Article. My Lord fhall neuer rest,  
 Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;  
 His Bed fhall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,  
 Ile intermingle euery thing he do's  
 With *Cassio's* fuite: Therefore be merry *Cassio*,  
 For thy Solicitor fhall rather dye,  
 Then giue thy cause away.

*Enter Othello, and Iago.*

*Æmil.* Madam, heere comes my Lord.  
*Cassio.* Madam, Ile take my leaue.  
*Des.* Why stay, and heare me speake.  
*Cassio.* Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,  
 Vnfit for mine owne purposes.  
*Des.* Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*  
*Iago.* Hah? I like not that.  
*Othel.* What dost thou say?  
*Iago.* Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.  
*Othel.* Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?  
*Iago.* *Cassio* my Lord? No fure, I cannot thinke it  
 That he would steale away so guilty-like,  
 Seeing your comming.  
*Oth.* I do beleeeue 'twas he.  
*Des.* How now my Lord?  
 I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,  
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.  
*Oth.* Who is't you meane?  
*Des.* Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,  
 If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,  
 His present reconciliation take.  
 For if he be not one, that truly loues you,  
 That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,

- 50 I haue no iudgement in an honest face,  
I preethee call him backe.  
51 *Oth.* Went he hence now?  
52 *Desd.* Yes faith, so humbled,  
53 That he has left part of his griefes with me,  
54 I suffer with him; good loue call him backe.  
55 *Oth.* Not now sweete *Desdemona* some other time.  
56 *Desd.* But shal't be shortly?  
*Oth.* The sooner sweete for you.  
*Desd.* Shal't be to night at supper?  
57 *Oth.* No, not to night.  
*Desd.* To morrow dinner then?  
58 *Oth.* I shall not dine at home,  
59 I meete the Captaines, at the Cittadell.  
60 *Desd.* Why then to morrow night, or Tuesday morne,  
61 On Tuesday morne, or night, or Wednesday morne,  
62 I preethee name the time, but let it not  
63 Exceed three dayes: Ifaith hee's penitent,  
64 And yet his trespassse, in our common reason,  
65 (Saue that they say, the warres must make examples,  
66 Out of her best) is not almost a fault,  
67 To incurre a priuate checke: when shall he come?  
68 Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my soule,  
69 What you could aske me, that I should deny?  
70 Or stand so muttering on? What *Michael Cassio*?  
71 That came a wooing with you, and so many a time  
72 When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,  
73 Hath tane your part, to haue so much to doe  
74 To bring him in? Birlady I could doe much.  
75 *Oth.* Preethee no more, let him come when he will,  
76 I will deny thee nothing.  
*Desd.* Why this is not a boone,  
77 Tis as I should intreate you weare your gloues: †  
78 Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,

---

51 preethee || 52 *Desd.* || 54 I suffer] To suffer || Loue || 55 sweet*Desdemon*,  
some || 56 *Desd.* || sweet || 57 *Desd.* || 58 *Desd.* || 59 meet the Captaines at ||  
60 *Desd.* || tuesday || 61 tuesday || wednesday || 62 preethee || 63 penitent. ||  
70 muttering] mam'ring || 74 Birlady ... much.] Trust me, I could doe  
much, — || 75 Preethee || 76 *Desd.* || 77 intreat || † G 2 Or 44 || 78 feed ||  
keep ||



I haue no iudgement in an honest face.	50
I prythee call him backe.	51
<i>Oth.</i> Went he hence now?	51
<i>Des.</i> I sooth; so humbled,	52
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee	53
To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.	54
<i>Othel.</i> Not now (sweet <i>Desdemon</i> ) some other time.	55
<i>Des.</i> But shall't be shortly?	56
<i>Oth.</i> The sooner (Sweet) for you.	56
<i>Des.</i> Shall't be to night, at Supper?	57
<i>Oth.</i> No, not to night.	57
<i>Des.</i> To morrow Dinner then?	58
<i>Oth.</i> I shall not dine at home:	58
I meete the Capitaines at the Cittadell.	59
<i>Des.</i> Why then to morrow night, on Tuedday morne,	60
On Tuedday noone, or night; on Wenfday Morne.	61
I prythee name the time, but let it not	62
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:	63
And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason	64
(Saue that they say the warres must make example)	65
Out of her best, is not almost a fault	66
T'encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?	67
Tell me <i>Othello</i> . I wonder in my Soule	68
What you would aske me, that I should deny,	69
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? <i>Michael Cassio</i> ,	70
That came a woing with you? and so many a time	71
(When I haue spoke of you dispraifingly)	72
Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do	73
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.	74
<i>Oth.</i> Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:	75
I will deny thee nothing.	76
<i>Des.</i> Why, this is not a Boone:	76
'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,	77
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,	78

- 79 Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit  
 80 To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,  
 81 Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,  
 82 It shall be full of poise and difficulty,  
 And fearefull to be granted.  
 83 *Oth.* I will deny thee nothing,  
 84 Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,  
 85 To leaue me but a little to my selfe.  
 86 *Desd.* Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.  
 87 *Oth.* Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ple come to thee straight.  
 88 *Desd.* *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,  
 89 What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit Desd. and Em.*  
 90 *Oth.* Excellent wretch, perdition catch my foule,  
 91 But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,  
 92 Chaos is come againe.  
*Iag.* My noble Lord.  
 93 *Oth.* What doest thou say *Iago*?  
 94 *Iag.* Did *Michael Cajsio* when you wooed my Lady,  
 95 Know of your loue?  
 96 *Oth.* He did from first to last: -- Why doest thou aske?  
 97 *Iag.* But for a satisfaction of my thoughts.  
 98 No further harme.  
*Oth.* Why of thy thought *Iago*?  
 99 *Iag.* I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.  
 100 *Oth.* O yes, and went betweene vs very often.  
 1 *Iag.* Indeed?  
 2 *Oth.* Indeed? Indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?  
 3 Is he not honest?  
*Iag.* Honest my Lord? *Oth.* Honest? I honest.  
 4 *Iag.* My Lord, for ought I know.  
*Oth.* What doest thou thinke?  
 5 *Iag.* Thinke my Lord?  
 5-6 *Oth.* Thinke my Lord? / By heauen he ecchoes me.  
 7 As if there were some monster in his thought:

82 difficulty,] difficult weight, || 86 *Des.* || 88 *Des.* || 89 *Exeunt Des.*  
*and Em.* || 97 thought, || 99 been || 100 between || oft. || 2 Indeed?  
 I indeed, discern'st || 6 By h. . . me.] why dost thou echoe me, ||  
 7 in thy thought, ||

Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit	79
To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite	80
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,	81
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,	82
And fearefull to be granted.	83
<i>Oth.</i> I will deny thee nothing.	84
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,	85
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.	86
<i>Des.</i> Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.	87
<i>Oth.</i> Farewell my <i>Desdemona</i> , Ile come to thee strait.	88
<i>Des.</i> <i>Æmilia</i> come; be as your Fancies teach you:	89
What ere you be, I am obedient. <i>Exit.</i>	90
<i>Oth.</i> Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule	91
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,	92
Chaos is come againe.	93
<i>Iago.</i> My Noble Lord.	94
<i>Oth.</i> What dost thou say, <i>Iago</i> ?	94-95
<i>Iago.</i> Did <i>Michael Cassio</i>	96
When he woo'd my Lady, / know of your loue? /	97
<i>Oth.</i> He did, from first to last:	98
Why dost thou aske?	99
<i>Iago.</i> But for a satisfaction of my Thought,	100
No further harme.	1
<i>Oth.</i> Why of thy thought, <i>Iago</i> ?	2
<i>Iago.</i> I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.	3
<i>Oth.</i> O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.	4
<i>Iago.</i> Indeed?	5
<i>Oth.</i> Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?	5-6
Is he not honest?	7
<i>Iago.</i> Honest, my Lord?	
<i>Oth.</i> Honest? I, Honest.	
<i>Iago.</i> My Lord, for ought I know.	
<i>Oth.</i> What do'st thou thinke?	
<i>Iago.</i> Thinke, my Lord?	
<i>Oth.</i> Thinke, my Lord? / Alas, thou ecchos't me;	
As if there were some Monster in thy thought	

- 108 Too hideous to be shewne: thou didst meane something;  
 9 I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that, ≠  
 10 When *Cassio* left my wife: what didst not like?  
 11 And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,  
 12 In my whole course of wooing, thou cridst indeed?  
 13 And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,  
 14 As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,  
 15 Some horrible counsell: if thou dost loue me,  
 Shew me thy thought.  
*Iag.* My Lord, you know I loue you.  
 17 *Oth.* I thinke thou dost,  
 18 And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,  
 19 And weighest thy words, before thou giue em breath,  
 20 Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more:  
 21 For such things in a false disloyall knaue,  
 22 Are trickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,  
 23 They are close denotements, working from the heart,  
 That passion cannot rule.  
 24 *Iag.* For *Michael Cassio*,  
 25 I dare presume, I thinke that he is honest,  
 26 *Oth.* I thinke so to.  
*Iag.* Men should be that they seeme,  
 27 Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.  
 28 *Oth.* Certaine, men should be what they seeme.  
 29 *Iag.* Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.  
 30 *Oth.* Nay yet there's more in this,  
 31 I preethee speake to me to thy thinkings:  
 32 As thou dost ruminat, and giue the worst of thought,  
 The worst of word.  
 33 *Iag.* Good my Lord pardon me;  
 34 Though I am bound to euery act of duty,  
 35 I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,  
 36 Vtter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false:

---

108 shewne: Thou dost m. f.: || 9 ≠ When 45 || 15 counsell: if  
 conceit: If || 16 Lord you || 19 giu'st 'em || 20 affright] fright ||  
 more; || 23 denotements,] dilations, || 25 presume,] be sworne, || 26 that]  
 what || 30 Nay, yet ther's || 31 ptehee sp. to me, as to thy thinkings.  
 || 32 giue thy worst of thoughts, || 33 words. || 36 thoughts: ||

Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean somthing:	108
I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,	9
When <i>Cassio</i> left my wife. What didd'st not like?	10
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,	11
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?	12
And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,	13
As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine	14
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,	15
Shew me thy thought.	16
<i>Iago</i> . My Lord, you know I loue you.	
<i>Oth</i> . I thinke thou do'st:	17
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,	18
And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,	19
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:	20
For such things in a false disloyall Knaue	21
Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,	22
They're close dilations, working from the heart,	23
That Passion cannot rule.	24
<i>Iag</i> . For <i>Michael Cassio</i> ,	
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.	25
<i>Oth</i> . I thinke so too.	26
<i>Iago</i> . Men should be what they seeme,	
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.	27
<i>Oth</i> . Certaine, men should be what they seeme.	28
<i>Iago</i> . Why then I thinke <i>Cassio's</i> an honest man.	29
<i>Oth</i> . Nay, yet there's more in this?	30
I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,	31
As thou dost ruminate, and giue thy worst of thoughts †	32
The worst of words.	33
<i>Iago</i> . Good my Lord pardon me,	
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,	34
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:	35
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and false?	36

† The 324.

- 137 As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things  
38 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,  
39 But some vncleanely apprehensions,  
40 Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in Session fit  
41 With meditations lawfull?  
42 *Oth.* Thou doest conspire against thy friend *Iago*, †  
43 If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his eare  
A stranger to thy thoughts.  
44 *Iag.* I doe beseech you,  
45 Though I perchance am vicious in my gheffe,  
46 As I confesse it is my natures plague,  
47 To spy into abuses, and oft my ieaousie  
48 Shapes faults that are not, I intreate you then,  
49 From one that so imperfectly coniects,  
50 You'd take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,  
51 Out of my scattering, and vntrue obseruance;  
52 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
53 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisedome,  
To let you know my thoughts,  
54 *Oth.* Zouns.  
55 *Iag.* Good name in man and woman's deere my Lord;  
56 Is the immediate Iewell of our soules:  
57 Who steales my purse, steals trash, tis something, nothing,  
58 Twas mine, tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:  
59 But he that filches from me my good name,  
60 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
61 And makes me poore indeed.  
62 *Oth.* By heauen I'le know thy thought.  
63 *Iag.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,  
64 Nor shall not, whilst tis in my custody:  
65 O beware ieaousie.

---

138 Who || 39 vncleanly || 40 session || 42 dost || † G 3 If 46 ||  
46 (As I c. || 48 Shapes faults that are not:) that your wisedome  
yet, || 49 coniects,] conceits, || 50 You'd] Would || trouble, || 54 thoughts.  
|| *Oth.* Zouns.] *Oth.* What dost thou meane? || 55 woman (deere my  
Lord) || 57 steales trash, || 62 By . . . thought.] Ile know thy thoughts. ||  
64 custody. || 65 O beware ieaousie.] *Oth.* Ha? *Danach neue Zeile Iag.*  
O beware (my Lord) of ieaousie; ||

As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things 137  
 Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure, 38  
 Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions 39  
 Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Seffions fit 40  
 With meditations lawfull? 41

*Oth.* Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*) 42  
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare 43  
 A stranger to thy Thoughts. 44

*Iago.* I do beseech you, 44  
 Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse 45  
 (As I confesse it is my Natures plague 46  
 To spy into Abuses, and of my iealousie 47  
 Shapes faults that are not) that your wisedome 48  
 From one, that so imperfectly conceits, 49  
 Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble 50  
 Out of his scattering, and vnfore obseruance: 51  
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good, 52  
 Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisedome, 53  
 To let you know my thoughts. 54

*Oth.* What dost thou meane? 54

*Iago.* Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord) 55  
 Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules; 56  
 Who steales my purse, steales trash: 57  
 'Tis something, nothing; 57  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands: 58  
 But he that filches from me my good Name, 59  
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him, 60  
 And makes me poore indeed. 61

*Oth.* Ile know thy Thoughts. 62

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand, 63  
 Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie. 64

*Oth.* Ha? 65

*Iago.* Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie, 65

- 166 It is the greene eyd' monster, which doth mocke  
 67 That meate it feedes on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,  
 68 Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:  
 69 But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,  
 70 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loues.  
 71 *Oth.* O. misery.  
 72 *Iag.* Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,  
 73 But riches, finelesse, is as poore as winter,  
 74 To him that euer feares he shall be poore:  
 75 Good God, the foules of all my tribe defend  
 76 From ieaousie,  
 77 *Oth.* Why, why is this? ≠  
 78 Thinkst thou I'de make a life of ieaousie?  
 79 To follow still the changes of the Moone  
 80 With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt,  
 81 Is once to be resolut: exchange me for a Goate,  
 82 When I shall turne the businesse of my soule  
 83 To such exufficate, and blowne surmises,  
 84 Matching thy inference: tis not to make me ieaous,  
 85 To say my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,  
 86 Is free of speech, sings, playes, and dances well;  
 87 Where vertue is, these are more vertuous:  
 88 Nor from mine owne weake meritts will I draw  
 89 The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,  
 90 For she had eies, and chose me: no *Iago*,  
 91 I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,  
 92 And on the prooue, there is no more but this:  
 93 Away at once with loue or ieaousie.  
 94 *Iag.* I am glad of it, for now I shall haue reason,  
 95 To shew the loue and duty that I beare you,  
 96 With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound  
 97 Receiue it from me: I speake not yet of prooue,  
 98 Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*;  
 99 Weare your eie thus, not ieaous, nor secure,  
 99 I would not haue your free and noble nature,

---

166 the greene] a green || 67 The meat it feeds || blis, || 73 riches  
 finel., || 75 God,] heauen, || 76 ieaousie. || ≠ G 3 Thinkst 47 || 80 re-  
 solu'd: || 87 meritts || 89 chosen || 90 Ile || 91 this; ||



It is the greene-ey'd Monfter, which doth mocke	166
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliffe,	67
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:	68
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,	69
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet foundly loues?	70
<i>Oth.</i> O miserie.	71
<i>Iago.</i> Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,	72
But Riches fineleffe, is as poore as Winter,	73
To him that euer feares he fhall be poore:	74
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend	75
From Iealoufie.	76
<i>Oth.</i> Why? why is this?	77
Think'ft thou, I'd make a Life of Iealoufie;	78
To follow still the changes of the Moone	79
With fresh fufpitions? No: to be once in doubt,	80
Is to be refolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,	81
When I fhall turne the bufineffe of my Soule	82
To fuch exufficate, and blow'd Surmifes,	83
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,	84
To fay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,	85
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:	86
Where Vertue is, thefe are more vertuous.	87
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw	88
The fmallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,	89
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No <i>Iago</i> ,	90
Ile fee before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;	91
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,	92
Away at once with Loue, or Iealoufie.	93
<i>Ia.</i> I am glad of this: For now I fhall haue reaſon	94
To ſhew the Loue and Duty that I beare you	95
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)	96
Receiue it from me. I ſpeake not yet of prooffe:	97
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with <i>Cafſio</i> ,	98
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:	99
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,	

- 200 Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:  
 1 I know our Countrey disposition well,  
 2 In *Venice* they doe let God see the pranks  
 3 They dare shew their husbands: their best conscience,  
 4 Is not to leaue vndone, but keepe vnknowne.  
 5 *Oth.* Doeſt thou ſay ſo.  
 6 *Iag.* She did deceiue her father marrying you;  
 7 And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and feare your lookes,  
 8 She lou'd them moſt. *Oth.* And ſo ſhe did.  
 9 *Iag.* Why go too then,  
 10 She that ſo young, could giue out ſuch a ſeeming,  
 11 To ſeale her fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,  
 12 He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame,  
 13 I humbly doe beſeech you of your pardon, ≠  
 14 For too much louing you.  
 15 *Oth.* I am bound to thee for euer.  
 16 *Iag.* I ſee this hath a little daſht your ſpirits.  
 17 *Oth.* Not a iot, not a iot.  
 18 *Iag.* Ifaith I feare it has.  
 19 I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke,  
 20 Comes from my loue: But I doe ſee you are moou'd,  
 21 I am to pray you, not to ſtaine my ſpeech;  
 22 To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,  
 23 Then to ſuſpition.  
 24 *Oth.* I will not.  
 25 *Iag.* Should you doe ſo my Lord,  
 26 My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſſe,  
 27 As my thoughts aime not at: *Cafſio's* my truſty friend:  
 28 My Lord, I ſee you are moou'd.  
 29 *Oth.* No, not much moou'd,  
 30 I doe not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.  
 31 *Iag.* Long liue ſhe ſo, and long liue you to thinke ſo.  
 32 *Oth.* And yet how nature erring from it ſelfe.

---

200 too't: || 2 God] Heauen || 3 dare not ſhew || conscience ||  
 4 leaue't vndone, but keepe't vnkn. || 5 ſo? || 6 you: || 8 *Oth.* And  
 ſo ſhe did *neue Zeile für ſich* || 11 blame; || 12 ≠ G4 For 48 || 15 Ifaith]  
 Truſt me, || 16 conſider, || 17 but || 18 ſpeech, || 19 groſſer || 23 truſty]  
 worthy || 24 . . you are moou'd, ||

Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:	200
I know our Country disposition well:	1
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks	2
They dare not fthew their Husbands.	
Their best Conscience,	3
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.	4
<i>Oth.</i> Dost thou say so?	5
<i>Iago.</i> She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,	6
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,	7
She lou'd them most.	
<i>Oth.</i> And so she did.	8
<i>Iago.</i> Why go too then:	
Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming	9
To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,	10
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.	
But I am much too blame:	11
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon	12
For too much louing you.	
<i>Oth.</i> I am bound to thee for euer.	13
<i>Iago.</i> I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:	14
<i>Oth.</i> Not a iot, not a iot.	
<i>Iago.</i> Trust me, I feare it has:	15
I hope you will consider what is spoke	16
Comes from your Loue.	
But I do see y'are mou'd:	17
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech	18
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,	19
Then to Suspition.	20
<i>Oth.</i> I will not.	
<i>Iago.</i> Should you do so (my Lord)	21
My speech should fall into such vilde succeffe,	22
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.	
<i>Cassio's</i> my worthy Friend:	23
My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.	
<i>Oth.</i> No, not much mou'd:	24
I do not thinke but <i>Desdemona's</i> honest.	25
<i>Iago.</i> Long liue she so;	
And long liue you to thinke so.	26
<i>Oth.</i> And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.	27

- 228 *Iag.* I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,  
 29 Not to affect many propofed matches,  
 30 Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,  
 31 Whereto we see in all things, nature tends;  
 32 Fie we may smell in fuch a will, moft ranke  
 33 Foule difproportion: thoughts vnnaturall.  
 34 But pardon me: I doe not in pofition,  
 35 Deftinctly speake of her, tho I may feare  
 36 Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,  
 37 May fall to match you with her countrey formes,  
 38 And happily repent.
- 38-39 *Oth.* Farewell, / if more  
 39-40 Thou doeft perceiue, let me know more, / fet on  
 40 Thy wife to obferue: leaue me *Iago*.  
 41 *Iag.* My Lord I take my leaue.  
 42 *Oth.* Why did I marry? This honeft creature doubtleffe  
 43 Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes.  
 44 My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour, ≠  
 45 *Iag.* To fcan this thing no further, leaue it to time,  
 46 Tho it be fit, that *Cafsio* haue his place,  
 47 For fure he fills it vp with great ability:  
 48 Yet if you pleafe to hold him off awhile,  
 49 You fhall by that perceiue him and his meanes;  
 50 Note if your Lady fraine her entertainment,  
 51 With any ftrong or vehement importunity,  
 52 Much will be feene in that, in the meane time,  
 53 Let me be thought too bufie in my feares,  
 54 As worthy caufe I haue, to feare I am;  
 55 And hold her free, I doe befeech your honour.  
 56 *Oth.* Feare not my gouernement.  
 57 *Iag.* I once more take my leaue. *Exit*  
 58 *Oth.* This fellowe's of exceeding honefty,  
 59 And knowes all qualities, with a learned fpirit  
 60 Of humane dealing: if I doe prooue her haggard,

230 clime, || 32 will moft ranke, || 33 difproportion, || 35 Distinctly  
 || 43 Sees, || vnolds. || 44 *Iag* *fehlt vor* My Lord, *und fehlt* 45 *vor* To  
 fcan || intreat || ≠ To 49 || 46 Tho it be fit, that] And though tis fit  
 that || 47 (For . . . ability,) || 48 a while, || 49 that, || 54 (As . . . am:)  
 || 57 *Exit.* || 59 qualities,] quantities, || 60 humane dealings: If ||

<i>Iago.</i> I, there's the point:	228
As (to be bold with you)	
Not to affect many propofed Matches	29
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,	30
Whereto we fee in all things, Nature tends:	31
Foh, one may fmel in fuch, a will moft ranke,	32
Foule difproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.	33
But (pardon me) I do not in pofition	34
Diffinctly fpeake of her, though I may feare	35
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,	36
May fal to match you with her Country formes,	37
And happily repent.	38
<i>Oth.</i> Farewell, farewell:	
If more thou doft perceiue, let me know more:	39
Set on thy wife to obferue.	
Leaue me <i>Iago.</i>	40
<i>Iago.</i> My Lord, I take my leaue.	41
<i>Othel.</i> Why did I marry?	
This honeft Creature (doubtleffe)	42
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolde. †	43
<i>Iago.</i> My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor	44
To fcan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,	45
Although 'tis fit that <i>Caffio</i> haue his Place;	46
For fure he filles it vp with great Ability;	47
Yet if you please, to him off a-while:	48
You fhall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:	49
Note if your Lady ftraine his Entertainment	50
With any ftrong, or vehement importunitie,	51
Much will be feene in that: In the meane time,	52
Let me be thought too bufie in my feares,	53
(As worthy caufe I haue to feare I am)	54
And hold her free, I do befeech your Honor.	55
<i>Oth.</i> Feare not my gouernment.	56
<i>Iago.</i> I once more take my leaue.	<i>Exit.</i> 57
<i>Oth.</i> This Fellow's of exceeding honefty,	58
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit	59
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,	60

261 Tho that her Ieffes were my deare heart strings,  
62 I'de whistle her off, and let her downe the wind,  
63 To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,  
64 And haue not thofe foft parts of conuerfation,  
65 That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind  
66 Into the valt of yeares; yet that's not much,  
67 Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife  
68 Muft be to lothe her: O curfe of marriage,  
69 That we can call thefe delicate creatures ours,  
70 And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,  
71 And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,  
72 Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,  
73 For others vfe: yet tis the plague of great ones,  
74 Prerogatiu'd are they leffe then the bafe,  
75 Tis defteny, vnfhunnable, like death:  
76 Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,  
77 When we doe quicken: *Defdemona* comes,  
78 If fhe be falfe, O then heauen mocks it felfe,  
79 I'le not beleeeue it.

*Enter Defdemona and Emillia.*

79 *Defd.* How now my deare *Othello*? †  
80 Your dinner, and the generous Ilander  
81 By you inuited, doe attend your prefence,  
82 *Oth.* I am to blame.  
82-83 *Def.* Why is your fpeech fo faint? / are you not well?  
84 *Oth.* I haue a paine vpon my forehead, here.  
85 *Def.* Faith that's with watching, t'will away againe;  
86 Let me but bind your head, within this houre  
It will be well againe.  
87 *Oth.* Your napkin is too little:  
88 Let it alone, come I'le goe in with you.  
89 *Def.* I am very forry that you are not well.  
90 *Em.* I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Ex. Oth. and*  
91 This was her firft remembrance from the Moore, *Defd.*

---

262 downe] dewne || 66 valt] vale || yeares, || 68 loath || 79 Ile ||  
*Def.* || † H Your 50 || 81 prefence. || 84 heare. || 85 Faith] Why  
|| 86 your head,] it hard, || 87 well. *Danach fehlt* againe || 88 Ile go ||  
90 *Exit* Oth. and *Def.* ||

Though that her Ieffes were my deere heart-strings,	261
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde	62
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,	63
And haue not thofe foft parts of Conuerfation	64
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd	65
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)	66
Shée's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe	67
Must be to loath her. Oh Curfe of Marriage!	68
That we can call thefe delicate Creatures ours,	69
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,	70
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,	71
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue	72
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,	73
Prerogatiu'd are they leffe then the Bafe,	74
'Tis destiny vnfhunnable, like death:	75
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,	76
When we do quicken. Looke where ſhe comes:	77
<i>Enter Desdemona and Emilia.</i>	
If ſhe be falſe, Heauen mock'd it ſelfe:	78
Ile not beleue't.	
<i>Def.</i> How now, my deere <i>Othello</i> ?	79
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders	80
By you inuited, do attend your preſence.	81
<i>Oth.</i> I am too blame.	82
<i>Def.</i> Why do you ſpeake ſo faintly?	
Are you not well?	83
<i>Oth.</i> I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.	84
<i>Def.</i> Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.	85
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre	86
It will be well.	
<i>Oth.</i> Your Napkin is too little:	87
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.	<i>Exit.</i> 88
<i>Def.</i> I am very ſorry that you are not well.	89
<i>Emil.</i> I am glad I haue found this Napkin:	90
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,	91

- 292 My wayward husband, hath a hundred times  
 93 Wooed me to steale it, but she so loues the token,  
 94 For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,  
 95 That she referues it euer more about her,  
 96 To kisse, and talke to; Ple ha the worke taine out,  
 97 And giu't *Iago*: what hee'll doe with it,  
 98 Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter Iago.*  
 99 I nothing know, but for his fantasie.  
 300 *Iag.* How now, what doe you here alone?  
 1 *Em.* Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.  
 2 *Iag.* A thing for me, it is a common thing.  
 3 *Em.* Ha?  
 4 *Iag.* To haue a foolish thing.  
 5 *Em.* O, is that all? what will you giue me now,  
 6 For that same handkercher?  
 7 *Iag.* What handkercher?  
 8 *Em.* What handkercher?  
 9 Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,  
 10 That which so often you did bid me steale.  
 11 *Iag.* Ha'ft stole it from her?  
 12 *Em.* No faith, she let it drop by negligence,  
 13 And to the aduantage, I being here, took't vp:  
 14 Looke here it is.  
 15 *Iag.* A good wench, giue it me. †  
 16 *Em.* What will you doe with it, that you haue bin  
 17-18 So earnest / to haue me filch it?  
 19 *Iag.* Why, what's that to you?  
 20 *Em.* If it be not for some purpose of import,  
 21 Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad,  
 22 When she shall lacke it.  
 23-24 *Iag.* Be not you knowne on't, I haue vse for it: / -- go leaue me;  
 25 I will in *Cafsio's* Lodging lose this napkin, *Exit Em.*  
 26 And let him finde it: trifles light as ayre,

---

296 He || tane || 97 he'll || 99 I nothing, but to please his fantasie. ||  
 302 common thing — || 4 thing.] wife. || 6 handkerchiefe? || handker-  
 chiefe? || 7 handkerchiefe? || 12 tooke it vp: || 13 Looke, || wench  
 giue || † *Em.* 51 || 14 with it, *danach in einer neuen Zeile* That y. h. b. so  
 earnest . . . it? || 16 If't || 17 mad || 19 knowne] acknowne || 21 lod-  
 ging || 22 find it: Trifles ||



My wayward Husband hath a hundred times 292  
 Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token, 93  
 (For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it) 94  
 That she referues it euermore about her, 95  
 To kisse, and talke too. He haue the worke tane out, 96  
 And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it 97  
 Heauen knowes, not I: 98  
 I nothing, but to please his Fantasie. 99

*Enter Iago.*

*Iago*. How now? What do you heere alone? 300

*Æmil*. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you. 1

*Iago*. You haue a thing for me? 2

It is a common thing — 2

*Æmil*. Hah? 3

*Iago*. To haue a foolish wife. 4

*Æmil*. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now 5

For that same Handkerchiefe. 6

*Iago*. What Handkerchiefe? 7

*Æmil*. What Handkerchiefe? 7

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*, 8

That which so often you did bid me steale. 9

*Iago*. Haft stolne it from her? 10

*Æmil*. No: but she let it drop by negligence, 11

And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp: 12

Looke, heere 'tis. 13

*Iago*. A good wench, giue it me.

*Æmil*. What will you do with't, that you haue bene 14

so earnest / to haue me filch it? 14-15

*Iago*. Why, what is that to you? 15

*Æmil*. If it be not for some purpose of import, 16

Giue't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad 17

When she shall lacke it. 18

*Iago*. Be not acknowne on't: 19

I haue vse for it. / Go, leaue me. / *Exit Æmil.* 19-20

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loofe this Napkin, 21

And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre, 22

- 323 Are to the iealous, confirmations strong  
 25 > 24 As proofes of holy writ, this may doe something,  
 26 Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,  
 27 Which at the first are scarce found to distast.  
 28 But with a little art, vpon the blood, *Ent. Othello.*  
 29 Burne like the mindes of fulphure: I did say so:  
 30 Looke where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,  
 31 Nor all the drouisie firrops of the world,  
 32 Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe,  
 Which thou owedst yesterday.  
 33 *Oth.* Ha, ha, false to me, to me?  
 34 *Iag.* Why how now Generall? no more of that.  
 35 *Oth.* Auant, be gone, thou hast set me on the racke,  
 36 I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,  
 Then but to know a little.  
 37 *Iag.* How now my Lord?  
 38 *Oth.* What sence had I of her stolne houres of lust:  
 39 I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,  
 40 I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;  
 41 I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,  
 42 He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,  
 43 Let him not know'r, and hee's not rob'd at all.  
 44 *Iag.* I am sorry to heare this.  
 45 *Oth.* I had bin happy if the generall Campe,  
 46 Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete body,  
 47 So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer  
 48 Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content:  
 49 Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres: †  
 50 That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,  
 51 Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,  
 52 The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife;  
 53 The royall Banner, and all quality,  
 354 Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.

324 Writ, || something: || 25 The Moore already changes with my  
 poison, || 27 distast; || 28 art, vpon] act vpon || *Enter Othello.* ||  
 29 mindes] mines || 30 Look || 31 firrops || 32 medecine || sweet ||  
 35 *Oth.* || gon, || 37 know] know't || now, || 38 sence || 41 lips; || 43 know't  
 || 46 sweet || 48 content; || 49 warres, || † H 2 That 52 || 52 Fife, ||

Are to the iealous, confirmations strong,	323
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.	24
The Moore already changes with my poyson:	25
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,	26
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:	27
But with a little acte vpon the blood,	28
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.	29

*Enter Othello.*

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,	30
Nor all the drowisie Syrrups of the world	31
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe	32
Which thou owd'st yesterday.	

<i>Oth.</i> Ha, ha, false to mee?	33
-----------------------------------	----

<i>Iago.</i> Why how now Generall? No more of that.	34
---	----

<i>Oth.</i> Auant, be gone: Thou hast fet me on the Racke:	35
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,	36

Then but to know't a little.	37
------------------------------	----

<i>Iago.</i> How now, my Lord?	
--------------------------------	--

<i>Oth.</i> What fenfe had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?	38
I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:	39

I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.	40
--	----

I found not <i>Cassio's</i> kisses on her Lippes:	41
---	----

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,	42
--	----

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.	43
---	----

<i>Iago.</i> I am forry to heare this?	44
--	----

<i>Oth.</i> I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,	45
---	----

Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,	46
---	----

So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer	47
---	----

Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;	48
---	----

Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,	49
--	----

That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,	50
---	----

Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,	51
---	----

The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,	52
--	----

The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,	53
--------------------------------------	----

Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:	54
---	----

- 355 And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,  
 56 The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit;  
 57 Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.  
 58 *Iag.* Ist possible my Lord?  
 59 *Oth.* Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a whore,  
 60 Be sure of it, giue me the ocular prooffe,  
 61 Or by the worth of mans eternall foule,  
 62 Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,  
 Then answer my wak'd wrath.  
 63 *Iag.* Ist come to this?  
 64 *Oth.* Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,  
 65 That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,  
 66 To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.  
 67 *Iag.* My noble Lord.  
 68 *Oth.* If thou doest slander her, and torture me,  
 69 Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse.  
 70 On horrors head, horrors accumulate:  
 71 Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,  
 72-73 For nothing canst thou to damnation ad/greater then that.  
 73 *Iag.* O grace, O heauen defend me,  
 74 Are you a man, haue you a foule or fence?  
 75 God buy you, take mine office, -- O wretched foole,  
 76 That liuest to make thine honesty a vice,  
 77 O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,  
 78 To be direct and honest, is not safe,  
 79 I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,  
 80 Ple loue no friend, since loue breedes such offence.  
 81 *Oth.* Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.  
 82 *Iag.* I should be wife, for honestie's a foole,  
 83 And looses that it workes for:

384-90 &gt;

355 And, O || 56 immortal || clamors || 57 *Othelloe's* || 60 ocular ||  
 61 mans] my || 62 been || 63 answere || 64 *Ot.* || 69 remorse: || 70 ac-  
 cumulate: || 72 adde, || 75 mine] my || 76 vice; || 77 note O world,  
 || 80 Ile || breeds || 83 . workes for. *Danach neue Zeile*

*Oth.* By the world,

- 384 I thinke my wife be honest, and thinke she is not,  
 85 I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not;  
 86 Ile haue some prooffe: her name that was as fresh  
 87 As *Dians* visage, is now begrimd, and blacke  
 88 As mine owne face: If there be cords, or kniues,

And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates	355
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,	56
Farewell: <i>Othello's</i> Occupation's gone.	57
<i>Iago.</i> Is't possible my Lord?	58
<i>Oth.</i> Villaine, be fure thou proue my Loue a Whore;	59
Be fure of it: Giue me the Occular prooffe, ‡	60
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,	61
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog	62
Then answer my wak'd wrath.	63
<i>Iago.</i> Is't come to this?	64
<i>Oth.</i> Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,	65
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,	66
That hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.	67
<i>Iago.</i> My Noble Lord.	68
<i>Oth.</i> If thou dost slander her, and torture me,	69
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse	70
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:	71
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;	72
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,	73
Greater then that.	74
<i>Iago.</i> O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!	75
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?	76
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,	77
That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!	78
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)	79
To be direct and honest, is not safe.	80
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence	81
Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.	82
<i>Oth.</i> Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.	83
<i>Iago.</i> I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,	84
And looses that it workes for.	85
<i>Oth.</i> By the World,	86
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:	87
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:	88
Ile haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh	
As <i>Dians</i> Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke	
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,	

- 391 I see fir, you are eaten vp with passion,  
 92 I doe repent me that I put it to you, ≠  
 You would be satisfied.  
 93 *Oth.* Would, nay, I will.  
 94 *Iag.* And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?  
 95 Would you, the superuifor grossely gape on,  
 Behold her topt?  
 96 *Oth.* Death and damnation — — oh.  
 97 *Iag.* It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,  
 98 To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,  
 99 If euer mortall eyes did see them boulder  
 400 More then their owne; what then, how then?  
 1 What shall I say? where's satisfaction?  
 2 It is impossible you should see this.  
 3 Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,  
 4 As salt as Wolues, in pride; and fooles as grosse,  
 5 As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,  
 6 If imputation and strong circumstances,  
 7 Which leade directly to the doore of truth,  
 8 Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.  
 9 *Oth.* Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.  
 10 *Iag.* I doe not like the office,  
 11 But fith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,  
 12 Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,  
 13 I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,  
 414-15 And being troubled with a raging tooth, / I could not sleep.  
 16 There are a kinde of men so loose of foule,  
 17 That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,  
 18 One of this kinde is *Cassio*:  
 19 In sleepe I heard him say. Sweete *Desdemona*,  
 20 Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;  
 421 And then fir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

---

389 Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streames,  
 90 He not endure it: would I were satisfied.

91 *Iag.* I see fir, you are eaten vp with passion,

92 . . to you; ≠ You 53 || 95 superuifion || 402 this, || 4 Wolues  
 in pride, || grosse || 9 *Ot.* || she's || 15 sleepe, || 16 kind || 18 kind ||

19 Sweet || 20 merry,] wary, || 21 fir would ||

Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,	389
He not indure it. Would I were ſatiſfied.	90
<i>Iago.</i> I ſee you are eaten vp with Paſſion:	91
I do repent me, that I put it to you.	92
You would be ſatiſfied?	
<i>Oth.</i> Would? Nay, and I will.	93
<i>Iago.</i> And may: but how? How ſatiſfied, my Lord?	94
Would you the ſuper-viſion groſſely gape on?	95
Behold her top'd?	
<i>Oth.</i> Death, and damnation. Oh!	96
<i>Iago.</i> It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,	97
To bring them to that Proſpect: Damne them then,	98
If euer mortall eyes do ſee them bouldſter	99
More then their owne. What then? How then?	400
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?	1
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,	2
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,	3
As falt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as groſſe	4
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I ſay,	5
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,	6
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,	7
Will giue you ſatiſfaction, you might haue't.	8
<i>Oth.</i> Giue me a liuing reaſon ſhe's diſloyall.	9
<i>Iago.</i> I do not like the Office.	10
But ſith I am entred in this cauſe ſo farre	11.
(Prick'd too't by fooliſh Honeſty, and Loue)	12
I will go on. I lay with <i>Caffio</i> lately,	13
And being troubled with a raging tooth,	14
I could not ſleepe. / There are a kinde of men,	15-16
So looſe of Soule, / that in their ſleepes will mutter	16-17
Their Affayres: / one of this kinde is <i>Caffio</i> :	17-18
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, ſweet <i>Deſdemona</i> ,	19
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,	20
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:	421

422 Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,  
 23 As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,  
 24 That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg  
 25 Ouer my thigh, and figh'd, and kiffed, and then  
 26 Cried, curfed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

*Oth.* O Monstrous, monstrous.

27 *Iag.* Nay, this was but his dreame. †

28 *Oth.* But this deuoted a fore-gone conclusion,

29 *Iag.* Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,

30 And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,  
 That doe demonftrate thinly.

31 *Oth.* I'll teare her all to peeces.

32 *Iag.* Nay, but be wife, yet we fee nothing done,

33 She may be honest yet, tell me but this,

34 Haue you not sometimes feene a handkercher,

35 Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.

36 *Oth.* I gaue her fuch a one, twas my first gift.

37 *Iag.* I know not that, but fuch a handkercher,

38 I am fure it was your wiues, did I to day

See *Cafio* wipe his beard with.

39 *Oth.* If't be that.

40 *Iag.* If it be that, or any, it was hers,

41 It fpeakes againft her, with the other proofes.

42 *Oth.* O that the flauie had forty thoufand liues,

43 One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:

44 Now doe I fee tis time, looke here *Iago*,

445-46 All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, — / tis gone.

47 Arife blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,

48 Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted Throne,

49 To tirranous hate, fwell bofome with thy fraught,

For tis of Aspecks tongues.

50 *Iag.* Pray be content.

*he kneeles.*

451 *Oth.* O blood, *Iago*, blood.

422 sweet || 27 O monstrous, || 28 denoted a fore-gon || † H 3  
*Oth.* 54 || 29 *Iag.* fehlt hier u. steht vor 30 || 31 Ile || 33 yet: ||  
 34 handkerchiefe, || 35 hand? || 37 handkerchiefe || 44 Now . . . time,]  
 Now I doe see tis true, || 47 vengeance from || 48 hearted || 49 tyrra-  
 nous || 50 Aspics || *he kneeles* auf dem Rand nach tongues. in derselben Zeile  
 statt nach content. in der nächsten Zeile) ||



Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,	422
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,	23
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg / ore my Thigh,	24-25
And sigh, and kisse, and then / cry curfed Fate,	25-26
That gaue thee to the Moore.	26
<i>Oth.</i> O monstrous! monstrous!	
<i>Iago.</i> Nay, this was but his Dreame.	27
<i>Oth.</i> But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,	28
'Tis a fhrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.	29
<i>Iago.</i> And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,	30
That do demonstrate thinly.	
<i>Oth.</i> Ile teare her all to peeces.	31
<i>Iago.</i> Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,	32
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,	33
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe	34
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?	35
<i>Oth.</i> I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.	36
<i>Iago.</i> I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe	37
(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day	38
See <i>Cassio</i> wipe his Beard with.	
<i>Oth.</i> If it be that.	39
<i>Iago.</i> If it be that, or any, it was hers.	40
It speakes against her with the other proofes.	41
<i>Othel.</i> O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:	42
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.	43
Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere <i>Iago</i> ,	44
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. / 'Tis gone. /	45-46
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,	47
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne	48
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,	49
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.	
<i>Iago.</i> Yet be content.	50
<i>Oth.</i> Oh blood, blood, blood.	451

452 *Iag.* Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

53 *Oth.* Neuer:

53-60 > 61 In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,

62 I here ingage my words.

62 *Iag.* Doe not rife yet:

63 Witnesse you euer-burning lights aboue,

64 You Elements that clip vs round about,

*Iago kneeles.*

65 Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp

66 The excellency of his wit, hand, heart,

67 To wrong'd *Othello's* seruice: let him command,

68 And to obey, shall be remorse, ≠

69 VVhat bloody worke so euer.

69 *Oth.* I greete thy loue:

70 Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

71 And will vpon the instant put thee to't,

72 VVithin these three dayes, let me heare thee say,

73 That *Cassio's* not aliue,

74 *Iag.* My friend is dead:

74-75 'Tis done as you request, / but let her liue.

75 *Oth.* Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,

76 Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw

77 To furnishe me with some swift meanes of death,

78 For the faire diuell: now art thou my Leutenant.

479 *Iag.* I am your owne for euer.

*Exeunt.*

453-460 *Oth.* Neuer *Iago*;

453 Like to the *Pontick* Sea,

54 Whose icy current and compulsive course,

55 Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,

56 To the *Propontick* and the *Hellepont*:

57 Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,

58 Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble loue,

59 Till that a capeable and wide reuenge

60 Swallow them vp. Now by yond marble Heauen,

61 In the due . . .

62 nach rife yet: in derselben Zeile auf dem Rande (statt nach . . . about, in Zeile 464) *Iago kneels.* || 63 you] the || 64 about; *Danach fehlt Iago kneeles hier* || 66 excellency] execution || 67 *Othelloe's* || 68 shall be in me remorse, || ≠ What 55 || 69 greet || loue; || 70 thanks, || 73 aliue. || 76 withdraw, || 78 deuill: ||

<i>Iago.</i> Patience I say: your minde may change.	452
<i>Oth.</i> Neuer <i>Iago.</i> Like to the Ponticke Sea,	53
Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,	54
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on	55
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:	56
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace	57
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,	58
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge	59
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,	60
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,	61
I heere engage my words.	62
<i>Iago.</i> Do not rise yet:	63
Witnesse you euer-burning Lights aboue,	64
You Elements, that clip vs round about,	65
Witnesse that heere <i>Iago</i> doth giue vp	66
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,	67
To wrong'd <i>Othello's</i> Seruice. Let him command,	68
And to obey shall be in me remorse,	69
What bloody businesse euer.	70
<i>Oth.</i> I greet thy loue,	71
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,	72
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.	73
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,	74
That <i>Cassio's</i> not aliue.	75
<i>Iago.</i> My Friend is dead:	76
'Tis done at your Request.	77
But let her liue.	78
<i>Oth.</i> Damne her lewde Minx:	79
O damne her, damne her.	80
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw	81
To furnishe me with some swift meanes of death	82
For the faire Diuell.	83
Now art thou my Lieutenant.	84
<i>Iago.</i> I am your owne for euer.	85
<i>Exeunt.</i> †	86

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia and the Clowne.*

1-2 *Des.* Do you know sirra, where the Lieutenant / *Cassio* lies?

3 *Clo.* I dare not say he lies any where.

4 *Des.* Why man?

5-6 He is a Soldier, and for one to say a / Soldier lies, is  
6 stabbing.

8-10 > 7 *Des.* Go to, where lodges he?

11-12 *Clo.* I know not where he lodges, and for me / to devise a  
12-13 lodging, and say / he lies there, were to lie in my throat.

14-15 *Desd.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified / by report?

16-17 *Clo.* I will catechize the world for him, that / is, make  
17 questions And by them answer.

18-19 *Desd.* Seek him, bid him come hither, tell / him I have  
19-20 moved my Lord in his behalfe, and / hope all will be well.

21-22 *Clo.* To doe this is within the compasse of a man, / and  
22 therefore I'll attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*

23 *Desd.* Where should I loose that handkercher *Emilia*?

24 *Em.* I know not Madam.

25 *Des.* Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse

26 Full of Crueltyes: and but my noble Moore

27 Is true of minde, and made of no such baseness,

28 As ielous creatures are, it were enough,

To put him to ill thinking.

29 *Em.* Is he not ielous: =

30 *Desd.* Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,  
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter Othello.*

31 *Em.* Looke where he comes.

32 *Des.* I will not leaue him now,

32-33 Let *Cassio* / be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?

34 *Oth.* Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:

How doe you *Desdemona*?

35 *Des.* Well, my good Lord.

---

III, iv. *Enter Desdemona, Em.* || 1 Doe || 5 *Vor* He *steht* *Clo.* || Soldier,  
|| 6 Soldier || 8-10 *Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell  
you where I lie. *neue Zeile* *Des.* Can any thing be made of this? ||  
13 lie in mine owne throat. || 14 *Des.* || enquire || 17 questions, ||  
18 *Des.* || 21 this, is || a man,] mans witte, || 22 He || 23 *Des.* || hand-  
kerchiefe || 27 mind, || 28 enough || 29 ielous? || = H 4 *Des.* 56 ||  
30 *Des.* || 32 Let] Till || 35 *Desdemona*? ||

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.*

- Des.* Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant / *Cassio* 1-2  
 lyes? 2  
*Clow.* I dare not say he lies any where. 3  
*Des.* Why man? 4  
*Clo.* He's a Soldier, and for me to say a / Souldier lyes, 5-6  
 'tis stabbing. 6  
*Des.* Go too: where lodges he? 7  
*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tel / you where 8-9  
 I lye. 9  
*Des.* Can any thing be made of this? 10  
*Clo.* I know not where he lodges, and for mee / to deuise 11-12  
 a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he / lies there, were to lye 12-13.  
 in mine owne throat. 13  
*Des.* Can you enquire him out? and be edified / by report? 14-15  
*Clo.* I will Catechize the world for him, that / is, make 16-17  
 Questions, and by them answer. 17  
*Des.* Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell / him, I haue 18-19  
 moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and / hope all will be well. 19-20  
*Clo.* To do this, is within the compasse of mans / Wit, and 21-22  
 therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.* 22  
*Des.* Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Emilia?* 23  
*Emil.* I know not Madam. 24  
*Des.* Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse 25  
 Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore 26  
 Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneffe, 27  
 As iealous Creatures are, it were enough 28  
 To put him to ill-thinking. 29  
*Emil.* Is he not iealous? 29  
*Des.* Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne, 30  
 Drew all such humors from him. 30  
*Emil.* Looke where he comes. 31  
*Enter Othello.*  
*Des.* I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be 32  
 Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord? 33  
*Oth.* Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to diffemble! 34  
 How do you, *Desdemona?* 35  
*Des.* Well, my good Lord.

- 36 *Oth.* Giue me your hand, this hand is moift my Lady.  
 37 *Def.* It yet has felt nò age, nor knowne no sorrow.  
 38 *Oth.* This argues fruitfullneffe and liberall heart,  
 39 Not hot and moift, this hand of yours requires  
 40 A fequefter from liberty: fafting and praying,  
 41 Much caftigation, exercife deuout;  
 42 For heere's a young and fwetting diuell here,  
 43 That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,  
 A franke one.  
 44 *Def.* You may indeed fay fo,  
 45 For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.  
 46 *Oth.* A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,  
 47 But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.  
 48 *Def.* I cannot speake of this, come, come, your promife.  
 49 *Oth.* What promife chucked?  
 50 *Def.* I haue fent to bid *Cafsio* come speake with you.  
 51 *Oth.* I haue a falt and fullen rhume offends me,  
 Lend me thy handkercher,  
 52 *Def.* Here my Lord.  
*Oth.* That which I gaue you.  
 53 *Def.* I haue it not about me.  
*Oth.* Not.  
 54 *Def.* No faith my Lord.  
 54-55 *Oth.* Thats a fault: / that handkercher  
 56 Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,  
 57 She was a charmer, and could almoft reade  
 58 The thoughts of people; fhe told her while fhe kept it,  
 59 T'would make her amiable, and fubdue my father  
 60 Intirely to her loue: But if fhe loft it, ≠  
 60 Intirely to her loue: But if fhe loft it,  
 61 Or made a gift of it: my fathers eye  
 62 Should hold her lothely, and his fpirits fould hunt  
 63 After new fancies: fhe dying, gaue it me,  
 64 And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,

---

39Not hot]Hot, hot, || moyft, || 42here's || fwetting deuill || 47 hearts, ||  
 48 this; come now your promife. || 52 handkerchiefe. || 54 faith] indeed  
 || 55 handkerchiefe || 57 Charmer, || 59 T'would || 60 *nur einmal* || ≠Or 57  
 61 it; || 62 lothely,] loathed, || 63 She || 64 me, ||

<i>Oth.</i> Giue me your hand.	
This hand is moist, my Lady.	36
<i>Def.</i> It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.	37
<i>Oth.</i> This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart:	38
Hot, hot, and moyft. This hand of yours requires	39
A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,	40
Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,	41
For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere	42
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,	43
A franke one.	
<i>Def.</i> You may (indeed) say so:	44
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.	45
<i>Oth.</i> A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:	46
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.	47
<i>Def.</i> I cannot speake of this:	
Come, now your promise.	48
<i>Oth.</i> What promise, Chucke?	49
<i>Def.</i> I haue sent to bid <i>Cassio</i> come speake with you.	50
<i>Oth.</i> I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:	51
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.	
<i>Def.</i> Heere my Lord.	52
<i>Oth.</i> That which I gaue you.	
<i>Def.</i> I haue it not about me.	53
<i>Oth.</i> Not?	
<i>Def.</i> No indeed, my Lord.	54
<i>Oth.</i> That's a fault: / That Handkerchiefe	54-55
Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue:	56
She was a Charmer, and could almost read	57
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,	58
'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father	59
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,	60
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye	61
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt	62
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,	63
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)	64

- 65 To giue it her; I did so, and take heede on't,  
 66 Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,  
 67 To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,  
 68 As nothing else could match.  
*Desd.* I't possible?  
 69 *Oth.* 'Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,  
 70 A Sybell that had numbred in the world,  
 71 The Sun to make two hundred compasses,  
 72 In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke;  
 73 The wormes were hallowed that did breed the filke,  
 74 And it was died in Mummy, with the skilfull  
 Conserues of maidens hearts.  
 75 *Des.* Ifaith i't true?  
 76 *Oth.* Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.  
 77 *Des.* Then would to God, that I had neuer seene it.  
 78 *Oth.* Ha, wherefore?  
 79 *Des.* Why doe you speake so startingly and rashly.  
 80 *Oth.* I't lost? i't gone? speake, is it out o'the way?  
 81 *Des.* Heauen bleffe vs.  
 82 *Oth.* Say you?  
 83 *Des.* It is not lost, but what and if it were?  
 84 *Oth.* Ha.  
*Des.* I say it is not lost.  
 85 *Oth.* Fetch't, let me see it,  
 86 *Des.* Why so I can fir, but I will not now,  
 87 This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,  
 88 I pray let *Cafsio*, be receiu'd againe.  
 89 *Oth.* Fetch me that handkercher, my mind misgiues.  
 90-91 *Des.* Come, come, / you'll neuer meete a more sufficient man.  
*Oth.* The handkercher.  
 92 *Des.* I pray talke me of *Cafsio*.  
*Oth.* The handkercher. †  
 93 *Des.* A man that all his time,  
 94 Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,

68 *Des.* || 69 ther's || 71 make] course || 72 worke: || 74 with] which  
 || 75 Concerue of Maidens || Ifaith] Indeed, || 77 God that || 79 rashly.]  
 rash? || 81 Heauen bleffe] Bleffe || 88 *Cafsio* be || 89 handkerchiefe, ||  
 91 you'l n. meet || 92 *feh* || 93 handkerchiefe. || † I *Des.* 58 || man,  
 || time



To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,	65
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:	66
To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,	67
As nothing else could match.	68
<i>Def.</i> Is't possible?	68
<i>Oth.</i> 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:	69
A <i>Sybill</i> that had numbred in the world	70
The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,	71
In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:	72
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,	73
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull	74
Conferu'd of Maidens hearts.	75
<i>Def.</i> Indeed? Is't true?	75
<i>Oth.</i> Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.	76
<i>Def.</i> Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?	77
<i>Oth.</i> Ha? wherefore?	78
<i>Def.</i> Why do you speake so startlingly, and rash?	79
<i>Oth.</i> Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?	80
<i>Def.</i> Blesse vs.	81
<i>Oth.</i> Say you?	82
<i>Def.</i> It is not lost: but what and if it were?	83
<i>Oth.</i> How?	84
<i>Def.</i> I say it is not lost.	85
<i>Oth.</i> Fetcht, let me see't.	85
<i>Def.</i> Why so I can: but I will not now:	86
This is a tricke to put me from my suite,	87
Pray you let <i>Cassio</i> be receiu'd againe.	88
<i>Oth.</i> Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,	89
My minde mis-giues.	89
<i>Def.</i> Come, come: / you'l neuer meete a more suffi-	90-91
cient man.	91
<i>Oth.</i> The Handcherchiefe.	92
<i>Def.</i> A man that all his time	93
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;	94

- 95 Shar'd dangers with you.  
 96 *Oth.* The handkercher.  
 97 *Def.* Ifaith you are too blame.  
 98 *Oth.* Zouns. *Exit.*  
 99 *Em.* Is not this man iealous?  
 100 *Def.* I ne're faw this before:

- 1 Sure there's some wonder in this handkercher,  
 2 I am most vnhappy in the losse.

*Enter Iago and Cassio.*

- 3 *Em.* Tis not a yeere or two fhewes vs a man,  
 4 They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;  
 5 They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,  
 6 They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.  
 7 *Iag.* There is no other way, tis she must doe it,  
 8 And loe the happineffe, goe, and importune her.  
 9 *Def.* How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?  
 10 *Cas.* Madam, my former fuite: I doe beseech you,  
 11 That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe  
 12 Exist, and be a member of his loue,  
 13 Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,  
 14 Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:  
 15 If my offence be of such mortall kind,  
 16 That neither seruice past, nor present sorrowes,  
 17 Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity  
 18 Can ranfome me, into his loue againe  
 19 But to know so, must be my benefit,  
 20 So fhall I cloth me in a forc'd content,  
 21 And shoote my selfe vp in some other course,  
 22 To fortunes almes.  
 23 *Def.* Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,  
 24 My aduocation is not now in tune;  
 25 Were he in fauour, as in humor altred.

96 handkerchiefe. || 97 Ifaith] In sooth || 98 Zouns] Away. ||  
 100 nere || 1 ther's || handkerchiefe, || 2 losse.] losse of it. || 3 yeare ||  
 9 whats the newes || 13 duty] office || 16 neither] not my || 17 merrit  
 in futurity, || 18 me into h. l. againe, || 20 cloath || 21 shoote] shut  
 || 25 altred: ||

Shar'd dangers with you.	95
<i>Oth.</i> The Handkerchiefe,	96
<i>Def.</i> Infooth, you are too blame.	97
<i>Oth.</i> Away.	<i>Exit Othello.</i> 98
<i>Æmil.</i> Is not this man iealous?	99
<i>Def.</i> I neu'r faw this before.	100
Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchikfe,	1
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.	2
<i>Æmil.</i> 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:	3
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,	4
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full	5
They belch vs.	
<i>Enter Iago, and Cassio.</i>	6
Looke you, <i>Cassio</i> and my Husband.	
<i>Iago.</i> There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:	7
And loe the happineffe: go, and importune her. ‡	8
<i>Def.</i> How now (good <i>Cassio</i> ) what's the newes with you?	9
<i>Cassio.</i> Madam, my former fuite. I do beseech you,	10
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe	11
Exist, and be a member of his loue,	12
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart	13
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.	14
If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,	15
That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,	16
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,	17
Can ranfome me into his loue againe,	18
But to know so, must be my benefit:	19
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,	20
And shut my selfe vp in some other course	21
To Fortunes Almes.	22
<i>Def.</i> Alas (thrice-gentle <i>Cassio</i> )	
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;	23
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,	24
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.	125

- 126 So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,  
 27 As I haue spoken for you, all my best, †  
 28 And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,  
 29 For my free speech: you must a while be patient,  
 30 What I can doe I will, and more I will  
 31 Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.  
*Iag.* Is my Lord angry?  
 32 *Em.* He went hence but now,  
 33 And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.  
 34 *Iag.* Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,  
 35 When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;  
 36 And (like the Diuell) from his very arme,  
 37 Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?  
 38 Something of moment then: I will goe meete him,  
 39 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.  
 40 *Desd.* I preethee do so: something sure of State,  
 41 Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatht practice,  
 42 Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him,  
 43 Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases  
 44 Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,  
 45 Tho great ones are the object,  
 145-46 Tis euen so: / for let our finger ake,  
 46-47 And it endues / our other heathfull members,  
 47-48 Euen to that fence / of paine; nay, we must thinke,  
 48 Men are not gods, /  
 49 Nor of them looke for such obseruances  
 50 As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much *Emillia*,  
 51 I was (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)  
 52 Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my foule;  
 53 But now I finde, I had subbornd the witnesse,  
 54 And hee's indited falsly.  
 55 *Em.* Pray heauen it be State matters, as you thinke,  
 56 And no conception, nor no iealous toy  
 157 Concerning you.

---

127 you all || † And 59 || 36 deuill || 38 meet || 40 *Desd.* ||  
 preethee doe || 42 *Cypres* to him. || 43 cases, || 44 inferiour || 45 so; ||  
 47 healthfull || fence || 51 (vnhandsome warrior || 52 vnkindnesse ||  
 53 find, || 55 matters as ||

So helpe me euery spirit sanctified,	126
As I haue spoken for you all my best,	27
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure	28
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:	29
What I can do, I will: and more I will	30
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.	31
<i>Iago.</i> Is my Lord angry?	32
<i>Æmil.</i> He went hence but now:	33
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.	34
<i>Iago.</i> Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon	35
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,	36
And like the Diuell from his very Arme	37
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?	38
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,	39
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.	<i>Exit</i>
<i>Def.</i> I prythee do so. Something fure of State,	40
Either from Venice, or some vnatch'd practise	41
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,	42
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,	43
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,	44
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen so.	45
For let our finger ake, and it endues	46
Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense	47
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,	48
Nor of them looke for such obseruancie	49
As fits the Bridall. Befhrew me much, <i>Æmilia</i> ,	50
I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am)	51
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule:	52
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,	53
And he's Indited falsely.	54
<i>Æmil.</i> Pray heauen it bee	55
State matters, as you thinke, / and no Conception,	55-56
Nor no Iealious Toy, / concerning you.	56-57

- 158 *Defd.* Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause:  
 59 *Em.* But iealous foules will not be answered fo,  
 60 They are not euer iealous for the cause,  
 61 But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monfter;  
 62 Begot vpon it felfe, borne on it felfe. ÷  
 63 *Defd.* Heauen keepe that monfter from *Othello's* mind.  
 64 *Em.* Lady, Amen.  
 65 *Def.* I will goe feeke him, *Cafsio*, walke here about,  
 66 If I doe finde him fit, I'll moue your fuite, *Exeunt Defd.*  
 67 And feeke to effect it to my vttermoft. *and Emillia.*  
 68 *Caf.* I humbly thanke your Ladifhip.  
 69 *Bian.* Saue you friend *Cafsio*. *Enter Bianca:*  
 70 *Caf.* What make you from home?  
 71 How is it with you my moft faire *Bianca*?  
 72 Ifaith fweete loue I was comming to your houle.  
 73 *Bian.* And I was going to your Lodging *Cafsio*;  
 74 What, keepe a weeke away? feuen daies and nights,  
 75 Eightcore eight houres, and louers abfent houres,  
 76 More tedious then the diall, eightcore times,  
 77 No weary reckoning.  
 78 *Caf.* Pardon me *Bianca*,  
 79 I haue this while with laden thoughts bin preft,  
 80 But I fhall in a more conuenient time,  
 81 Strike off this fcore of abfence: fweete *Bianca*,  
 82 Take me this worke out.  
 83 *Bian.* Oh *Cafsio*, whence came this?  
 84 This is fome token from a newer friend,  
 85 To the felt abfence, now I feele a caufe,  
 86 Ift come to this?  
 87 *Caf.* Go to woman,  
 88 Throw your vile gheffes in the diuells teeth,  
 89 From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,

---

158 *Def.* || 62 ÷ I 2 *Def.* 60 || 63 *Def.* || 65 *Cafsio* walke || 66 Ile ||  
 68 Ladifhip. *Danach in derfelben Zeile (ftatt in der nächften) auf dem Rande Enter*  
*Bianca.* || 71 Ifaith] Indeed || fweet || 72 *Bia.* || lodging || 76 No] Oh ||  
 77 laden] leaden || 78 conuenient] continue || 79 fweet || 80 *Bia.* ||  
 81 friend || 83 Ift . . this?] I'ft come to this? well, well. || 84 deuills ||

<i>Des.</i> Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.	158
<i>Æmil.</i> But Iealous foules will not be anſwer'd fo;	59
They are not euer iealous for the cauſe,	60
But iealous, for they're iealous. It is a Monſter	61
Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe.	62
<i>Des.</i> Heauen keepe the Monſter from <i>Othello's</i> mind.	63
<i>Æmil.</i> Lady, Amen.	64
<i>Des.</i> I will go ſeeke him. <i>Caffio</i> , walke heere about:	65
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your ſuite,	66
And ſeeke to effect it to my vttermoſt.	<i>Exit</i> 67
<i>Caf.</i> I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.	68
<i>Enter Bianca.</i>	
<i>Bian.</i> 'Saue you ( <i>Friend Caffio.</i> )	69
<i>Caffio.</i> What make you from home?	
How is't with you, my moſt faire <i>Bianca</i> ?	70
Indeed ( <i>ſweet Loue</i> ) I was comming to your houſe.	71
<i>Bian.</i> And I was going to your Lodging, <i>Caffio.</i>	72
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?	73
Eight ſcore eight houres? And Louers abſent howres	74
More tedious then the Diall, eight ſcore times?	75
Oh weary reck'ning.	
<i>Caffio.</i> Pardon me, <i>Bianca</i> :	76
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene preſt,	77
But I ſhall in a more continueate time	78
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet <i>Bianca</i>	79
Take me this worke out.	80
<i>Bianca.</i> Oh <i>Caffio</i> , whence came this?	
This is ſome Token from a newer Friend,	81
To the felt-Abſence: now I feele a Cauſe:	82
Is't come to this? Well, well.	83
<i>Caffio.</i> Go too, woman:	
Throw your wilde geſſes in the Diuels teeth,	84
From whence you haue them. You are iealous now,	185

- 186 That this is from some mistrisse, some remembrance,  
 No by my faith *Bianca*,  
 87 *Bian.* Why who's is it?  
 88 *Caf.* I know not sweete, I found it in my chamber,  
 89 I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,  
 90 As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,  
 91 Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.  
 92 *Bian.* Leaue you, wherefore?  
 93 *Caf.* I doe attend here on the Generall,  
 94 And thinke it no addition, nor my wifh, =  
 > 95 To haue him fee me woman'd.  
 96 *Bian.* But that you doe not loue me:  
 97 I pray you bring me on the way alittle,  
 98 And fay, if I fhall see you soone at night.  
 99 *Caf.* Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,  
 200 For I attend here, but I'le see you soone.  
 1 *Bian.* Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus. 4.

*Enter Iago and Othello.*

- Iag.* Will you thinke so?  
 1 *Oth.* Thinke so *Iago*.  
 1-2 *Iag.* What, / to kisse in priuate?  
 2 *Oth.* An vnauthoriz'd kisse.  
 3 *Iag.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,  
 4 An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.  
 5 *Oth.* Naked abed *Iago*, and not meane harme?  
 6 It is hypocrisie against the diuell:  
 7 They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,

---

186 Mistris, || 87 No in good troth *Bianca*. Neue Zeile *Bia.* Why, whose is it? || 88 sweete, || 92 *Bia.* || 94 = To 61 || 95-96 . . || woman'd. Danach neue Zeile *Bia.* Why I pray you? Danach neue Zeile *Caf.* Not that I loue you not. Danach neue Zeile *Bia.* But that y. d. n. l. m.: || 97 a little, || 99 way that || 200 Ile || 1 *Bia.* || *Exeunt a. d.* Rande derselben Zeile || *Actus* 4., *Scæna* 1. || IV. 1 Will || 4 harme? || 6 hypocrisie || deuill: ||



That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;	186
No, in good troth <i>Bianca</i> .	87
<i>Bian.</i> Why, who's is it?	
<i>Cassio.</i> I know not neither:	88
I found it in my Chamber,	
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded	89
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:	90
Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.	91
<i>Bian.</i> Leaue you? Wherefore?	92
<i>Cassio.</i> I do attend heere on the Generall,	93
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish	94
To haue him see me woman'd.	
<i>Bian.</i> Why, I pray you?	95
<i>Cassio.</i> Not that I loue you not.	
<i>Bian.</i> But that you do not loue me.	96
I pray you bring me on the way a little,	97
And say, if I fhall see you soone at night?	98
<i>Cassio.</i> 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,	99
For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.	200
<i>Bian.</i> 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.	1

*Exeunt omnes.*

---

## *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

---

*Enter Othello, and Iago.*

<i>Iago.</i> Will you thinke so?	1
<i>Oth.</i> Thinke so, <i>Iago</i> ?	
<i>Iago.</i> What, / to kisse in priuate?	1-2
<i>Oth.</i> An vnauthoriz'd kisse?	2
<i>Iago.</i> Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,	3
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?	4
<i>Oth.</i> Naked in bed ( <i>Iago</i> ) and not meane harme?	5
It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:	6
They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,	7

- 8 The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen:  
 9 *Iag.* So they doe nothing, tis a veniall flip;  
 10 But if I giue my wife a handkercher.  
 11 *Oth.* What then?  
 12 *Iag.* Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,  
 13 She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.  
 14 *Oth.* She is protectres of her honour to,  
 15 May she giue that?  
 16 *Iag.* Her honour is an essence that's not feene,  
 17 They haue it very oft, that haue it not:  
 18 But for the handkercher.  
 19 *Oth.* By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:  
 20 Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,  
 21 As doth the Rauens o're the infected house, ≠  
 22 Boding to all.) He had my hankercher.  
 23 *Iag.* I, what of that?  
 24 *Oth.* That's not so good now.  
 23-24 *Iag.* What / if I had said I had feene him do you wrong?  
 25 Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)  
 26 Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,  
 27 Or by the voluntaty dotage of some mistris,  
 28 Conuinc'd, or supplied them, cannot chuse,  
 29 But they must blab.  
 30 *Oth.* Hath he said any thing?  
 31 *Iag.* He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,  
 32 No more then hee'l vnswear.  
 31 *Oth.* What hath he said?  
 32 *Iag.* Faith that he did -- I know not what he did.  
 33-34 *Oth.* But what? / *Iag.* Lye.  
 34 *Oth.* With her?  
 35 *Iag.* With her, on her, what you will.  
 35-36 *Oth.* Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on / her, when  
 36-37 they bely her; lye with her, Zouns, that's / fulsome, hand-  
 37-38 kerchers, Confession, hankercher's. *He fals downe*

8 deuill || heauen. || 9 Soe || 10 handkerchiefe. || 14 protectresse || too, ||  
 18 handkerchiefe. || 20 ore || 21 ≠ I 4 Boding 62 || 22 handkerchiefe. ||  
 23-24 What If I h. || seen || 25 say, (as . . . abroad, || 27 Or voluntary d. ||  
 28 Conuinc'd,] Coniured, || 29 blab.) || 32 Faith] Why || 33 But what?] What? || 36 Zouns,] *fehlt* || 37-44 fulsome, handkerchiefs, confession, hand-

The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.	8
<i>Iago.</i> If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall flip:	9
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.	10
<i>Oth.</i> What then?	11
<i>Iago.</i> Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,	12
She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.	13
<i>Oth.</i> She is Proteſtrefſe of her honor too:	14
May ſhe giue that? ≠	15
<i>Iago.</i> Her honor is an Effence that's not ſeene,	16
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.	17
But for the Handkerchiefe.	18
<i>Othe.</i> By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it:	19
Thou ſaidſt (oh, it comes ore my memorie,	20
As doth the Rauens o're the infectious houſe:	21
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.	22
<i>Iago.</i> I: what of that?	23
<i>Othe.</i> That's not ſo good now.	
<i>Iago.</i> What / if I had ſaid, I had ſeene him do you wrong?	23-24
Or heard him ſay (as Knaues be ſuch abroad,	25
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuit,	26
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtris,	27
Conuinc'd or ſupply'd them, cannot chuſe	28
But they muſt blab.)	
<i>Oth.</i> Hath he ſaid any thing?	29
<i>Iago.</i> He hath (my Lord) but be you well affur'd,	30
No more then he'll vn-ſweare.	31
<i>Oth.</i> What hath he ſaid?	
<i>Iago.</i> Why, that he did: I know not what he did.	32
<i>Othe.</i> What? What?	33
<i>Iago.</i> Lye.	
<i>Oth.</i> With her?	34
<i>Iago.</i> With her? On her: what you will.	
<i>Othe.</i> Lye with her? lye on her? We ſay lye on / her, when	35-36
they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's / fullſome: Handkerchiefe:	36-37
Confeſſions: Handker/chiefe. To confeſſe, and be hang'd for	37-38

39-44&gt;

45-46 *Iag.* Worke on / my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles  
 46-47 are caught, / and many worthy and chaste dames, euen thus /  
 48-49 all guiltlesse, meete reproach; What ho my Lord, / my Lord I  
 49 say, *Othello*, — how now *Cassio*. *Enter Cassio.*

50 *Caf.* What's the matter?

51 *Iag.* My Lord is false into an Epilepsy,

52 This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

*Caf.* Rub him about the Temples.

53 *Iag.* No, forbear,

54 The Lethargie, must haue his quiet course,

55 If not he foames at mouth, and by and by

56 Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke he stirres:

57 Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,

58 He will recouer straight, when he is gone,

59 I would on great occasion speake with you.

60 How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Doeſt thou mocke me? †

61 *Iag.* I mocke you? no by Heauen,

62 Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

63 *Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

64 *Iag.* There's many a beast then in a populous City,

65 And many a ciuill monster.

*Oth.* Did he confesse?

66 *Iag.* Good fir be a man,

67 Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,

68 May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,

69 That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,

70 Which they dare sweare peculiar: your case is better:

71 O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,

72 To lip a wanton in a secure Coach,

---

kerchiefs: to confesse, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd  
 and then to confesse; I tremble at it: Nature would not inuest her-  
 selfe in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not  
 words that shakes me thus, (pish) noses, eares, and lippes: Is't  
 possible? confesse? handkerchiefe? O deuill. *Falles in a trance.* ||  
 47 chaste Dames, || 48 (all guiltlesse,) meet reproach: || 49 *Cassio*? ||  
 53 temples. || 54 Lethargie must || 55 If not, he || 56 looke, || 58 straight;  
 || 61 Dost thou mocke me? *Exit. Caf.* || † *Iag.* 63 || 61 heauen, ||  
 66 Didhe || 69 lye || 72 Couch, ||

his labour. / First, to be hang'd, and then to confesse: I / tremble 38-40  
at it. Nature would not inuest her selfe in / such shadowing 40-41  
passion, without some Instruction. / It is not words that shakes 41-42  
me thus, (pis'h) Noses, / Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Con- 42-43  
fesse? Hand/kerchiefe? O diuell. *Falls in a Traumce.* 43-44

*Iago.* Worke on, 45  
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught, 46  
And many worthy, and chaste Dames euen thus, 47  
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord? 48  
My Lord, I say: *Othello.* 49

*Enter Cassio.*

How now *Cassio*? 49

*Cas.* What's the matter? 50

*Iago.* My Lord is false into an Epilepsie, 51  
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday. 52

*Cas.* Rub him about the Temples. 53

*Iago.* The Lethargie must haue his quyet course: 54  
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by 55  
Breakes out to savage madnesse. Looke, he stirres: 56  
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while, 57  
He will recouer straight: when he is gone, 58  
I would on great occasion, speake with you. 59  
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head? 60

*Othe.* Dost thou mocke me? 61

*Iago.* I mocke you not, by Heauen: 62  
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man. 63

*Othe.* A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast. 63

*Iago.* Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty, 64  
And many a ciuill Monster. 65

*Othe.* Did he confesse it? 66

*Iago.* Good Sir, be a man: 67  
Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoa'k'd 67  
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue, 68  
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds, 69  
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better. 70  
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock, 71  
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch; 72

- 73 And to suppose her chaste: No, let me know,  
 74 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.  
*Oth.* O thou art wife, tis certaine.  
 75 *Iag.* Stand you awhile apart,  
 76 Confine your selfe but in a patient list:  
 77 Whilst you were here ere while, mad with your griefe,  
 78 A passion most vnfitting such a man,  
 79 *Cassio* came hither, I shifted him away,  
 80 And layed good scuse, vpon your extacy,  
 81 Bid him anon retire, and here speake with me,  
 82 The which he promise: but incaue your selfe,  
 83 And marke the leeres, the libes, and notable scornes,  
 84 That dwell in euery region of his face;  
 85 For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
 86 Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,  
 87 He has, and is againe to cope your wife:  
 88 I say, but marke his ieafture, mary patience,  
 89 Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,  
 90 And nothing of a man.  
*Oth.* Doeft thou heare *Iago*,  
 91 I will be found most cunning in my patience;  
 But doeft thou heare, most bloody.  
 92 *Iag.* That's not amisse:  
 93 But yet keepe time in all; will you withdraw? ≠  
 94 Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;  
 95 A hufwife that by felling her desires,  
 96 Buys her selfe bread and cloathes: it is a Creature,  
 97 That dotes on *Cassio*: as tis the strumpets plague  
 98 To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent. Cassio.*  
 99 He, when he heares of her, cannot refrain  
 100 From the exceffe of laughter: here he comes:  
 1 As he shall smile, *Othello* shall goe mad,  
 102 And his vnbookish ieaousie must confter

---

75 a while || 77 ere while, mad] orewhelmed || 78 (A passion m.  
 vnfitting f. a man,) || 80 scuse vpon || extacy; || 81 Bid] Bad || 82 prom-  
 is'd: But || 83 geeres, the gibes, || 90 Doft || 93 all: || ≠ I 4 Now 64  
 || 95 hufwife, || 96 Buies || cloathes; || creature, || 97 *Cassio*; || 98 . . be  
 beguil'd by one: *Enter Caf.* ||

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,	73
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.	74
<i>Oth.</i> Oh, thou art wife: 'tis certaine.	75
<i>Iago.</i> Stand you a while apart,	76
Confine your selfe but in a patient List,	77
Whil't you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe	78
(A passion most resulting such a man)	79
<i>Cassio</i> came hither. I shifted him away,	80
And layd good scuses vpon your Extasie,	81
Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,	82
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,	83
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes	84
That dwell in euery Region of his face.	85
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;	86
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when	87
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.	88
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,	89
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,	90
And nothing of a man.	91
<i>Oth.</i> Do'st thou heare, <i>Iago</i> ,	92
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:	93
But (do'st thou heare) most bloody.	94
<i>Iago.</i> That's not amisse,	95
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?	96
Now will I question <i>Cassio</i> of <i>Bianca</i> ,	97
A Hufwife, that by selling her desires	98
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature	99
That dotes on <i>Cassio</i> , (as 'tis the Strumpets plague	100
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)	
He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine	
From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.	
<i>Enter Cassio.</i>	
As he shall smile, <i>Othello</i> shall go mad:	1
And his vnbookish Ielousie must conferue	102

- 103 Poore *Cafsio's* fmiles, gestures, and light behaiour,  
 4 Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leutenant?  
 5 *Caf.* The worser, that you giue me the addition,  
 6 Whose want euen kills me.  
 7 *Iag.* Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't.  
 8 Now if this suite lay in *Bianca's* power,  
 How quickly should you speed.  
 9 *Caf.* Alas poore Catue.  
 10 *Oth.* Looke how he laughs already.  
 11 *Iag.* I neuer knew a woman loue man fo.  
 12 *Caf.* Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith she loues me.  
 13-14 *Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it / out.  
 15 *Iag.* Doe you heare *Cafsio*?  
 16-17 *Oth.* Now he importunes him / to tell it on,  
 17 Goe to, well said.  
 18 *Iag.* She giues it out that you shall marry her,  
 19 Doe you intend it?  
 20 *Caf.* Ha, ha, ha.  
 21-22 *Oth.* Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?  
 23-24 *Caf.* I marry her? I pre/thee beare some charity to my wit,  
 24-25 Doe not thinke / it so vnwholesome: ha, ha, ha.  
 26 *Oth.* So, so, so, so, laugh that wins.  
 27 *Iag.* Faith the cry goes, you shall marry her.  
 28 *Caf.* Preethee fay true.  
 29 *Iag.* I am a very villaine else,  
 30 *Oth.* Ha you stor'd me well.  
 31-32 *Caf.* This is the monkies own giuing out; / she is perswaded  
 32-33 I wil marry her, out of her owne / loue and flattery, not out  
 33 of my promise. †  
 34-35 *Oth.* *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the / story.  
 36-37 *Caf.* She was heere euen now, shee haunts me / in euery  
 137-38 place, I was tother day, talking on / the sea banke, with cer-

108 Now, || 9 catue. || 12 ifaith] indeed || 13 denies || 17 on; || faide.  
 || 23-24 . . her? what? a Customer; *Danach in neuer Zeile* I prethee b.f.c.t.m.  
 wit, *Danach neue Zeile* Doe . . || 26 laugh] they laugh || 27 Faith] Why, ||  
 you] that you || 28 Prethee || 29 else. || 30 scoar'd me? well. || 32 will ||  
 own || 33 † *Oth.* 65 || 34 bigins || 36 now, she || 37 day talking ||  
 38 banke with ||



Poore <i>Cassio's</i> smiles, gestures, and light behaviours	103
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?	4
<i>Caf.</i> The worser, that you giue me the addition,	5
Whofe want euen killes me.	6
<i>Iago.</i> Ply <i>Desdemona</i> well, and you are sure on't:	7
Now, if this Suit lay in <i>Bianca's</i> dowre,	8
How quickly should you speed?	9
<i>Caf.</i> Alas poore Caitiffe.	10
<i>Oth.</i> Looke how he laughs already.	11
<i>Iago.</i> I neuer knew woman loue man so.	12
<i>Caf.</i> Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.	13-14
<i>Oth.</i> Now he denies it faintly: and laughs it/out.	15
<i>Iago.</i> Do you heare <i>Cassio</i> ?	16
<i>Oth.</i> Now he importunes him	17
To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.	18
<i>Iago.</i> She giues it out, that you shall marry her.	19
Do you intend it?	20
<i>Caf.</i> Ha, ha, ha.	21-22
<i>Oth.</i> Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?	23-24
<i>Caf.</i> I marry. What? A customer; pry/thee beare	24-25
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke/it	25
So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.	26
<i>Oth.</i> So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.	27
<i>Iago.</i> Why the cry goes, that you marry her.	28
<i>Caf.</i> Prythee say true.	29
<i>Iago.</i> I am a very Villaine else.	30
<i>Oth.</i> Haue you scoar'd me? Well.	31
<i>Caf.</i> This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:	32
She is perswaded I will marry her	32-33
Out of her owne/loue & flattery, not out of my promise. †	34-35
<i>Oth.</i> <i>Iago</i> becomes me: now he begins the/story.	36-37
<i>Cassio.</i> She was heere euen now: she haunts me/in euery	137-38
place. I was the other day talking on/the Seabanke with	

133 † V V *Othe.* 330.

- 138-39 taine *Venetians*, and thither/comes this bauble, by this hand  
 39-40 she fals/thus about my neck.  
 41-42 *Oth.* Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were:/his iesture im-  
 42 ports it.  
 43-44 *Caf.* So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me;/so hailes,  
 44 and puls me, ha, ha, ha.  
 45-46 *Oth.* Now he tells how she pluckt him to/my Chamber,  
 46-47 I see that nose of yours, but/not that dog I shall throw't to.  
 48 *Caf.* Well, I must leaue her company. *Enter Bianca.*  
 49 *Iag.* Before me, looke where she comes,  
 50-52 'Tis such another fische; marry a per/fum'd one,/ what doe you  
 52 meane by this hanting of me.  
 53-54 *Bian.* Let the diuel and his dam haunt you,/ what did you  
 54-55 meane by that same handkercher,/ you gaue mee euen now?  
 55-56 I was a fine foole to take/it; I must take out the whole worke,  
 56-57 a likely peece of/worke, that you should find it in your  
 57-59 chamber,/and not know who left it there: this is some/minxes  
 59-60 token, and I must take out the worke;/ there, giue it the hobby  
 60-61 horse, wherefoeuer/you had it, I'll take out no worke on't.  
 62-63 *Caf.* How now my sweete *Bianca*, how now,/how now?  
 64-65 *Oth.* By heauen that should be my hand/kercher.  
 66-67 *Bian.* An you'll come to supper to night, you/may, an you  
 67-68 will not, come when you are next/prepar'd for. *Exit.*  
 69 *Iag.* After her, after her.  
 70-71 *Caf.* Faith I must, shee'll raile i'the streete/else.  
 72 *Iag.* Will you sup there?  
 73 *Caf.* Faith I intend so.  
 74-75 *Iag.* Well, I may chance to see you, for I/would very faine  
 75 speake with you.  
 76 *Caf.* Preethee come, will you?  
 77 *Iag.* Goe to, say no more. *Exit Cassio.*  
 178-79 *Oth.* How shall I murder him/*Iago*?

139-40 bauble, . . . neck.] bauble, fals me thus about my necke. ||  
 42 gesture || 43 lolls,] iolls, || 44 pu *Danach Raum für Is, das erlöschten scheint*  
 || 46 Chamber; || 48 company: || 49 *Iag. fehlt* || 50 Fitchew; || 51-52  
 one: What || haunting of me? || 53 deuill || you: || 54 handkerchiefe ||  
 56 whole *fehlt* || 60 horse; || 61 Ile || 62 sweet || 64-65 handkerchiefe. ||  
 66 *Bia.* || 70 Faith *fehlt* || shee'l || street || 72 *Iag.* You sup there. ||  
 73 Faith] Yes, || 76 Prethe ||

certaine Venetians, and thither / comes the Bauble, and falls 138-39  
me / thus about my neck. 39-40

*Oth.* Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: / his ieffure im- 41-42  
ports it. 42

*Cassio.* So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me: 43  
So fhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha. 44

*Oth.* Now he tells how she pluckt him to / my Chamber: 45-46  
oh, I see that nose of yours, but / not that dogge, I shall throw 46-47  
it to. 47

*Cassio.* Well, I must leaue her companie. 48

*Iago.* Before me: looke where she comes. 49

*Enter Bianca.*

*Cas.* 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? 50-51  
What do you meane by this haunting of me? 52

*Bian.* Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: / what did you 53-54  
meane by that same Handkerchiefe, / you gaue me euen now? 54-55  
I was a fine Foole to take / it: I must take out the worke? 55-56  
A likely piece of / worke, that you should finde it in your 56-57  
Chamber, / and know not who left it there. This is some / 57-58  
Minxes token, & I must take out the worke? / There, giue it 59-60  
your Hobbey-horse, wherefoeuer / you had it, Ile take out no 60-61  
worke on't. 61

*Cassio.* How now, my sweete *Bianca*? 62  
How now? / How now? 62-63

*Othe.* By Heauen, that should be my Hand / kerchiefe. 64-65

*Bian.* If you'le come to supper to night you / may, if you 66-67  
will not, come when you are next / prepar'd for. *Exit* 67-68

*Iago.* After her: after her. 69

*Cas.* I must, shee'l rayle in the streets / else. 70-71

*Iago.* Will you sup there? 72

*Cassio.* Yes, I intend so. 73

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you: for I / would very faine 74-75  
speake with you. 75

*Cas.* Prythee come: will you? 76

*Iago.* Go too: say no more. 77

*Oth.* How shall I murther him, / *Iago.* 178-79

- 180-81 *Iag.* Did you perceiue, how he laughed at / his vice?  
 82 *Oth.* O *Iago*,  
 83 *Iag.* And did you see the handkercher?  
 84 *Oth.* Was that mine? ≠  
 185-87 > 88-89 *Oth.* I would haue him nine yeares a killing; / a fine woman,  
 89 a faire woman, a fweete woman.  
 90 *Iag.* Nay you must forget.  
 91-92 *Oth.* And let her rot and perish, and be / damb'd to night,  
 92-93 for she shall not liue: no, my / heart is turn'd to stone; I  
 93-94 strike it, and it hurts / my hand: O the world has not a sweeter  
 94-96 creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and / command  
 96 him tasks.  
 97 *Iag.* Nay that's not your way.  
 98-99 *Oth.* Hang her, I doe but say what she is: So / delicate with  
 99-200 her needle, an admirable musition, / O shee will sing the sauage-  
 200-1 nesse out of a Beare; of / so hye and plentious wit and  
 1 inuention.  
 2 *Iag.* Shee's the worfe for all this.  
 3-4 *Oth.* A thousand thousand times: and then / of so gentle a  
 4 condition.  
 5 *Iag.* I, too gentle.  
 6-7 *Oth.* I that's certaine, but yet the pittie / of it *Iago*, the pittie.  
 8-9 *Ia.* If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, / giue her patent to  
 9-10 offend, for if it touches not you, / it comes neere no body.  
 11-12 *Oth.* I will chop her into messes --- cuckold / me!  
 13 *Iag.* O tis foule in her.  
 14 *Oth.* With mine Officer.  
 15 *Iag.* That's fouler.  
 16-17 *Oth.* Get me some poison *Iago*, this night / I'll not expostu-  
 17-18 late with her, lest her body and / beauty vnprouide my minde  
 18-19 agen, this night / *Iago*.  
 20-21 *Iag.* Doe it not with poison, strangle her in / her bed, euen  
 221 the bed she hath contaminated.

182 O *Iago*. || 83 handkerchiefe? || 84 ≠ K *Iag.* 66 || 85-87 fehlt auch Q 2 und deshalb fehlt *Oth.* vor 88 || 88 yeres || 89 sweet || 90 Nay, || forget.] forget that || 92 shee || 93 heart || to a stone; || 97 Nay, || 98 but say] not say || 99 musitian; || 200 she || 1 plenteous || 6 I that's] Nay that's || 7 *Iago*, oh the pittie. || 8 *Iag.* || 11 messes, — || 13 O, tis || 17 Ile ||

<i>Iago.</i> Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at / his vice?	180-81
<i>Oth.</i> Oh, <i>Iago.</i>	82
<i>Iago.</i> And did you see the Handkerchiefe?	83
<i>Oth.</i> Was that mine?	84
<i>Iago.</i> Yours by this hand: and to see how he / prizes the	85-86
foolish woman your wife: she gaue it / him, and he hath giu'n	86-87
it his whore.	87
<i>Oth.</i> I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:	88
A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?	89
<i>Iago.</i> Nay, you must forget that.	90
<i>Othello.</i> I, let her rot and perish, and be / damn'd to night,	91-92
for she shall not liue. No, my / heart is turn'd to stone: I	92-93
strike it, and it hurts / my hand. Oh, the world hath not a	93-94
sweeter Crea/ture: she might lye by an Emperours side, and /	94-95
command him Taskes.	96
<i>Iago.</i> Nay, that's not your way.	97
<i>Othe.</i> Hang her, I do but say what she is: so / delicate with	98-99
her Needle: an admirable Musitian. / Oh she will sing the	99-200
Sauagenesse out of a Beare: of / so high and plenteous wit, and	200-1
inuentiō?	1
<i>Iago.</i> She's the worfe for all this.	2
<i>Othe.</i> Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:	3
And then / of so gentle a condition?	3-4
<i>Iago.</i> I too gentle.	5
<i>Oth.</i> Nay that's certaine:	6
But yet the pittie / of it, <i>Iago:</i> oh <i>Iago,</i> the pittie of it //	6-7
<i>Iago.</i>	7
<i>Iago.</i> If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: / giue her patten	8-9
to offend, for if it touch not you, / it comes neere no body.	9-10
<i>Oth.</i> I will chop her into Meffes: Cuckold / me?	11-12
<i>Iago.</i> Oh, 'tis foule in her.	13
<i>Oth.</i> With mine Officer?	14
<i>Iago.</i> That's fouler.	15
<i>Othe.</i> Get me some poyson, <i>Iago,</i> this night: / Ile not ex-	16-17
postulate with her: leaue her body and / beautie vnprouide my	17-18
mind againe: this night / <i>Iago.</i>	18-19
<i>Iago.</i> Do it not with poyson, strangle her in / her bed,	19-20
Euen the bed she hath contaminated.	221

222-23 *Oth.* Good, good, the iustice of it pleases / very good.  
24-25 *Iag.* And for *Cafsio*, let me bee his vnder/taker: you shall  
25 heare more by midnight. *A Trumpet.*

*Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

26 *Oth.* Excellent good:  
What Trumpet is that fame?  
27 *Iag.* Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,  
28 Come from the Duke, and see your wife is with him. ‡  
29 *Lod.* God saue the worthy Generall.  
30 *Oth.* With all my heart fir.  
31 *Lod.* The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greete you.  
32 *Oth.* I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.  
33 *Def.* And what's the newes good cousin *Lodouico*?  
34-35 *Iag.* I am very glad to see you Seignior: -- / welcome to *Cyprus*.  
36 *Lod.* I thanke you, how does Lieutenant *Cafsio*?  
*Iag.* Limes fir.  
37 *Def.* Cousen, there's false betweene him and my Lord,  
38 An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.  
*Oth.* Are you sure of that?  
39 *Def.* My Lord.  
40 *Oth.* This faile you not to doe, as you will. ---  
41 *Lod.* He did not call, hee's busie in the paper:  
42 Is there diuision betweene thy Lord and *Cafsio*?  
43 *Def.* A most vnhappy one, I would doe much  
44 To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cafsio*.  
*Oth.* Fire and Brimstone.  
45 *Def.* My Lord.  
*Oth.* Are you wife?  
*Defd.* What, is he angry?  
46 *Lod.* May be the letter mou'd him;  
47 For as I thinke, they doe command him home,  
48 Deputing *Cafsio* in his gouernement.  
249 *Defd.* By my troth, I am glad on't.

---

222 pleases, || 24 *Ia.* || be || 27 Some thing || sure; tis *Lodouico* ||  
28 see, || ‡ *Lod.* 67 || 29 God saue the] Saue you || 31 greet ||  
34-35 . . Seignior; — *Danach neue Zeile* welcome to *Cyprus*. || 36 fir,  
|| 37 between || 42 Diuision twixt my Lord || 46 *Def.* || 49 *Defd.* By  
my troth,] *Def.* Trust me, ||

<i>Oth.</i> Good, good:	222
The Iustice of it pleases: / very good.	22-23
<i>Iago.</i> And for <i>Cassio</i> , let me be his vnder/taker:	24-25
You shall heare more by midnight.	25
<i>Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.</i>	
<i>Othe.</i> Excellent good: What Trumpet is that fame?	26
<i>Iago.</i> I warrant something from Venice,	27
'Tis <i>Lodouico</i> , this, / comes from the Duke.	27-28
See, your wife's with him.	28
<i>Lodo.</i> Saue you worthy Generall.	29
<i>Othe.</i> With all my heart Sir.	30
<i>Lod.</i> The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.	31
<i>Othe.</i> I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.	32
<i>Def.</i> And what's the newes, good cozen <i>Lodouico</i> ?	33
<i>Iago.</i> I am very glad to see you Signior:	34
Welcome to Cyprus.	35
<i>Lod.</i> I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant <i>Cassio</i> ?	36
<i>Iago.</i> Liues Sir,	
<i>Def.</i> Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,	37
An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.	38
<i>Othe.</i> Are you fure of that?	39
<i>Def.</i> My Lord?	
<i>Othe.</i> This faile you not to do, as you will —	40
<i>Lod.</i> He did not call: he's busie in the paper,	41
Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and <i>Cassio</i> ?	42
<i>Def.</i> A most vnhappy one: I would do much	43
T'attone them, for the loue I beare to <i>Cassio</i> ,	44
<i>Oth.</i> Fire, and brimstone.	
<i>Def.</i> My Lord.	45
<i>Oth.</i> Are you wise?	
<i>Def.</i> What is he angrie?	46
<i>Lod.</i> May be thLetter mou'd him.	
For as I thinke, they do command him home,	47
Deputing <i>Cassio</i> in his Gouernment.	48
<i>Def.</i> Trust me, I am glad on't.	249

- 249 *Oth.* Indeed.  
*Des.* My Lord.  
 50 *Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.  
*Des.* How sweete *Othello*?  
 51 *Oth.* Diuell.  
 52 *Des.* I haue not deferu'd this:  
 53 *Lod.* My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,  
 54 Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,  
 Make her amends, she weepes.  
 55 *Oth.* O Diuell, Diuell,  
 56 If that the earth could teeme with womens teares  
 57 Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocadile: †  
 Out of my fight.  
 58 *Des.* I will not stay to offend you.  
 59 *Lod.* Truly an obedient Lady:  
 60 I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.  
*Oth.* Mistresse.  
 61 *Des.* My Lord.  
*Oth.* What would you with her sir?  
 62 *Lod.* Who, I my Lord?  
 63 *Oth.* I, you did wish that I would make her turne:  
 64 Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet go on,  
 65 And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;  
 66 And shee's obedient, as you say, obedient;  
 67 Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,  
 68 Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:  
 69 I am commanded here: -- get you away,  
 70 Ple send for you anon: -- Sir, I obey the mandat,  
 71 And will returne to *Venice*: --- hence, auant,  
 72 *Cassio* shall haue my place; and sir to night  
 73 I doe intreate that we may sup together,  
 74 You are welcome sir to *Cyprus*, -- goates and monkies. *Exit.*  
 75 *Lod.* Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate  
 76 Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,  
 277 Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,

-250 sweet || 51 Deuill || 52 this. || 53 *Venice*. || 55 Deuill, Deuill, ||  
 56 teares, || 57 † K 2 Out 68 || 59 Truly || 61 Mistresse. || 64 goe ||  
 66 she's || say, obedient, || 67 obedient; || 69 here:] home: || 70 Ile ||  
 73 intreat || 74 *Cyprus*, || 76 sufficient ||



<i>Othe.</i> Indeed?	
<i>Des.</i> My Lord?	249
<i>Othe.</i> I am glad to see you mad.	
<i>Des.</i> Why, sweete <i>Othello</i> ?	50
<i>Othe.</i> Diuell.	51
<i>Des.</i> I haue not deseru'd this.	52
<i>Lod.</i> My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,	53
Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,	54
Make her amends: she weepes.	
<i>Othe.</i> Oh diuell, diuell:	55
If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,	56
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:	57
Out of my fight.	
<i>Des.</i> I will not stay to offend you.	58
<i>Lod.</i> Truly obedient Lady:	59
I do beseech your Lordship call her backe. ‡	60
<i>Othe.</i> Mistris.	
<i>Des.</i> My Lord.	61
<i>Othe.</i> What would you with her, Sir?	
<i>Lod.</i> Who I, my Lord?	62
<i>Othe.</i> I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:	63
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on	64
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.	65
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.	66
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.	67
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)	68
I am commanded home: get you away;	69
He send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,	70
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:	71
<i>Cassio</i> shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night	72
I do entreat, that we may sup together.	73
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.	
Goates, and Monkeys.	<i>Exit.</i> 74
<i>Lod.</i> Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate	75
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature	76
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue	277

- 278 The fhof of accident, nor dart of chance  
 Could neither graze, nor peirce?  
 79 *Iag.* He is much changed.  
 80 *Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?  
 81 *Iag.* He's that he is, I may not breathe my censure,  
 82 What he might be, if as he might, he is not,  
 I would to heauen he were.  
 83 *Lod.* What, strike his wife.  
 84 *Iag.* Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew  
 That stroake would proue the worst.  
 85 *Lod.* Is it his vse?  
 86 Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.  
 And new create this fault?  
 87 *Iag.* Alas, alas. †  
 88 It is not honesty in me to speake,  
 89 What I haue seene and knowne, you shall obserue him,  
 90 And his owne courses will denote him so,  
 91 That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after,  
 92 And marke how he continues.  
 93 *Lod.* I am forry that I am deceiu'd in him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Othello and Emillia.*

- 1 *Oth.* You haue seene nothing then.  
 2 *Em.* Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.  
 3 *Oth.* Yes, and you haue seene *Cassio* and she together.  
 4 *Em.* But then I saw no harme, and then I heard  
 5 Each fillable that breath made vp betweene 'em.  
 6 *Oth.* What, did they neuer whisper?  
*Em.* Neuer, my Lord.  
 7 *Oth.* Nor fend you out o'the way?  
 8 *Em.* Neuer.  
 9 *Oth.* To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing?  
 10 *Em.* Neuer, my Lord.  
 11 *Oth.* That's strange.  
 12 *Em.* I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,

---

279 graze nor || 81 breath || 82 if as] if what || 86 blood, || 87, alas:  
 : † It 69 || 88 speake || 89 knowne; || him,] *fehlt* || 91 after,] after him,  
 || 6 they] thy || 9 nothing ||

The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance	278
Could neither graze, nor pierce?	
<i>Iago.</i> He is much chang'd.	79
<i>Lod.</i> Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?	80
<i>Iago.</i> He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.	81
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,	82
I would to heauen he were.	
<i>Lod.</i> What? Strike his wife?	83
<i>Iago.</i> 'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew	84
That stroke would proue the worst.	
<i>Lod.</i> Is it his wife?	85
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,	86
And new create his fault?	
<i>Iago.</i> Alas, alas:	87
It is not honestie in me to speake	88
What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,	89
And his owne courses will deonte him so,	90
That I may saue my speech: do but go after	91
And marke how he continues.	92
<i>Lod.</i> I am forry that I am deceiu'd in him.	93
<i>Exeunt.</i>	

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Othello, and Æmilia.*

<i>Othe.</i> You haue seene nothing then?	1
<i>Æmil.</i> Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.	2
<i>Othe.</i> Yes, you haue seene <i>Cassio</i> , and she together.	3
<i>Æmi.</i> But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,	4
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.	5
<i>Othe.</i> What? Did they neuer whisper?	
<i>Æmil.</i> Neuer my Lord.	6
<i>Othe.</i> Nor send you out o'th'way?	7
<i>Æmil.</i> Neuer.	8
<i>Othe.</i> To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor nothing?	9
<i>Æmil.</i> Neuer my Lord.	10
<i>Othe.</i> That's strange.	11
<i>Æmil.</i> I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:	12

13 Lay downe my foule at stake: if you thinke other,  
 14 Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,  
 15 If any wretch ha put this in your head,  
 16 Let heauens requite it with the Serpents curse,  
 17 For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
 18 There's no man happy, the purest of her Sex  
 Is foule as slander. *Exit Emillia.*

19 *Oth.* Bid her come hither, goe,  
 20 She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,  
 21 That cannot say as much: this is a subtile whore,  
 22 A clofet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,  
 23 And yet shee'll kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't.

*Enter Desdemona and Emillia.*

*Des.* My Lord, what is your will?

24 *Oth.* Pray chucked come hither.

25 *Des.* What is your pleasure? ≠

25-26 *Oth.* Let me see your eyes -- / looke in my face.

26 *Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

27 *Oth.* Some of your function mistrisse,

28 Leauē procreants alone, and shut the dore,

29 Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,

30 Your mistery, your mistery: nay dispatch. *Exit Em.*

31 *Des.* Vpon my knees, what does your speech import?

32 I vnderstand a fury in your words,

33 But not the words.

34 *Oth.* Why, what art thou?

34-35 *Des.* Your wife my Lord, your true / and loyall wife.

35 *Oth.* Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,

36 Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselues

37 Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd,

Sweare thou art honest.

38 *Des.* Heauen doth truly know it.

39 *Oth.* Heauen truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.

40 *Des.* To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?

41 *Oth.* O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

IV, II, 16 heauen require it || 18 her Sex] their wiues, || 19 *Oth.*]

*Oth.* || 22 and || 23 shee'l || 23-24 *Bühnew.* . . Emillia, || 25 ≠ K 3

*Oth.* 70 || 26 fancy,s || 27 Mistrifle, || 28 and] anb || 30 mistery; nay ||

*Exit Em.* *fehlt* || 31 knees, What || 36 Left || deuills || 37 dambd; ||

Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other, 13  
 Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome: 14  
 If any wretch haue put this in your head, 15  
 Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse, 16  
 For if the be not honest, chaste, and true, 17  
 There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues 18  
 Is foule as Slander.

*Othe.* Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Emilia.* 19  
 She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud 20  
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtil Whore: 21  
 A Cloffet Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets, 22  
 And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't. 23

*Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.*

*Des.* My Lord, what is your will? 24

*Othe.* Pray you Chucke come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure? 25

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes:/looke in my face. 25-26

*Des.* What horrible Fancie's this? 26

*Othe.* Some of your Function Mistris: 27

Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore: 28

Cough, or cry hem; if any body come: 29

Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch. *Exit Emi.* 30

*Des.* Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import? 31

I vnderstand a Fury in your words. 32 < 33

*Othe.* Why? What art thou? 34

*Des.* Your wife my Lord: your true /and loyall wife. 34-35

*Othello.* Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, /least being like 35-36

one of Heauen, the diuells themselues /should feare to ceaze 36-37

thee. Therefore be double damn'd: /sweare thou art honest. 37-38

*Des.* Heauen doth truely know it. 38

*Othe.* Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell. 39

*Des.* To whom my Lord? 40

With whom? How am I false? 40

*Othe.* Ah *Desdemon*, away, away, away. 41

- 42 *Des.* Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?  
 43 Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?  
 44 If haply you my father doe suspect,  
 45 An Instrument of this your calling backe,  
 46 Lay not your blame on me; if you haue left him,  
 47 Why I haue left him too.  
 48 *Oth.* Had it pleas'd heauen  
 49 To try me with affliction, had he ram'd  
 50 All kindes of sores, and flames on my bare head,  
 51 Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,  
 52 Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,  
 53 I should haue found in some part of my foule  
 54 A drop of patience; but alas, to make me  
 55 A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,  
 56 To point his slow vnmoouing fingers at -- oh, oh,  
 57 Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.  
 58 But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart,  
 59 Where either I must liue, or beare no life, +  
 60 The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,  
 61 Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,  
 62 Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades  
 63 To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,  
 64 Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,  
 65 I here looke grim as Hell.  
 66 *Des.* I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.  
 67 *Oth.* O I, as summers flies, are in the shambles,  
 68 That quicken euen with blowing:  
 69 O thou blacke weede, / why art so louely faire?  
 70 Thou smell'st so sweete, / that the fence akes at thee,  
 71 Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.  
 72 *Des.* Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?  
 73 *Oth.* Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,  
 74 Made to write whore on? --- What, committed?

---

45 instrument || 46 left] lost || 47 left] lost || 48 rain'd || 55 finger |  
 57 there, || 58 + The 71 || 59 fountaine from || 61 cesterne, || 66 flies  
 are || 67 black weed, || 68 sweet, || 72 ... whore vpon? — What  
 committed? ||

*Des.* Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe? 42  
 Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord? 43  
 If happely you my Father do suspect, 44  
 An Instrument of this your calling backe, 45  
 Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him, 46  
 I haue lost him too.

*Othe.* Had it pleas'd Heauen, 47  
 To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd 48  
 All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head: 49  
 Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes, 50  
 Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes, 51  
 I should haue found in some place of my Soule 52  
 A drop of patience. But alas, to make me 53  
 The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne, 54  
 To point his flow, and mouing finger at. 55  
 Yet could I beare that too, well, very well: 56  
 But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart, 57  
 Where either I must liue, or beare no life, 58  
 The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes, 59  
 Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence, 60  
 Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades 61  
 To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there: 62  
 Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin, 63  
 I heere looke grim as hell. 64

*Des.* I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest. 65

*Othe.* Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles, 66  
 That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed: 67  
 Who art so louely faire, and smell'ft so sweete, 68  
 That the Sense akes at thee, 69  
 Would thou had'ft neuer bin borne.

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed? 70

*Othe.* Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke 71  
 Made to write Whore vpon? What committed, = 72

73-76>

77 Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winks,  
78 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes,  
79 Is husht within the hallow mine of earth,  
80-81 And will not hear't: -- what committed, -- / impudent strumpet.

81 *Def.* By heauen you doe me wrong.

82 *Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Def.* No, as I am a Christian:

83 If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,

84 From any hated foule vnlawfull touch,

85 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Def.* No, as I shall be faued.

*Enter Emillia.*

87 *Oth.* Ist possible?

*Def.* O heauen forgiuenesse.

88 *Oth.* I cry you mercy,

89 I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,

90 That married with *Othello*: you mistriffe,

91 That haue the office opposite to *S. Peter*,

92 And keepes the gates in hell, I, you, you, you;

93 We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,

94 I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*

95 *Em.* Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue? ≠

96 How doe you Madam, how doe you my good Lady?

97 *Def.* Faith halfe asleepe.

98 *Em.* Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

99 *Def.* With who?

100 *Em.* Why with my Lord Madam.

101>

102 *Def.* I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,

73-76 Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner;

74 I should make very forges of my cheekes,

75 That would to cinders burne vp modestie,

76 Did I but speake thy deeds: what committed? ||

77 winks; || 78 wind that || meets, || 79 hollow || 81 strumpet, ||

84 hated] other || 86 *Bühnenw.* *Enter Emillia. fehlt hier und steht am Rande zu* 89

|| 88 forgiuenesse.] forgiue vs. || mercy,] mercy then, || 90 You || 92 heil;

you, you, I, you; || 95 conceiue: || ≠K 4 How 72 || 96 Madam? ||

Lady: || 97 a sleepe. || 100 Why, w. m. Lord, M. ||

101 *Def.* Who is thy Lord?

*Em.* He that is yours, sweet Lady. ||



Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,	73 <sup>1</sup>
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,	74
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,	75
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?	76
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:	77
The baudy winde that kisses all it meetes,	78
Is hufh'd within the hollow Myne of Earth	79
And will not hear't. What committed?	80
<i>Def.</i> By Heauen you do me wrong.	81
<i>Oth.</i> Are not you a Strumpet?	
<i>Def.</i> No, as I am a Christian.	82
If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,	83
From any other foule vnlawfull touch	84
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.	85
<i>Othe.</i> What, not a Whore?	
<i>Def.</i> No, as I shall be sau'd.	86
<i>Othe.</i> Is't possible?	87
<i>Def.</i> Oh Heauen forgiue vs.	
<i>Othe.</i> I cry you mercy then.	88
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,	89
That married with <i>Othello</i> . You Miftris,	90
<i>Enter Emilia.</i>	
That haue the office opposite to Saint <i>Peter</i> ,	91
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.	92
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:	93
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile.	<i>Exit.</i> 94
<i>Æmil.</i> Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?	95
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?	96
<i>Def.</i> Faith, halfe a sleepe.	97
<i>Æmi.</i> Good Madam,	
What's the matter with my Lord?	98
<i>Def.</i> With who?	99
<i>Æmil.</i> Why, with my Lord, Madam?	100
<i>Def.</i> Who is thy Lord?	
<i>Æmil.</i> He that is yours, sweet Lady.	I
<i>Def.</i> I haue none: do not talke to me, <i>Emilia</i> ,	102

- 103 I cannot weepe, nor anſwer haue I none,  
 4 But what ſhould goe by water: preethee to night  
 5 Lay on my bed our wedding ſheetes, remember,  
 6 And call thy husband hither.  
*Em.* Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*  
 7 *Def.* Tis meete I ſhould be wiſe ſo, very well;  
 8 How haue I bin behau'd, that he might ſticke  
 9 The ſmalleft opinion, on my greateſt abuſe.  
*Iag.* What is your pleaſure Madam, *Enter Iago.*  
 10 How iſt with you? *and Emillia.*  
 11 *Def.* I cannot tell: thoſe that doe teach young babes  
 12 Doe it with gentle meanes, and eaſie tasks,  
 13 He might ha chid me ſo, for in good faith,  
 I am a child at chiding.  
 14 *Iag.* What is the matter Lady?  
 15 *Em.* Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,  
 16 Throwne ſuch deſpite, and heauy termes vpon her,  
 17 As true hearts cannot beare.  
 18 *Def.* Am I that name *Iago*?  
 19 *Iag.* What name faire Lady?  
 20 *Def.* Such as ſhe ſayes my Lord did ſay I was?  
 21 *Em.* He call'd her whore: A begger in his drinke,  
 22 Could not haue layed ſuch tearmes vpon his Callet.  
 23 *Iag.* Why did he ſo?  
 24 *Def.* I doe not know, I am ſure I am none ſuch.  
 25 *Iag.* Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.  
 26 *Em.* Has ſhe forſooke ſo many noble matches,  
 27 Her Father, and her Countrey, all her friends,  
 28 To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?  
 29 *Def.* It is my wretched fortune.  
 128-29 *Iag.* Beſhrew him for it; / how comes this tricke vpon him? ≠  
 129 *Def.* Nay, heauen doth know.

---

103 anſwere || 4 preethee || 5 my w. ſheets, || 7 meet || very well;]  
 very meet, || 9 ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe. *Danach* (ſtatt zu 110)  
*an den Rand* *Enter Iago* || 10 Madam? || i'ſt || 11 can not || babes, ||  
*and Emillia.*  
 12 tasks; || 14 child at] childe to || 17 can not || 19 was. || 20 whore;  
 a || 26 all her fr.] and her Fr. || 28 it: || 29 ≠ *Defd.* 73 ||

I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,	103
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,	4
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,	5
And call thy husband hither.	6
<i>Æmil.</i> Heere's a change indeed.	<i>Exit.</i>
<i>Des.</i> 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.	7
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke	8
'The small'st opinion on my least misse?	9
<i>Enter Iago, and Æmilia.</i>	
<i>Iago.</i> What is your pleasure Madam?	10
How is't with you?	
<i>Des.</i> I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes	11
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.	12
He might haue chid me so: for in good faith	13
I am a Child to chiding.	14
<i>Iago.</i> What is the matter Lady?	
<i>Æmil.</i> Alas ( <i>Iago</i> ) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,	15
Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her	16
That true hearts cannot beare it.	17
<i>Des.</i> Am I that name, <i>Iago</i> ?	18
<i>Iago.</i> What name, (faire Lady?)	
<i>Des.</i> Such as she said my Lord did say I was.	19
<i>Æmil.</i> He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:	20
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.	21
<i>Iago.</i> Why did he so?	22
<i>Des.</i> I do not know: I am sure I am none such.	23
<i>Iago.</i> Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.	24
<i>Æmil.</i> Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?	25
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?	26
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?	27
<i>Des.</i> It is my wretched Fortune.	28
<i>Iago.</i> Bewhew him for't:	
How comes this Tricke vpon him?	129
<i>Des.</i> Nay, Heauen doth know.	

- 139 *Em.* I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,  
 31 Some busie and insinuating rogue,  
 32 Some cogging, cousing flauie, to get some office,  
 33 Haue not deuise this slander, I'le be hang'd else.  
 34 *Iag.* Fie, there is no such man, it is impossible.  
 35 *Des.* If any such there be, heauen pardon him.  
 36 *Em.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:  
 37 Why should he call her whore? who keepes her company?  
 38 What place, what time, what for me, what likelihood?  
 39 The Moore's abus'd by some outrageous knaue:  
 40 Some base notorious knaue, some scuruy fellow,  
 41 O heauen, that such companions thoudst vnfold,  
 42 And put in euery honest hand a whip,  
 43 To lash the rascall naked through the world,  
 Euen from the East to the West.  
 44 *Iag.* Speake within dores.  
 45 *Em.* O fie vpon him; some such squire he was,  
 46 That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,  
 47 And made you to suspect me with the Moore.  
 48 *Iag.* You are a foole, goe to.  
 48 *Des.* O Good *Iago*,  
 49 VVhat shall I doe to win my Lord againe?  
 50 Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,  
 51 I know not how I lost him.

151-62 &gt;

130 hangd, || 33 Ile || 34 man it || 35 be,] are || 38 for me,] forme, ||  
 39 outrageous] most villanous || knaue; || 40 fellow; || 41 com-  
 pauions || 43 rascall, || 44 east to'th west. || 48 good || 51-64 . . lost him.  
 51 Here I kneele:  
 52 If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his loue,  
 53 Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed,  
 54 Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any fence,  
 55 Delighted them in any other forme;  
 56 Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,  
 57 And euer will (though he doe shake me off  
 58 To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him deerely:  
 59 Comfort forswear me; vnkindnesse may doe much,  
 60 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,  
 61 But neuer taint my loue, I can not say whore,  
 62 It doth abhorre me, now I speake the word,

<i>Æmi.</i> I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,	130
Some bufie and infinuating Rogue,	31
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get fome Office,	32
Haue not deuisd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.	33
<i>Iago.</i> Fie, there is no fuch man: it is impoffible.	34
<i>Def.</i> If any fuch there be, Heauen pardon him.	35
<i>Æmil.</i> A halter pardon him:	36
And hell gnaw his bones.	
Why fhould he call her Whore?	
Who keepes her companie?	37
What Place? What Time?	
What Forme? What liklyhood?	38
The Moore's abus'd by fome moft villanous Knaue,	39
Some bafe notorious Knaue, fome fcuruy Fellow.	40
Oh Heauens, that fuch companions thou'd'ft vnfold,	41
And put in euey honeft hand a whip	42
To lafh the Rascalls naked through the world,	43
Euen from the Eaft to th'Veft.	44
<i>Iago.</i> Speake within doore.	44
<i>Æmil.</i> Oh fie vpon them: fome fuch Squire he was	45
That turn'd your wit, the feamy-side without,	46
And made you to fufpect me with the Moore.	47
<i>Iago.</i> You are a Foole: go too.	48
<i>Def.</i> Alas <i>Iago</i> ,	
What fhall I do to win my Lord againe?	49
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,	50
I know not how I loft him. Heere I kneele:	51
If ere my will did trespaffe 'gainft his Loue,	52
Either in difcourfe of thought, or actuall deed,	53
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence	54
Delighted them: or any other Forme.	55
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,	56
And euer will, (though he do fhake me off	57
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,	58
Comfort forfwearè me. Vnkindneffe may do much,	59
And his vnkindneffe may defeat my life,	60
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot fay Whore,	61
It do's abhorre me now I fpeake the word,	162

163-64>

- 165 *Iag.* I pray you be content, tis but his humour,  
 66 The bufinesse of the State does him offence,  
 67 And he does chide with you.  
 68 *Def.* If t'were no other.  
 68 *Iag.* Tis but so, I warrant you;  
 69 Harke how these Instruments summon you to supper,  
 70 And the great Messengers of *Venice* stay,  
 71 Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well. *Exit women.*  
 72 How now *Roderigo*? *Enter Roderigo.*  
 73-74 *Rod.* I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly / with me.  
 75 *Iag.* VVhat in the contrary?  
 76-77 *Rod.* Euery day, thou dosttst me, with some / deuise *Iago*; ≠  
 77-78 And rather, as it seemes to me, / thou keepest from me,  
 78-79 All conueniency, then suppliest / me, with the least  
 79-80 Aduantage of hope: I will / indeed no longer indure it;  
 80-81 Nor am I yet perwaded / to put vp in peace, what already  
 82 I haue foolishly / sufferd.  
 83 *Iag.* Will you heare me *Roderigo*?  
 84-85 *Rod.* Faith I haue heard too much, for your / words,  
 85 And performance are no kin together.  
 86 *Iag.* You charge me most vniustly.  
 87-88 *Rod.* I haue waisted / my selfe out of meanes: the Iewels you  
 89-90 haue / had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe / haue  
 90-91 corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she / has receiud em,  
 91-92 and return'd mee expectation, / and comforts, of fuddaine re-  
 92-93 spect, and acquittance, / but I finde none.  
 94 *Iag.* Well, goe to, very good.  
 95-96 *Rod.* Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, / it is not very  
 96-97 well, by this hand, I say tis very scuruy, / and begin to finde  
 197 my selfe fopt in it.

163 To doe the act, that might th'addition earne,  
 64 Not the worlds masse of vanity could make me.

65 *Iag.* I pray you be . . . || 68 you: || 69 supper. || 70 And the  
 The meate, || stay; || 76-82 *Als Prosa in 41's Zeilen gedruckt* || 76 day thou  
 || 77 ≠ L And 78 || and || 77-78 to me now, kee'pst from me all  
 conu. || 79 me with the l. adu. || 80 nor || 82 suffered. || 84 Faith  
 Sir, || much, *danach neue Zeile For.* . . || words and performance, *Danach neue*  
*Zeile Are* . . || 87 *Rod.* With nought but trueth: I haue waisted  
 88 meanes; || 91 me || 92 respect and acquaintance, || 93 find || 94 good.]  
 well. || 95-96 . . can not go to (man,) nor t'is not very well; I say  
 t'is very scuruy, || 97 find ||

To do the Act, that might the addition earne,	163
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.	64
<i>Iago.</i> I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:	65
The businesse of the State do's him offence.	66 < 67
<i>Des.</i> If 'twere no other.	68
<i>Iago.</i> It is but so, I warrant,	
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:	69
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,	70
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.	71
<i>Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia,</i>	
<i>Enter Rodorigo.</i>	
How now <i>Rodorigo</i> ?	72
<i>Rod.</i> I do not finde	73
That thou deal'st iustly / with me.	73-74
<i>Iago.</i> What in the contrarie?	75
<i>Rodori.</i> Every day thou dafts me with some / deuise <i>Iago.</i>	76-77
and rather, as it seemes to me now, / keep'st from me all	77-78
conueniencie, then suppliest / me with the least aduantage of	78-79
hope: I will / indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet per-	79-80
swaded / to put vp in peace, what already I haue foolishly /	80-81
suffred.	82
<i>Iago.</i> Will you heare me <i>Rodorigo</i> ? †	83
<i>Rodori.</i> I haue heard too much: and your / words and Per-	84-85
formances are no kin together.	85
<i>Iago.</i> You charge me most vniustly.	86
<i>Rodo.</i> With naught but truth: I haue waisted / my selfe out	87-88
of my meanes. The Iewels you haue / had from me to de-	88-89
liuer <i>Desdemona</i> , would halfe / haue corrupted a Votarist. You	89-90
haue told me she / hath receiu'd them, and return'd me	90-91
expectations / and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, /	91-92
but I finde none.	93
<i>Iago.</i> Well, go too: very well.	94
<i>Rod.</i> Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) / nor tis	95-96
not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: / and begin to finde	96-97
my selfe fopt in it.	197

198 *Iag.* Very well.

99-200 *Rod.* I say it is not very well: I will / make my selfe knowne  
200-1 to *Desdemona*, if she will / returne me my Iewels, I will giue  
1-2 ouer my suite, / and repent my vnlawfull follicitation, if not,  
2-3 assure / your selfe I'll seeke satisfaction of you.

4 *Iag.* You haue said now.

5-6 *Rod.* I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest / intend-  
6 ment of doing.

7-8 *Iag.* Why now I see there's mettle in thee, / and euen from  
8-9 this time doe build on thee, a bet'ter opinion then euer be-  
9-10 fore, giue me thy hand / *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against me  
10-12 a most / iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue delt / most  
12 directly in thy affaires.

13 *Rod.* It hath not appeared.

14-15 *Iag.* I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, / and your suspition  
15-16 is not without wit and iudge/ment: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast  
16-17 that within thee / indeed, which I haue greater reason to be-  
17-19 leue / now, then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and / valour,  
19-20 this night shew it, if thou the next night / following enioyest  
20-21 not *Desdemona*, take mee from / this world with treachery, and  
21-22 deuise engines for / my life. †

23-24 *Rod.* Well, is it within reason / and compasse?

25-26 *Iag.* Sir, there is especiall command come / from *Venice*,  
26 To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

27-28 *Rod.* Is that true? why then *Othello* and / *Desdemona*  
28 Returne againe to *Venice*.

29-30 *Iag.* O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and / takes away with him  
30-31 The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse / his abode be linger'd  
31-32 Here by some accident, / wherein none can be so  
32-33 determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

34 *Rod.* How doe you meane removing of him?

35-36 *Iag.* Why, by making him vncapable of / *Othello's* place,  
36 Knocking out his braines.

237 *Rod.* And that you would haue me to doe.

---

200 known || *Desdemona*; || 3 selfe, Ile || 4 faide || 5 I haue said] faide || 8 time] instant, || thee a || 9 before; || hande || 10 mee || 11 dealt || 12 affaire. || 15 witte || 18 meane, || 19 valour; || it; || 20 me || † *Rod.* 77 || 25 command] commission || 26 Place. || 32 determinate, in vorhergehender Zeile, danach neue Zeile As ||



<i>Iago.</i> Very well.	198
<i>Rod.</i> I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will / make my selfe knowne to <i>Desdemona</i> . If she will / returne me my Jewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, / and repent my vnlawfull folicitation. If not, assure / your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.	199-200 200-1 1-2 2-3
<i>Iago.</i> You haue said now.	4
<i>Rod.</i> I: and said nothing but what I protest / intendment of doing.	5-6 6
<i>Iago.</i> Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: / and euen from this instant do build on thee a bet / ter opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand / <i>Rodorigo</i> . Thou hast taken against me a most / iust exception: but yet I protest I haue dealt / most directly in thy Affaire.	7-8 8-9 9-10 10-12 12
<i>Rod.</i> It hath not appeer'd.	13
<i>Iago.</i> I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: / and your suspition is not without wit and iudge / ment. But <i>Rodorigo</i> , if thou hast that in thee / indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleue / now then euer (I meane purpose, Courage, and / Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night / following enioy not <i>Desdemona</i> , take me from / this world with Treacherie, and deuise Engines for / my life.	14-15 15-16 16-17 18-19 19-20 20-21 22-23
<i>Rod.</i> Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and / compasse?	23-24
<i>Iago.</i> Sir, there is especiall Commission come / from Venice to depute <i>Cassio</i> in <i>Othello's</i> place.	25-26 26
<i>Rod.</i> Is that true? Why then <i>Othello</i> and / <i>Desdemona</i> returne againe to Venice.	27-28 28
<i>Iago.</i> Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and / taketh away with him the faire <i>Desdemona</i> , vnlesse / his abode be lingred heere by some accident. / Wherein none can be so determinate, as the re / mouing of <i>Cassio</i> .	29-30 30-31 31-32 32-33
<i>Rod.</i> How do you meane remouing him?	34
<i>Iago.</i> Why, by making him vncapable of / <i>Othello's</i> place: knocking out his braines.	35-36 36
<i>Rod.</i> And that you would haue me to do.	237

238-39 *Iag.* I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and / right,  
39-40 hee fups to night with a harlot, and / thither will I goe to  
40-41 him; - - - he knowes not yet / of his honourable fortune: if  
41-42 you will watch his / going thence, which I will fashion to fall  
42-44 out / betweene twelue and one, you may take him at / your  
44-45 pleasure: I will be neere to second your / attempt, and hee fhall  
45-46 fall betweene vs: come, / stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along  
46-47 with mee, I / will shew you such a necessity in his death, that /  
48-49 you fhall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. / It is now  
49-50 high supper time, and the night growes / to waft: about it.

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emillia,  
and Attendants.*

51 *Rod.* I will heare further reason for this.  
252 *Iag.* And you fhall be satisfied. *Ex. Iag. and Rod.*  
1 *Lod.* I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.  
2 *Oth.* O pardon me, it fhall doe me good to walke.  
3 *Lod.* Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladifhip.  
4 *Def.* Your honour is most welcome.  
4-5 *Oth.* Will you walke fir: - - - / O *Desdemona.*  
6 *Def.* My Lord.  
7-8 *Oth.* Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be / return'd, forthwith,  
8-9 dispatch your Attendant there, - - - / looke it be done. *Exeunt.*  
10 *Def.* I will my Lord.  
11 *Em.* How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did. ≠  
12 *Def.* He saies he will returne incontinent:  
13 He hath commanded me to goe to bed,  
14 And bad me to difmiffe you.  
14 *Em.* Difmiffe me?  
15 *Def.* It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,  
16 Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,  
17 We must not now displease him.  
18 *Em.* I would you had neuer seene him.  
19 *Def.* So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,

---

238-39 profit and right; he || harlotry, || 40 knows || 43 between ||  
45 he || 46 me, || *Bühnenw.* *Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emillia,*  
*and Attendants. nach 52. || Ex. Iag. and Rod.] Exeunt. || IV, III, 1 doe ||*  
3 *Madam,* || 4 Honour || 7 bed o'the instant, || forthwith || 11 ≠ L 2  
*Def. 76 || 14 bade || 16 adieu, || 18 I would] VVould ||*

*Iago.* I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and / a right. He 238-39  
 sups to night with a Harlotry: and / thither will I go to him. 39-40  
 He knowes not yet / of his Honourable Fortune, if you will 40-41  
 watch his / going thence (which I will fashion to fall out / 41-42  
 betweene twelue and one) you may take him at / your plea- 43-44  
 sure. I will be neere to second your / Attempt, and he shall 44-45  
 fall betweene vs. Come, / stand not amaz'd at it, but go along 45-46  
 with me: I / will fthew you such a neecessitie in his death, 46-47  
 that / you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. / It 47-49  
 is now high supper time: and the night growes / to waft. 49-50  
 About it. 50

*Rod.* I will heare further reason for this. 51

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfi'd. *Exeunt.* 52

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Emilia,  
 and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further. 1

*Oth.* Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke. 2

*Lodouic.* Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyship. 3

*Des.* Your Honour is most welcome. 4

*Oth.* Will you walke Sir? / Oh *Desdemona.* 4-5

*Des.* My Lord. 6

*Othello.* Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be / return'd 7-8  
 forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: / look't be done. 8-9

*Exit.* 9

*Des.* I will my Lord. 10

*Æm.* How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did. 11

*Des.* He faies he will returne incontinent, 12

And hath commanded me to go to bed, 13

And bid me to dismisse you. 14

*Æmi.* Dismisse me? 14

*Des.* It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia,* 15

Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu. 16

We must not now displease him. 17

*Æmil.* I, would you had neuer seene him. 18

*Des.* So would not I: my loue doth so approue him, 19

- 20 That euen his stubborneneffe, his checks and frownes.  
 21 Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.  
 22 *Em.* I haue laied these fheetes you bade me, on the bed.  
 23 *Def.* All's one good faith: how foolish are our minds?  
 24 If I doe die before thee, prethee fthrowd me  
 25 In one of those same fheetes.  
 25 *Em.* Come, come, you talke.  
 26 *Def.* My mother had a maid cal'd *Barbary*,  
 27 She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,  
 28 And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,  
 29 An old thing 'twas, but it exprest her fortune,  
 30 And she died singing it, that Song to night,

31-52 &gt;

20 frownes, || 21 (Prethee vnpin me) haue || 22 those fheets you  
 bad me on || 23 *De.* || one, goodfather; how || minds; || 25 fheets. ||  
 27 lou'd prou'd || 28 has] had || 30 song to night || 31-53

Will not goe from my mind:

31 I haue much to doe;

But to goe hang my head all at one side, / and sing it like poore  
 32-33 *Barbary*; prethee dispatch.

*Em.* Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

34 *Def.* No, vnpin me heere.

35 This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

36 *Em.* A very handsome man.

37 *Def.* He speakes well.

38-39 *Em.* I know a Lady in *Venice*, would haue / walk'd barefooted to  
 39-40 *Palestine*, for a touch of his / neither lip.

*Desdemona sings.*

41 *The poore soule sate sighing by a sicamour tree,*

42 *sing all a green willow,*

43 *Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,*

44 *sing willow willow, willow;*

45 *The fresh streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,*

46 *sing willow, willow, willow.*

47 *Her salt teares fell from her, which softned the stones,*

48 *sing willow &c.* (Lay by these.)

49 *willow, willow.*

50 (Prethee hie thee, he'll come anon.)

51 *Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

52 *Let nobody blame him, his scorne I approue:*

That euen his stubborneffe, his checks, his frownes,	20
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.	21
<i>Æmil.</i> I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.	22
<i>Def.</i> All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?	23
If I do die before, prythee throw'd me	24
In one of these same Sheetes.	
<i>Æmil.</i> Come, come: you talke.	25
<i>Def.</i> My Mother had a Maid call'd <i>Barbarie</i> ,	26
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,	27
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,	28
An old thing 'twas; but it express'd her Fortune,	29
And she dy'd finging it. That Song to night,	30
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,	31
But to go hang my head all at one fide	32
And sing it like poore <i>Barbarie</i> : prythee dispatch.	33
<i>Æmil.</i> Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?	
<i>Def.</i> No, vn-pin me here,	34
This <i>Lodouico</i> is a proper man.	35
<i>Æmil.</i> A very handsome man.	36
<i>Def.</i> He speakes well.	37
<i>Æmil.</i> I know a Lady in Venice would haue / walk'd bare-	38-39
foot to Palestine for a touch of his / nether lip.	39-40
<i>Def.</i> The poore Soule sat finging, by a <i>Sicamour tree</i> .	41
Sing all a greene Willough:	42
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,	43
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.	44
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes	45
Sing Willough, &c.	46
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,	47
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)	48
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)	49-50
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.	51
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.	52

- 53 Will not goe from my mind - - harke, who's that knocks?  
 54 *Em.* It is the wind.  
 55-57 > 58 *Def.* Now get thee gone, good night:  
 58-59 Mine eyes doe itch, / does that bode weeping?  
 60-63 > 59 *Em.* Tis neither here nor there.  
 64 *Def.* Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?  
 65 *Em.* Why would not you.  
 66 *Def.* No, by this heavenly light.  
 66 *Em.* Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,  
 67 I might doe it as well in the darke.  
 68 *Def.* Would thou doe such a thing for all the world?  
 69 *Em.* The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,  
 For a small vice.  
 70 *Def.* Good troth I thinke thou wouldst not.  
 71-72 *Em.* By my troth I thinke I should, and vndo't / when I had  
 72-73 done it, mary I would not doe such a / thing for a ioynt ring;  
 73-74 or for mea[+] fures of Lawne, / nor for Gownes, or Petticotes, nor  
 74-75 Caps, nor any such / exhibition; but for the whole world? vds  
 75-76 pittty, who / would not make her husband a Cuckole, to make /  
 77 him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.  
 78 *Def.* Befhrew me, if I would doe such a wrong,  
 79 For the whole world.

- 
- 53 (Nay, that's not next: harke, who's that knocks?)  
 54 *Em.* Tis the winde.  
 55 *Def.* *I call'd my loue false, but what sayd he then?*  
 56 *sing willow, willow, willow,*  
 57 *If I court no women, youle couch with no men.*  
 58 So, get thee gon, good night, mine eyes doe itch,  
 Does that boade weeping?  
 59 *Em.* Tis neither here nor there.  
 60 *Def.* I haue heard it saide so: O these men, these men:  
 61 Dost thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Emilia*,)  
 62 That there be women doe abuse their husbands  
 In such grosse kindes?  
 63 *Em.* There be some such, no question. ||  
 64 deed,] thing, || 65 Why, w. n. you? || 67 doe it as well] as well doe  
 it || 68 Wouldst || thing] deed, || 70 Good] In || 71 By my] In ||  
 73 ioynt-ring, || + fures 77 || 74 or *fehlt* || nor Caps,] or Caps, ||  
 75 such] petty || world? vds pittty,] world: why || 76 Cuckold to ||  
 78 such wrong ||

(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?	53
<i>Æmil.</i> It's the wind.	54
<i>Def.</i> I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?	55
<i>Sing Willough, &amp;c.</i>	56
<i>If I court no women, you'le couch with no men. ‡</i>	57
So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:	58
Doth that boade weeping?	59
<i>Æmil.</i> 'Tis neyther heere, nor there	60
<i>Def.</i> I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!	61
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me <i>Æmil</i> ia)	62
That there be women do abuse their husbands	63
In such grosse kinde?	64
<i>Æmil.</i> There be some such, no question.	65
<i>Def.</i> Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?	66
<i>Æmil.</i> Why, would not you?	67
<i>Def.</i> No, by this Heauenly light.	68
<i>Æmil.</i> Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:	69
I might doo't as well i'th'darke.	70
<i>Def.</i> Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?	71-72
<i>Æmil.</i> The world's a huge thing:	72-73
It is a great price, / for a small vice.	73-74
<i>Def.</i> Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.	74-75
<i>Æmil.</i> Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't / when I had	75-76
done. Marry, I would not doe such a / thing for a ioynt Ring,	77
nor for meafures of Lawne, / nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor	78
Caps, nor any petty / exhibition. But for all the whole world:	79
why, who / would not make her husband a Cuckold, to make /	
him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.	
<i>Def.</i> Befhrew me, if I would do such a wrong	
For the whole world.	

80-81 *Em.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the / world; and  
81-82 hauing the world for your labour, tis / a wrong in your owne  
82-83 world, and you might quickly make it right.

84 *Def.* I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

85-86 *Em.* Yes, a dozen, and as many to the / vantage, as would  
86 store the world they played for.

87-104 > 105 *Def.* Good night, good night: God me such vsage send,  
6 Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus. 5.*

*Enter Iago and Roderigo,*

1 *Iag.* Here stand behind this Bulke, fraite will he come,  
2 Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,  
3 Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elbow;  
4 It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,

---

80 i'the] i'th || 86-104 . . played for.

87 But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,

88 If wiues doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,

89 And, poure our treasures into forreigne laps,

90 Or else breake out in peeuish ieaiousies,

91 Throwing restraint vpon vs; or say they strike vs,

92 Or scant our former hauing in despight,)

93 Why we haue galls, and though we haue some grace,

94 Yet haue we some reuenge: Let husbands know

95 Their wiues haue sence like them; they see, and smell,

96 And haue their pallats both for sweet and fowre,

97 As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,

98 When they change vs for others? is it sport?

99 I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?

100 I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?

1 It is so too; and haue not we affections?

2 Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?

3 Then let em vse vs well, else let em know,

4 The ills we doe, their ills instruct vs so. ||

105 night: God] night, heauen || vsage] vses || 6 pick || V, I. *Bühnenw.*

*Actus. 5. Scena I.* || Roderigo. || 1 Here || bulke, frait ||

Ile || elbow; || 4 makes vs, or ||



*Æmil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and  
hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne  
world, and you might quickly / make it right. 80-81  
81-82  
82-83

*Def.* I do not thinke there is any fuch woman, 84

*Æmil.* Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as  
would store the world they plaid for. 85-86  
86

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults 87

If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties, 88

And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps; 89

Or else breake out in peeuiſh Tealouſies, 90

Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or ſay they ſtrike vs, 91

Or ſcant our former hauing in deſpight) 92

Why we haue galles: and though we haue ſome Grace, 93

Yet haue we ſome Reuenge. Let Husbands know, 94

Their wiues haue ſenſe like them: They ſee, and ſmell, 95

And haue their Palats both for ſweet, and ſowre, 96

As Husbands haue. What is it that they do, 97

When they change vs for others? Is it Sport? 98

I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it? 99

I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres? 100

It is ſo too. And haue not we Affections? 1

Deſires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue? 2

Then let them vſe vs well: elſe let them know, 3

The illes we do, their illes inſtruct vs ſo. 4

*Def.* Good night, good night: 5

Heauen me fuch vſes ſend, 5

Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt.* 106

## *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.*

*Iago.* Heere, ſtand behinde this Barke,  
Straight will he come: 1

Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home: 2

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow, 3

It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that, 4

5 And fixe most firme thy resolution.  
 6 *Rod.* Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.  
 7 *Iag.* Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword.  
 8 *Rod.* I haue no great deuotion to the dead;  
 9 And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons,  
 10 Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.  
 11 *Iag.* I haue rubbd this young gnat almost to the sence,  
 12 And he growes angry now: whether he kill *Cassio*,  
 13 Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,  
 14 Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,  
 15 He calls me to a restitution large,  
 16 For Gold and Iewells, that I bobd from him,  
 17 As gifts to *Desdemona*:  
 18 It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine, +  
 19 He has a daily beauty in his life,  
 20 That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore  
 21 May vnfold me to him; there stand I in perrill:  
 22 No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming. *Ent. Caf.*  
 23 *Rod.* I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou diest.  
 24 *Caf.* That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,  
 25 But that my coate is better then thou think'st,  
 26 I will make prooue of thine.  
 27 *Rod.* O I am flaine.  
 28 *Caf.* I am maind for euer, light ho, murder, murder.  
 Enter Othello.  
 29 *Oth.* The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.  
 30 *Rod.* O villaine that I am.  
 31 *Oth.* Harke tis euen fo.  
 32 *Caf.* O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.  
 33 *Oth.* Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and iust,  
 That hath such noble fence of thy friends wrong,  
 Thou teachest me; -- minion, your deare lies dead,

5 moſt] more || 7 fword.] ſtand. || 8 deed; || 9 reaſons; || 10 gon: ||  
11 gnat] Quat || 21 angry, now, || 16 Jewells that || 18 ≠ L 3  
He 80 || 21 in much perill: || 22 *Entl. Caf.] Enter Calſio in befonderer*  
*Zeile zwifchen* 22-23 || 23 he; || 25 think't] know'ft: || 26 O, I || 27 maimd  
murder, murder.] murder, || 29 Harke, || 31 iuſt, || 32 ſenſe I

And fixe most firme thy Resolution. 5  
*Rod.* Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't. 6  
*Iago.* Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand. 7  
*Rod.* I haue no great deuotion to the deed, 8  
And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reafons: 9  
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies. 10  
*Iago.* I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the fense, 11  
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*, 12  
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other, 13  
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*, 14  
He calles me to a restitution large 15  
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him, 16  
As Guifts to *Desdemona*. 17  
It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine, 18  
He hath a dayly beauty in his life, 19  
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore 20  
May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill: 21  
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming. 22

*Enter Cassio.*

*Rod.* I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest. 23  
*Cas.* That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed, 24  
But that my Coate is better then thou know'ft: 25  
I will make prooffe of thine. 26  
*Rod.* Oh, I am flaine. 27  
*Cassio.* I am maym'd for euer: 28  
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther. 29

*Enter Othello.*

*Oth.* The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word. 30  
*Rod.* O Villaine that I am. 31  
*Oth.* It is euen so. 32  
*Cas.* Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon. 33  
*Oth.* 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust, 34  
That hast such Noble fense of thy Friends wrong, 35  
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead, 36

- 34 And your fate hies apace; strumpet I come;  
 35 Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,  
 36 Thy bed lust-stain'd, shall with lusts blood be spotted: *Ex.*

*Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.*

- 37 *Caf.* What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder  
 38 *Grat.* Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.  
 39-40 *Caf.* O helpe. / *Lod.* Harke.  
 41 *Rod.* O wretched villaine.  
 42 *Lod.* Two or three grones, it is a heavy night,  
 43 These may be counterfeits, let's think't vn safe  
 44 To come into the cry without more helpe.  
 45 *Rod.* No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter Iago with a light.*

- 46 *Lod.* Harke.  
 47 *Grat.* Here's one comes in his fhirt, with lights and weapons,  
 48 *Iag.* Who's there? whose noife is this, that cries on murder.  
*Lod.* I doe not know.  
 49 *Iag.* Did not you heare a cry?  
*Caf.* Here, here, for heauens sake helpe me. †  
 50 *Iag.* What's the matter.  
 51 *Grat.* This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.  
 52 *Lod.* The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.  
 53 *Iag.* What are you here, that cry so grieuoufly?  
 54 *Caf.* *Iago*, O I am spoil'd, vndone by villaines,  
 55 Giue me some helpe.  
 56 *Iag.* O my Lieutenant: what villaines haue done this?  
 57 *Caf.* I thinke the one of them is heere about,  
 And cannot make away.  
 58 *Iag.* O treacherous villaines:  
 59 What are you there? come in and giue some helpe.  
 60 *Rod.* O, helpe me here.  
 61 *Caf.* That's one of em.  
*Iag.* O murderous flaue, O villaine.

34 fate hies apace;] vnblest fate hies; || 36 *Exit.* || 37 murder, murder. || 38 *Gra.* || 42 night; || 47 *Gra.* || weapons. || 48 this that cr. on murder? || 50 † *Iag.* 81 || 50 Whats the matter? || 51 *Gra.* || Antient, || 53 here that || grieuoufly? || 56 O me, Lieutenant, || don || 57 here || 61 . . villaine. *Danach auf dem Rand Thruffs him in.* ||

And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come: 34  
 For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted. 35  
 Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted. 36

*Exit Othello.*

*Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.*

*Caf.* What hoa? no Watch? No passage? 37  
 Murther, Murther.

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull. 38

*Caf.* Oh helpe. 39

*Lodo.* Hearke. 40

*Rod.* Oh wretched Villaine. 41

*Lod.* Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night; 42

These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vn safe 43

To come into the cry, without more helpe. 44

*Rod.* Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death. 45

*Enter Iago.*

*Lod.* Hearke. 46

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and 47  
 Weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there? 48

Who's noyse is this that cries on murther? 49

*Lodo.* We do not know. 50

*Iago.* Do not you heare a cry? 51

*Caf.* Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me. 52

*Iago.* What's the matter? 53

*Gra.* This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it. 54

*Lodo.* The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow. 55

*Iago.* What are you heere, that cry so greeuouly? 56

*Caf.* *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines: 57

Giue me some helpe. 58

*Iago.* O mee, Lieutenant! 59

What Villaines haue done this? 60

*Caf.* I thinke that one of them is heereabout, † 61

And cannot make away. 62

*Iago.* Oh treacherous Villaines: 63

What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe. 64

*Rod.* O helpe me there. 65

*Cassio.* That's one of them. 66

*Iago.* Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine! 67

57 † And 335.

- 62 *Rod.* O dambd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, -- o, o, o.  
 63 *Ia.* Kill him i'the dark? where be those bloody theeues?  
 64 How filent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:  
 65 What may you be, are you of good or euill?  
 66 *Lod.* As you fhall proue vs, praife vs.  
 67 *Iag.* Seignior *Lodouico*.  
 68 *Lod.* He fir.  
 69 *Iag.* I cry you mercy: here's *Cafsio* hurt by villaines.  
 70 *Grat.* *Cafsio*.  
 71 *Iag.* How is it brother?  
     *Caf.* My leg is cut in two.  
 72 *Iag.* Mary heauen forbid:  
 73 Light Gentlemen, Ple bind it with my fhirt.

*Enter Bianca.*

- 74 *Bian.* What is the matter ho, who ist that cried?  
 75 *Iag.* Who ist that cried.  
 76-77 *Bian.* O my deare *Cafsio*, O my sweete *Cafsio*, | *Cafsio*, *Cafsio*.  
 78 *Iag.* O notable frumpet: *Cafsio* may you fufpect  
 79 Who they fhould be, that thus haue mangled you?  
 80 *Caf.* No.  
 81 *Gra.* I am forry to find you thus, I haue bin to feeke you.  
 82-83 > 84 *Bian.* Alas he faints, O *Cafsio*, *Cafsio*, *Cafsio*.  
 85 *Iag.* Gentlemen all, I doe fufpect this trafh ≠  
 86-87 To beare a part in this: / patience a while good *Cafsio*:  
 88 Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?  
 89 Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:  
 90 *Roderigo*? no, yes fure: O heauen *Roderigo*.  
 91 *Gra.* What of *Venice*?  
     *Iag.* Euen he fir, did you know him?  
 92 *Gra.* Know him? I.  
 93 *Iag.* Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:  
 94 Thefe bloody accidents muft excufe my manners,

63 him] men || darke? || 65 be? || 66 prooue || 70 *Gra.* || 73 Ile || 74 *Bia.*  
 || i't || 75 i't || cried? || 76 *Bia.* || sweet || 78: *Cafsio*, may || 79 be that ||  
 82—83 *Iag.* Lend me a garter, fo; — oh for a chaire to beare him  
 eafly (*danach neue Zeile*) hence. || 84 *Bia.* || faints; || 85 Trafh || ≠ L 4  
 To 80 || 86 in this:] in this iniurie: || 87-88 *Cafsio*; *danach neue Zeile*  
 Come, come, lend me a light: *danach neue Zeile* Know wee this face, or  
 no? || 90 fure; || O heauen] yes, tis || 91 What, || 93 *Ia.* || 94 manners: ||

<i>Rod.</i> O damn'd <i>Iago</i> ! O inhumane Dogge!	62
<i>Iago.</i> Kill men i'th'darke?	63
Where be theſe bloody Theeues?	
How ſilent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.	64
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?	65
<i>Lod.</i> As you ſhall proue vs, praife vs.	66
<i>Iago.</i> Signior <i>Lodouico</i> ?	67
<i>Lod.</i> He Sir.	68
<i>Iago.</i> I cry you mercy: here's <i>Caffio</i> hurt by Villaines.	69
<i>Gra.</i> <i>Caffio</i> ?	70
<i>Iago.</i> How is't Brother?	71
<i>Caf.</i> My Legge is cut in two.	
<i>Iago.</i> Marry heauen forbid:	72
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my ſhirt.	73
<i>Enter Bianca.</i>	
<i>Bian.</i> What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?	74
<i>Iago.</i> Who is't that cry'd?	75
<i>Bian.</i> Oh my deere <i>Caffio</i> ,	76
My ſweet <i>Caffio</i> :   Oh <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Caffio</i> .	76-77
<i>Iago.</i> O notable Strumpet. <i>Caffio</i> , may you ſuſpect	78
Who they ſhould be, that haue thus mangled you?	79
<i>Caf.</i> No.	80
<i>Gra.</i> I am ſorry to finde you thus;	
I haue beene to ſeeke you.	81
<i>Iago.</i> Lend me a Garter. So:—Oh for a Chaire	82
To beare him eaſily hence.	83
<i>Bian.</i> Alas he faints. Oh <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Caffio</i> .	84
<i>Iago.</i> Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh	85
To be a party in this Iniurie.	86
Patience awhile, good <i>Caffio</i> . Come, come;	87
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?	88
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman	89
<i>Rodorigo</i> ? No: Yes ſure: Yes, 'tis <i>Rodorigo</i> .	90
<i>Gra.</i> What, of Venice?	91
<i>Iago.</i> Euen he Sir: Did you know him?	
<i>Gra.</i> Know him? I.	92
<i>Iago.</i> Signior <i>Gratiano</i> ? I cry your gentle pardon:	93
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my Manners,	94

That so neglected you.

95 *Gra.* I am glad to see you.

96 *Iag.* How doe you *Cafsio*? O a chaire, a chaire.

97 *Gra. Roderigo.*

98 *Iag.* He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire:

99 Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

100 I'll fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mistriffe,

1 Saue you your labour, he that lies flaine here *Cafsio*,

2 Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?

3 *Caf.* None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

4 *Iag.* What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.

5 Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistriffe?

6 Doe you perceiue the ieasures of her eye,

7 Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:

8 Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,

9 Doe you see Gentlemen? Nay guiltinesse

10 Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter Em.*

11 *Em.* 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

12 *Iag.* *Cafsio* has here bin set on in the darke,

13 By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,

14 Hee's almost flaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

15 *Em.* Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cafsio*.

16 *Iag.* This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia*,

17 Goe know of *Cafsio*, where he sapt to night:

18 What, doe you shake at that?

19 *Bian.* He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

20 *Iag.* O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

21 *Em.* Fie, fie vpon thee strumpet. †

22 *Bian.* I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you, that thus abuse me.

23 *Em.* As I: fough, fie vpon thee.

24 *Iag.* Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cafsio* drest,

25 Come mistriffe, you must tell's another tale.

126 *Emillia*, runne you to the Cittadell,

96 *Cafsio*: O, a || 97 *Roderigo*? || 98 chaire; || 100 Ile || 1 here,  
(*Cafsio*.) || 2 friend; || 4 o'the || 6 eye? || 9 nay || 10 *Enter Emi.* ||  
11 marter? what's || 16 whoring; prithee *Emillia*, || 17 *Cafsio* where  
|| 19 *Bia.* || 21 Fie, fie || Fie || † *Bian.* 89 || 22 *Bia.* || 23 I: fough,  
fie || I; now fie || 24 drest; ||



That so neglected you.	
<i>Gra.</i> I am glad to see you.	95
<i>Iago.</i> How do you <i>Cassio</i> ? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.	96
<i>Gra.</i> <i>Rodorigo</i> ?	97
<i>Iago.</i> He, he, 'tis he:	98
Oh that's well said, the Chaire.	
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,	99
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,	100
Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere ( <i>Cassio</i> )	1
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?	2
<i>Cas.</i> None in the world: nor do I know the man?	3
<i>Iago.</i> What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.	4
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?	5
Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?	6
Nay, if you stare, we shal heare more anon.	7
Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:	8
Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake	9
Though tongues were out of vse.	10
<i>Æmil.</i> Alas, what is the matter?	
What is the matter, Husband?	11
<i>Iago.</i> <i>Cassio</i> hath heere bin set on in the darke	12
By <i>Rodorigo</i> , and Fellowes that are scap'd:	13
He's almost slaine, and <i>Rodorigo</i> quite dead.	14
<i>Æmil.</i> Alas good Gentleman: alas good <i>Cassio</i> .	15
<i>Iago.</i> This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe <i>Æmilia</i> ,	16
Go know of <i>Cassio</i> where he supt to night.	17
What, do you shake at that?	18
<i>Bian.</i> He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.	19
<i>Iago.</i> O did he so? I charge you go with me.	20
<i>Æmil.</i> Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.	21
<i>Bian.</i> I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,	22
As you that thus abuse me.	
<i>Æmil.</i> As I? Fie vpon thee.	23
<i>Iago.</i> Kinde Gentlemen:	
Let's go see poore <i>Cassio</i> drest.	24
Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.	25
<i>Æmilia</i> , run you to the Cittadell,	126

- 127 And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:  
 28 Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,  
 29 That either markes me, or foredoes me quite.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Othello with a light.*

- 1 *Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,  
 2 Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:  
 3 It is the cause, yet P'le not fhed her blood,  
 4 Nor fcarre that whiter skin of hers, then fnow,  
 5 And fsmooth, as monumentall Alablaster;  
 6 Yet fhe muft die, elfe fhee'll betray more men,  
 7 Put out the light, and then put out the light:  
 8 If I quench thee, thou flaming minifter,  
 9 I can againe, thy former light reftore,  
 10 Should I repent me; but once put out thine,  
 11 Thou cunning patterne of excellling nature,  
 12 I know not where is that promethian heate,  
 13 That can thy light returne: when I haue pluckt the rofe,  
 14 I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,  
 15 It muft needes wither; P'le fmell it on the tree,  
 16 A balmy breath, that doth almost perfwade  
 17 Iuftice her felfe to breake her fword once more,  
 18 Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
 19 And loue thee after: once more, and this the laft,  
 20 So sweete was ne're fo fatall: I muft weepe,  
 21 But they are cruell teares; this forrowes heauenly,  
 22 It ftrikes when it does loue: fhe wakes.

*He  
kiffes her.*

*Def.* Who's there, *Othello*?

- 23 *Oth.* I, *Defdemona*.

- 24 *Def.* Will you come to bed my Lord?

- 25 *Oth.* Haue you prayed to night, *Defdemona*? ≠

*Def.* I my Lord:

---

128 on? I pray: This || 29 markes] makes || V, II. *Enter Othello with a light, and Defdemona in her bed.* || 3 Ile || 4 hers then || 5 fsmooth as || alablaster; || 6 dye, || 9 againe thy || 11 cunningft || 13 returne:] relumine: || 15 needs || Ile || tree; *danach auf dem Rand kiffes her.* || 17 fword: one more; || 18 thus when || 19 once] one || laft: || *He kiffes her. fehlt* || 20 sweet || 21 teares: || forrow's || 22 when] where || 23 there? || 25 ≠ M *Def.* 90 || Lord. ||

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:	127
Will you go on afore? This is the night	28
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.	<i>Exeunt</i> 29

---

*Scæna Secunda.*

---

*Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.*

<i>Oth.</i> It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)	1
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,	2
It is the Cause. Yet Ile not fhed her blood,	3
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,	4
And smoothe as Monumentall Alablafter:	5
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:	6
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:	7
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,	8
I can againe thy former light restore,	9
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,	10
Thou cunning'ft Patterne of excelling Nature,	11
I know not where is that <i>Promethæan</i> heate	12
That can thy Light re-Lume.	13
When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,	
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,	14
It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.	15
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade	16
Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:	17
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,	18
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.	19
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,	20
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heavenly,	21
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.	22
<i>Des.</i> Who's there? <i>Othello?</i>	
<i>Othel.</i> I <i>Desdemona.</i>	23
<i>Des.</i> Will you come to bed, my Lord?	24
<i>Oth.</i> Haue you pray'd to night, <i>Desdemona?</i>	
<i>Des.</i> I my Lord.	25

- 26 *Oth.* If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,  
 27 Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,  
 28 Sollicite for it fraite.  
 29 *Def.* Alas my Lord, what may you meane by that?  
 30 *Oth.* Well doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,  
 31 I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,  
 32 No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy foule.  
     *Def.* Talke you of killing?  
 33 *Oth.* I, I doe.  
 33-34 *Def.* Then heauen / haue mercy on me.  
 34 *Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.  
 35 *Def.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.  
 36 *Oth.* Hum.  
 37 *Def.* And yet I feare you, for you are fatall then,  
 38 When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,  
 39 Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.  
     *Oth.* Thinke on thy finnes.  
 40 *Def.* They are loues I beare to you.  
 41 *Oth.* And for that thou diest.  
 42 *Def.* That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing,  
 43 Alas, why gnaw you so your neather lip?  
 44 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,  
 45 These are portents: but yet I hope  
 46 They doe not point on me.  
     *Oth.* Peace, and be still.  
 47 *Def.* I will, so, what's the matter?  
 48 *Oth.* That handkercher which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,  
 49 Thou gauest to *Cassio*.  
     *Def.* No, by my life and foule,  
 50 Send for the man and aske him.  
 50-51 *Oth.* Sweete foule take heed, / take heed of periury,  
 51 Thou art on thy death-bed.  
     *Def.* I, but not yet to die.  
 52 *Oth.* Yes, presently:  
 53 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,

---

28 Solicite || 29 may] doe || 30 Well, || 37 you are] y'are || 42 deathe's  
 || louing; || 43 gnaw] know || lip: || 47 will so, || 48 handkerchiefe ||  
 50 Sweet ||

<i>Oth.</i> If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime	26
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace;	27
Solicite for it straight.	28
<i>Des.</i> Alacke, my Lord,	
What may you meane by that?	29
<i>Oth.</i> Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:	30
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,	31
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.	32
<i>Des.</i> Talke you of killing?	
<i>Oth.</i> I, I do.	33
<i>Des.</i> Then Heauen / haue mercy on mee. †	33-34
<i>Oth.</i> Amen, with all my heart.	34
<i>Des.</i> If you say, I hope you will not kill me.	35
<i>Oth.</i> Humh.	36
<i>Des.</i> And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then	37
When your eyes rowle fo.	
Why I should feare, I know not,	38
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.	39
<i>Oth.</i> Thinke on thy finnes.	
<i>Des.</i> They are Loues I beare to you.	40
<i>Oth.</i> I, and for that thou dy'ft.	41
<i>Des.</i> That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.	42
Alas, why gnaw you fo your nether-lip?	43
Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:	44
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,	45
They do not point on me.	
<i>Oth.</i> Peace, and be still.	46
<i>Des.</i> I will fo: What's the matter?	47
<i>Oth.</i> That Handkerchiefe	48
Which I so lou'd; and gaue thee, / thou gau'ft to <i>Cassio</i> .	48-49
<i>Des.</i> No by my Life, and Soule: / fend for the man,	49-50
And aske him.	50
<i>Oth.</i> Sweet Soule, take heed, / take heed of Periury,	50-51
Thou art on thy death-bed.	51
<i>Des.</i> I, but not yet to dye.	
<i>Oth.</i> Presently.	52
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:	53

- 54 For to deny each article with oath, ≠  
55 Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong conceit,  
56 That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.  
    *Def.* Then Lord haue mercy on me.  
57     *Oth.* I say Amen.  
58     *Def.* And haue you mercy too:  
58-59 I neuer did / offend you in my life, -- neuer lou'd *Cassio*,  
60 But with such generall warrant of heauen,  
61 As I might loue: I neuer gaue him token.  
62     *Oth.* By heauen I saw my handkercher in his hand,  
63 O periured woman, thou dost stone thy heart,  
64 And makest me call, what I intend to doe,  
65 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice,  
66 I saw the handkercher.  
    *Def.* He found it then,  
67 I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,  
68 And let him confesse a truth.  
    *Oth.* He has confest.  
69     *Def.* What, my Lord?  
    *Oth.* That he hath --- vds death.  
70     *Def.* How, vnlawfully?  
    *Oth.* I.  
    *Def.* He will not say so.  
71     *Oth.* No, his mouth is stop'd,  
72 Honest *Iago* hath tane order for't.  
73     *Def.* My feare interprets then, -- what is he dead?  
74     *Oth.* Had all his haire bin liues,  
74-75 My great reuenge / had stomacke for 'em all.  
76     *Def.* Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.  
77     *Oth.* O strumpet, -- weepest thou for him to my face?  
78     *Def.* O bannish me, my Lord, but kill me not.  
79     *Oth.* Downe strumpet.  
80     *Def.* Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

---

54 oath || ≠ Cannot 91 || 55 choake || conceit,] conception || 57 amen.  
|| 61 loue; || 62 handkerchiefe || hand: || 63 periur'd || dost || thy] my ||  
64 makst || 65 sacrifice; || 66 handkerchiefe. || 68 And let] Let || 70 vds  
death.] vnde thee. || 74 had || 75 for em || 76 vndone, || 78 me my ||

For to deny each Article with Oath,	54
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception	55
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.	56
<i>Def.</i> O Heauen haue mercy on me.	
<i>Oth.</i> I say, Amen.	57
<i>Def.</i> And haue you mercy too. I neuer did	58
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd <i>Cassio</i> ,	59
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,	60
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.	61
<i>Oth.</i> By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.	62
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,	63
And makes me call, what I intend to do,	64
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.	65
I saw the Handkerchiefe.	66
<i>Def.</i> He found it then:	
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:	67
Let him confesse a truth.	68
<i>Oth.</i> He hath confest.	
<i>Def.</i> What, my Lord?	
<i>Oth.</i> That he hath vs'd thee.	69
<i>Def.</i> How? vnlawfully?	
<i>Oth.</i> I.	70
<i>Def.</i> He will not say so.	
<i>Oth.</i> No: his mouth is stopp'd:	71
Honest <i>Iago</i> hath 'tane order for't.	72
<i>Def.</i> Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?	73
<i>Oth.</i> Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge	74
Had stomacke for them all.	75
<i>Def.</i> Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.	76
<i>Oth.</i> Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?	77
<i>Def.</i> O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.	78
<i>Oth.</i> Downe Strumpet.	79
<i>Def.</i> Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.	80

- 81 *Oth.* Nay. an you friue.  
 82-83 *Def.* But halfe an houre, / but while I fay one prayer.  
 83 *Oth.* Tis too late. *he stifles her.*  
*Def.* O Lord, Lord, Lord. *Emillia calls within.*  
 84 *Em.* My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord. †  
 85 *Oth.* What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?  
 86 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,  
 87-88 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- / fo, fo. /  
*Em.* What ho, my Lord, my Lord.  
 89 *Oth.* Who's there?  
 90 *Em.* O good my Lord, I'de speake a word with you.  
 91 *Oth.* Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: shee's dead:  
 92 Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassios* death;  
 93 The noyse was here; ha, no more mouing,  
 94 Still as the graue: shall she come in? were't good?  
 95 I thinke she stirres againe; no, what's the best?  
 96 If she come in, shee'll fure speake to my wife.  
 97 My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;  
 98 O insupportable: O heauy houre.  
 99 Me thinks it should be now a huge Ecclips  
 100 Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,  
 1 Should yawne at alteration.  
 101-2 *Em.* I doe beseech you / I may speake with you, - good iny Lord.  
 3 *Oth.* I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.  
 4 Soft, by and by; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent. Emil:*  
 5 Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?  
 6 *Em.* O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.  
 7 *Oth.* What, now?  
 8 *Em.* But now my Lord.  
 109 *Oth.* It is the very error of the Moone,

81 Nay, || 82-83 . . an houre, . . . *calls within*] . . an houre.  
*Danach neue Zeile Oth.* Being don, there is no pause. *Danach neue Zeile*  
*Def.* But while I say one prayer. *Dazu auf dem Rand he stifles her.*  
*Danach neue Zeile Oth.* Tis to late. *Dazu auf dem Rand Emillia calles*  
*within.* || 84 hoe, || † M 2 *Oth:* 92 || 87. paine; || 93 heere; ha no ||  
 94 wer't || 96 she'le || 97 . . my wife;] . . what wife? || no wife: ||  
 98 insupportable; || 100 Sun || 1 do || 2 good] O good || 3 forgotten  
 thee: come in *Emillia*: || 4 curtaines draw. *Enter Emillia.* || 7 What? ||



<i>Oth.</i> Nay, if you friue.	81
<i>Des.</i> But halfe an houre.	82
<i>Oth.</i> Being done, there is no pawfe.	82
<i>Des.</i> But while I fay one prayer.	83
<i>Oth.</i> It is too late.	<i>Smothers her.</i>
<i>Æmilia at the doore.</i>	
<i>Æmil.</i> My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?	84
My Lord, my Lord.	
<i>Oth.</i> What noife is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?	85
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,	86
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?	87
So, fo.	88
<i>Æmil. within.</i> What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?	89
<i>Oth.</i> Who's there?	
<i>Æmil.</i> Oh good my Lord, I would fpeake a word with you.	90
<i>Oth.</i> Yes: 'Tis <i>Æmilia</i> : by and by. Shee's dead.	91
'Tis like fhe comes to fpeake of <i>Caffio</i> 's death:	92
The noife was high. Hah, no more moouing?	93
Still as the Graue. Shall fhe come in? Wer't good?	94
I thinke fhe ftirres againe. No, what's beft to do?	95
If fhe come in, fhee'l fure fpeake to my wife:	96
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.	97
Oh infupportable! Oh heauy houre!	98
Me thinks, it fhould be now a huge Eclipse	99
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe	100
Did yawne at Alteration.	1
<i>Æmil.</i> I do befeech you	
That I may fpeake with you. Oh good my Lord.	2
<i>Oth.</i> I had forgot thee: oh come in <i>Æmilia</i> .	3
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.	4
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?	5
<i>Enter Æmilia.</i>	
<i>Æmil.</i> Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.	6
<i>Oth.</i> What? now?	7
<i>Æmil.</i> But now, my Lord.	8
<i>Oth.</i> It is the very error of the Moone,	109

- 110 She comes more neere the earth, then she was wont,  
 11 And makes men mad.  
 12 *Em. Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,  
 13 Cal'd *Roderigo*.  
 13-14 *Oth. Roderigo* kild, / and *Cassio* kild?  
 14 *Em.* No, *Cassio* is not kild.  
 15 *Oth.* Not *Cassio* kild, then murders out of tune,  
 16 And fweete reuenge growes harfh.  
     *Des.* O falsly, falsly murdered.  
 17 *Em.* O Lord, what cry is that?  
 18 *Oth.* That? what?  
 19 *Em.* Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce; ÷  
 20 Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,  
 21 Sweete *Desdemona*, O fweete Mistresse speake.  
 22 *Des.* A guiltlesse death I die.  
 23 *Em.* O who has done this deed?  
 24 *Des.* No body, I my selfe, farewell:  
 25 Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *she dies.*  
 26 *Oth.* Why, how should she be murdered?  
     *Em.* Alas, who knowes?  
 27 *Oth.* You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.  
 28 *Em.* She sayd so, I must needes report a truth.  
 29 *Oth.* She's like a lyer, gone to burning Hell,  
     'Twas I that kild her.  
 30 *Em.* O, the more Angell she,  
 31 And you the blacker diuell.  
 32 *Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.  
 33 *Em.* Thou dost bely her, and thou art a diuell.  
     *Oth.* She was false as water.  
 34 *Em.* Thou as rash as fire,  
 34-35 To say / that she was false: O she was heauenly true.  
 36 *Oth. Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband elfe,  
 137 O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

---

110 earth then || 12 young || 15 kild? then murder's || 16 sweet || 17 O  
 Lord,] Ahlas, || That, || 19 is] was || Ladies voyce, || ÷ Helpe, 93 ||  
 21 Sweet || sweet mistress || 24 Nobody, || 26 Why how || 28 needs  
 || 29 lyer gone || hell, || 30 T'was || 31 deuill. || 33 her and || deuill. ||  
 34 as rash] art rash ||

She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,	110
And makes men mad.	111
<i>Æmil.</i> <i>Cassio</i> , my Lord, hath kill'd	112
A young Venetian, / call'd <i>Rodorigo</i> .	112-113
<i>Oth.</i> <i>Rodorigo</i> kill'd? / and <i>Cassio</i> kill'd?	113-114
<i>Æmil.</i> No, <i>Cassio</i> is not kill'd.	114
<i>Oth.</i> Not <i>Cassio</i> kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,	115
And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.	116
<i>Des.</i> O falsely, falsely murder'd.	
<i>Æmil.</i> Alas! what cry is that?	117
<i>Oth.</i> That? What?	118
<i>Æmil.</i> Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.	119
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,	120
Sweet <i>Desdemona</i> , oh sweet Mistris, speake.	121
<i>Des.</i> A guiltlesse death, I dye.	122
<i>Æmil.</i> Oh who hath done this deed?	123
<i>Des.</i> No body: I my selfe, farewell:	124
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.	125
<i>Oth.</i> Why, how should she be mured?	
<i>Æmil.</i> Alas: who knowes?	126
<i>Oth.</i> You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.	127
<i>Æmil.</i> She said so: I must needs report the truth.	128
<i>Oth.</i> She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,	129
'Twas I that kill'd her.	130
<i>Æmil.</i> Oh the more Angell she, / and you the black-	130-131
er Diuell.	131
<i>Oth.</i> She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.	132
<i>Æmil.</i> Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.	133
<i>Oth.</i> She was false as water.	
<i>Æmil.</i> Thou art rash as fire, to say	134
That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.	135
<i>Oth.</i> <i>Cassio</i> did top her: Ask thy husband else.	136
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:	137

138 But that I did proceed, vpon iust grounds,  
39 To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

40 *Em.* My husband?

41 *Oth.* Thy husband.

42 *Em.* That she was false to wedlocke?

43 *Oth.* I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,

44 If heauen would make me such another world,

45 Of one intire and perfect Crifolite,

46 I'de not haue sold her for it.

*Em.* My husband?

47 *Oth.* I, twas he that told me first,

48 An honest man he is, and hates the slime,

That sticks on filthy deedes.

49 *Em.* My husband?

151-54 > 50 *Oth.* What needes this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.

51 *Em.* If he say so, may his pernicious soule =

52 Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th heart,

53 She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

54 *Oth.* Ha?

55 *Em.* Doe thy worst,

56 This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,

Then thou wast worthy her.

57 *Oth.* Peace, you were best.

58 *Em.* Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,

59 As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,

60 As ignorant as dirtt; thou hast done a deed - - -

61 I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee know,

62 Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;

63 The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.*

168 *Mon.* What is the matter? how now General?

138 proceed || grounds || 40 husband: || 47 first; || 48 slime || 49 stickes:  
|| 50 needs ||

51 *Em.* Oh Mistres, villany hath made mockes with loue:

52 My husband say that she was false?

53 *Oth.* He woman, I say thy husband; dost vnderstand the word?

54 My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*. ||

55 = M 3 Rot 94 || 56 day: || 59 worst; || 64 dirtt;] durt; || 65 Ile ||

Nach 167 Bühnenw. *Enter M., Gratiano, I.* . . ||

But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds	138
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all. †	39
<i>Æmil.</i> My Husband?	40
<i>Oth.</i> Thy Husband.	41
<i>Æmil.</i> That she was false to Wedlocke?	42
<i>Oth.</i> I, with <i>Cassio</i> : had she bin true,	43
If Heauen would make me such another world,	44
Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,	45
I'd not haue sold her for it.	46
<i>Æmil.</i> My Husband?	47
<i>Oth.</i> I, 'twas he that told me on her first,	48
An honest man he is, and hates the slime	49
That stickes on filthy deeds.	50
<i>Æmil.</i> My Husband?	51
<i>Oth.</i> What needs this itterance, Woman?	52
I say, thy Husband.	53
<i>Æmil.</i> Oh Mistris,	54
Villany hath made mockes with loue:	55
My Husband say she was false?	56
<i>Oth.</i> He, Woman;	57
I say thy Husband: Do'ft vnderstand the word?	58
My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest <i>Iago</i> .	59
<i>Æmil.</i> If he say so, may his pernicious Soule	60
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,	61
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.	62
<i>Oth.</i> Hah?	63
<i>Æmil.</i> Do thy worst:	64
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,	65
Then thou was't worthy her.	66
<i>Oth.</i> Peace, you were best.	67
<i>Æmil.</i> Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,	68
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,	69
As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed	70
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,	71
Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:	72
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.	73
<i>Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.</i>	
<i>Mon.</i> What is the matter? How now Generall?	168

- 169 *Em.* O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,  
 70 That men must lay their murder on your neck.  
 71 *All.* What is the matter?  
 72 *Em.* Disprooue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;  
 73 He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,  
 74 I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine:  
 75 Speake, for my heart is full.  
 76 *Iag.* I told him what I thought, and told no more,  
 77 Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.  
 78 *Em.* But did you euer tell him she was false?  
 79 *Iag.* I did.  
 80 *Em.* You told a lie, an odious damned lie;  
 81 Vpon my foule, a lie, a wicked lie:  
 82 She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?  
 83 *Iag.* With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.  
 84 *Em.* I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake.  
 85-93 > 94 *Iag.* What are you mad, I charge you get you home.  
 95 *Em.* Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,  
 96 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:  
 97 Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.  
 198 *Oth.* Oh, oh, oh. *Oth. fals on the bed.*  
*Em.* Nay, lay thee downe, and rore, =

171 *All.*] *Gra.* || 72 Disprooue || 73 false; || 81 foule a || 84 . . .  
 speake;

- 85 My Mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.  
 86 *All.* Oh heauens forefend.  
 87 *Em.* And your reports haue fet the murderer on.  
 88 *Oth.* Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.  
 89 *Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.  
 90 *Mon.* O monstrous act!  
 91 *Em.* Villany, villany, villany;  
 92 I thinke vpon't, I thinke, I smell a villany;  
 93 I thought so then; Ile kill my selfe for grieve,  
 94 O villany, villany. ||  
 94 mad? || 95 speake; || 97 Perchance] Perhaps || 98 falls || rore, ||  
 = For 95 ||

<i>Æmil.</i> Oh, are you come, <i>Iago</i> : you haue done well,	169
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.	70
<i>Gra.</i> What is the matter?	71
<i>Æmil.</i> Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'ft a man:	72
He sayes, thou told'ft him that his wife was false:	73
I know thou did'ft not: thou'rt not fuch a Villain.	74
Speake, for my heart is full.	75
<i>Iago.</i> I told him what I thought,	76
And told no more	
Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.	77
<i>Æmil.</i> But did you euer tell him,	78
She was false?	
<i>Iago.</i> I did.	79
<i>Æmil.</i> You told a Lye, an odious damned Lye:	80
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.	81
Shee false with <i>Cassio</i> ?	82
Did you say with <i>Cassio</i> ?	
<i>Iago.</i> With <i>Cassio</i> , Miftris?	83
Go too, charme your tongue.	
<i>Æmil.</i> I will not charme my Tongue;	84
I am bound to speake,	
My Miftris heere lyes murdered in her bed.	85
<i>All.</i> Oh Heauens, forefend.	86
<i>Æmil.</i> And your reports haue fet the Murder on.	87
<i>Othello.</i> Nay stare not Masters,	88
It is true indeede.	
<i>Gra.</i> 'Tis a strange Truth.	89
<i>Mont.</i> O monstrous Acte.	
<i>Æmil.</i> Villany, villany, villany:	90
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:	91
I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.	92
O villany! villany!	93
<i>Iago.</i> What, are you mad?	94
I charge you get you home.	
<i>Æmil.</i> Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:	95
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:	96
Perchance <i>Iago</i> , I will ne're go home.	97
<i>Oth.</i> Oh, oh, oh.	
<i>Æmil.</i> Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:	198

- 199 For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,  
 That ere did lift vp eye.  
 200 *Oth.* O she was foule:  
 1 I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,  
 2 Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt,  
 3 I know this act shewes terrible and grim.  
 4 *Gra.* Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,  
 5 Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe,  
 6 Shore his old thread atwane: did he liue now,  
 7 This fight would make him doe a desperate turne,  
 8 Yea curse his better Angell from his fide,  
 9 And fall to reprobation.  
 10 *Oth.* Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,  
 11 That she with *Cassio*, hath the act of shame  
 12 A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it,  
 13 And she did gratifie his amorous workes,  
 14 With the recognifance and pledge of loue,  
 15 Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand,  
 16 It was a handkercher; an Antique token  
 17 My father gaue my mother.  
 18 *Em.* O God, O heauenly God.  
 19 *Iag.* Zouns, hold your peace.  
 20 *Em.* 'Twill out, 'twill: I hold my peace fir, no,  
 21 I'll be in speaking, liberall as the ayre,  
 22 Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,  
 23 All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speake.  
 24 *Iag.* Be wise. and get you home.  
 25 *Em.* I will not.  
 26 *Gra.* Fie, / your sword vpon a woman?  
 27 *Em.* O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou speakst on,  
 28 I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:  
 29 For often with a solemne earnestnesse,  
 30 More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,

202 stopt; || 4 *Gra.*] *Gr.* || 5 griefe || 6 atwane:] in twaine: ||  
 8. Yea, || 11 hath] had || 12 it: || 14 the] that || 15 hand; || 16 hand-  
 kerchiefe, || antique || 17 Father || Mother. || 18 *Em.* O heauen, O  
 heauenly powers. || 19 Zouns,] Come, || Twill out, twill out: I . . ||  
 20 Ile || ayre,] north; || 21 deuils, || 22 Ile || 23 wise, || 25 handker-  
 chiefe || 28 (More . . trifle,) ||



For thou haft kill'd the sweetest innocent,	199
That ere did lift vp eye.	200
<i>Oth.</i> Oh she was fowle!	
I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,	1
Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:	2
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.	3
<i>Gra.</i> Poore <i>Desdemona</i> :	
I am glad thy Father's dead,	4
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe	5
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,	6
This fight would make him do a desperate turnè:	7
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,	8
And fall to Reprobance.	9
<i>Oth.</i> 'Tis pittifull: but yet <i>Iago</i> knowes	10
That she with <i>Cassio</i> , hath the Act of shame	11
A thousand times committed. <i>Cassio</i> confest it,	12
And she did gratifie his amorous workes	13
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue	14
Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:	15
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token	16
My Father gaue my Mother.	17
<i>Emil.</i> Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!	18
<i>Iago.</i> Come, hold your peace.	
<i>Emil.</i> 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?	19
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;	20
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,	21
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.	22
<i>Iago.</i> Be wife, and get you home.	
<i>Emil.</i> I will not.	23
<i>Gra.</i> Fye, / your Sword vpon a Woman.	23-24
<i>Emil.</i> Oh thou dull Moore,	25
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of	
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:	26
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,	27
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)	228

- He beg'd of me to steale it.  
 229 *Iag.* Villainous whore.  
 30 *Em.* She gaue it *Cafsio*? no alas I found it,  
 And I did giu't my husband. †  
 31 *Iag.* Filth thou lieft.  
 32 *Em.* By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,  
 33 O murderous Coxcombe! what fhould fuch a foole  
 Doe with fo good a woman?  
 34 *The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago kills his wife.*  
*Oth.* Are there no ftones in heauen,  
 35 But what ferues for the thunder? pretious villaine.  
 36 *Gra.* The woman falls, fure he has kild his wife.  
 37 *Em.* I, I, O lay me by my miftrefse fide. *Exit Iago.*  
 38 *Gra.* Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.  
 39 *Mon.* Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,  
 40 Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:  
 41 Come, guard the dore without, let him not paffe,  
 42 But kill him rather, Ple after that fame villaine,  
 For tis a damned flaue. *Exit Mont. and Gratiano.*  
 43 *Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
 44 But euery puny whipfter gets my fword,  
 45 But why fhould honour out liue honefty?  
 246-48 > 46 Let it goe all.  
 49 *Em.* Moore, fhe was chafte, fhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,  
 50 So come my foule to bliffe, as I fpeake true;  
 51 So fpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *fhe dies.*  
 52 *Oth.* I haue another weapon in this chamber,  
 53 It is a fword of Spaine, the Ifebrookes temper;  
 54 O here it is; Vncle I muft come forth. *Gra. within.*  
 55 *Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will coft thee deere,  
 256 Thou haft no weapon, and perforce muft fuffer.

230 no, || 31 † M 4 *Iag.* 96 || 31 Filth, || 34 runs || kills || 35 pre-  
 tious] pernicious || 41 doore || 42 rather; Ile || 44 fword: || 45 out-liue  
 || 46-49 . . goe all. *Danach neue Zeile*  
 46 *Em.* What did thy fong bode Lady?  
 47 Harke, canft thou heare me? I will play the Swan,  
 48 And die in muficke; *willow, willow, willow.*  
 49 Moore, fhe was . . . ||  
 53 *Spaine*, || temper: || 54 Vncle, ||

He begg'd of me, to steale't.	229
<i>Iago.</i> Villanous Whore.	
<i>Emil.</i> She giue it <i>Cassio</i> ? No, alas I found it,	30
And I did giu't my Husband.	
<i>Iago.</i> Filth, thou lyeft.	31
<i>Emil.</i> By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:	32
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should fuch a Foole	33
Do with fo good a wife?	
<i>Oth.</i> Are there no ftonés in Heauen,	34
But what ferues for the Thunder?	
Precious Villaine.	35
<i>Gra.</i> The woman falles:	
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.	36
<i>Emil.</i> I, I: oh lay me by my Miftris fide.	37
<i>Gra.</i> Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.	38
<i>Mon.</i> 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon	39
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:	40
Come guard the doore without, let him not paffe,	41
But kill him rather. Ile after that fame villaine,	42
For 'tis a damned Slaue.	<i>Exit.</i> † 43
<i>Oth.</i> I am not valiant neither:	
But euery Punie whipfter gets my Sword.	44
But why fould Honor out-liue Honefty?	45
Let it go all.	
<i>Emil.</i> What did thy Song boad Lady?	46
Hearke, canft thou heare me? I will play the Swan,	47
And dye in Muficke: <i>Willough, Willough, Willough.</i>	48
Moore, fhe was chafte: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,	49
So come my Soule to bliffe, as I fpeake true:	50
So fpeaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.	51
<i>Oth.</i> I haue another weapon in this Chamber,	52
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:	53
O heere it is: Vnkle I muft come forth.	54
<i>Gra.</i> If thou attempt it, it will coft thee deere;	55
Thou haft no weapon, and perforce muft fuffer.	56

257 *Oth.* Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,  
58 Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

59 *Oth.* Behold, I haue a weapon,

60 A better neuer did it felfe fustaine

61 Vpon a Souldiers thigh: I haue seene the day,

62 That with this little arme, and this good fword,

63 I haue made my way through more impediments,

64 Then twenty times you stop: but O vaine boast,

266-72 > 65 Who can controule his Fate? tis not so now, ≠

73 Pale as thy smocke, when we shall meete at count,

74 This looke of thine, will hurle my foule from heauen,

75 And fiends will fnatch at it: cold, cold, my girle,

76 Euen like thy chastity; O curfed flauē:

77 Whippe me you Diuells,

78 From the possession of this heavenly fight,

79 Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,

80 Washt me in steepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:

81-82 O *Desdemona*, *Desdemona*, dead, / O, o, o.

*Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, and Officers,  
Cassio in a Chaire.*

83 *Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man.

84 *Oth.* That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

85 *Lod.* Where is this Viper, bring the villaine forth.

86 *Oth.* I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable

287 If thou beest a diuell, I cannot kill thee.

261 Soldiers || 63 impediments || 64 you] your || 65 fate? || now.  
|| ≠ Pale || 97 || 66-73

66 Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd;

67 Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,

68 The very Sea-marke of my vtmost faile.

69 Doe you goe backe dismaid? tis a loft feare,

70 Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,

71 And he retires. Where should *Othello* goe?

72 How dost thou looke now? O ill star'd wench,

73 Pale as thy smocke; when we shall meet at compt, ||

74 thine will || 76 chastity: || 77 Whip || deuills, || 81 . ., *Desdemona*;  
dead, || Nach 82 *Bühnenvv.* *Enter* Lodouico, Montano, and officers, Cassio in  
a chaire || 83 man? || 85 this] that || Viper? || forth, || 86 fable, || 87 If]  
If that || deuill I ||

<i>Oth.</i> Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,	257
Or naked as I am I will affault thee.	58
<i>Gra.</i> What is the matter?	
<i>Othel.</i> Behold, I haue a weapon:	59
A better neuer did it selfe fustaine	60
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue feene the day,	61
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,	62
I haue made my way through more impediments	63
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)	64
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.	65
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:	66
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt	67
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.	68
Do you go backe difmaid? 'Tis a lost feare:	69
Man but a Ruff against <i>Othello's</i> brest,	70
And he retires. Where should <i>Othello</i> go?	71
Now: how doft thou looke now? O ill-Starr'd wench,	72
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,	73
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,	74
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?	75
Euen like thy Chastity. O curfed, curfed Slaue!	76
Whip me ye Diuels,	77
From the poffession of this Heauenly fight:	78
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,	79
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.	80
Oh <i>Desdemon!</i> dead <i>Desdemon:</i> dead. / Oh, oh!	81-82

*Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,*  
*with Officers.*

<i>Lod.</i> Where is this rafh, and most vnfortunate man?	83
<i>Oth.</i> That's he that was <i>Othello</i> : heere I am.	84
<i>Lod.</i> Where is that Viper?	85
Bring the Villaine forth.	
<i>Oth.</i> I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,	86
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.	287

- 288 *Lod.* Wring his sword from him.  
*Iag.* I bleed fir, but not kil'd.
- 89 *Oth.* I am not sorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,  
 90 For in my sense tis happinesse to die.
- 91 *Lod.* O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,  
 92 False in the practise of a damned slaue,  
 What should be said to thee?
- 93 *Oth.* Why any thing,  
 94 An honourable murderer if you will:  
 95 For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
- 96 *Lod.* This wretch hath part confest his villainy:  
 97 Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?
- 98 *Oth.* I.
- 99 *Cas.* Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cause.  
 300 *Oth.* I doe beleue it, and I aske you pardon,  
 1 Will you pray, demand that demy diuell,  
 2 Why he hath thus insnar'd my foule and body?
- 3 *Iag.* Demand me nothing, what you know you know,  
 4 From this time forth I neuer will speake word.  
*Lod.* What not to pray?
- 5 *Grat.* Torments will open your lips. †
- 6 *Oth.* Well, thou doest best.
- 7 *Lod.* Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befallne,  
 8 Which, as I thinke you know not: here is a letter,  
 9 Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;  
 10 And here another; the one of them imports  
 11-12 The death of *Cassio*; to be vnderooke --- / by *Roderigo*.  
*Oth.* O villaine.
- 13 *Cas.* Most heathenish, and most grosse.
- 14 *Lod.* Now heres another discontented paper,  
 15 Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,  
 16 *Roderigo* meant to haue sent this damned villaine,  
 17 But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke  
 Came in, and satisfied him.
- 318 *Oth.* O the pernicious catieffe!

288 Wring] Wrench || 90 dye || 93 Why, any thing. || 94 will; ||  
 99 Ca. || 300 pardon; || 1 pray, demand] I pray, demaund || deuill, ||  
 3 know you know; || 5 What, || Gra. || open || † N *Oth.* 98 || 8 think  
 || 11 *Cassio*, || vnderooke by *Roderigo*. || 7 *Iago*, in the nicke] *Iago* in  
 the interim ||

<i>Lod.</i> Wrench his Sword from him.	288
<i>Iago.</i> I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.	
<i>Othel.</i> I am not sorry neither, I'd haue thee liue:	89
For in my fense, 'tis happineffe to die.	90
<i>Lod.</i> Oh thou <i>Othello</i> , that was once fo good,	91
Falne in the practife of a curfed Slaue,	92
What fhall be faide to thee.	93
<i>Oth.</i> Why any thing:	
An honourable Murderer, if you will:	94
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.	95
<i>Lod.</i> This wretch hath part confest his Villany:	96
Did you and he confent in <i>Caffio's</i> death.	97
<i>Oth.</i> I.	98
<i>Caf.</i> Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you caufe.	99
<i>Oth.</i> I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon:	300
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,	1
Why he hath thus enfnar'd my Soule and Body.	2
<i>Iag.</i> Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:	3
From this time forth, I neuer will fpeake word.	4
<i>Lod.</i> What? not to pray?	5
<i>Gra.</i> Torments will ope your lips.	6
<i>Oth.</i> Well, thou doft beft.	6
<i>Lod.</i> Sir,	7
You fhall vnderftand what hath befallne,	
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter	8
Found in the pocket of the flaine <i>Rodorigo</i> ,	9
And heere another, the one of them imports	10
The death of <i>Caffio</i> , to be vndertooke	11
By <i>Rodorigo</i> .	12
<i>Oth.</i> O Villaine!	
<i>Caffio.</i> Moft Heathenifh, and moft groffe.	13
<i>Lod.</i> Now, heere's another discontented paper	14
Found in his pocket too: and this it feemes	15
<i>Rodorigo</i> meant t'haue fent this damned villaine:	16
But that (belike) <i>Iago</i> in the interim	17
Came in, and fatisf'd him.	
<i>Oth.</i> Oh thou pernitiuous Caitiffe:	318

- 319 How came you *Cafsio* by a handkercher,  
That was my wifes?  
20 *Caf.* I found it in my chamber,  
21 And he himfelfe confest it euen now,  
22 That there he dropt it, for a fpeciall purpofe;  
Which wrought to his defire.  
23 *Oth.* O foole, foole, foole.  
24 *Caf.* There is beſides in *Roderigoes* letter  
25 How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,  
26 Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,  
27 That I was caſt; and euen but now he ſpake,  
28 After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,  
29 *Iago* fet him on.  
30 *Lod.* You muſt forſake this roome, and goe with vs,  
31 Your power and your command is taken off,  
32 And *Cafsio* rules in *Cyprus*: for this ſlaue,  
33 If there be any cunning cruelty,  
34 That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
35 It ſhall be his: you ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,  
36 Till that the nature of your fault be knowne  
37 To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.  
38 *Oth.* Soft you, a word or two,  
39 I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't; †  
40 No more of that: I pray you in your letters,  
41 When you ſhall theſe vnlucky deedes relate,  
42 Speake of them as they are; nothing extenuate,  
43 Nor ſet downe ought in malice, then muſt you ſpeake,  
44 Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:  
45 Of one not eaſily iealous, but being wrought,  
46 Perplext in the extreame; of one whoſe hand,  
47 Like the baſe *Indian*, threw a pearle away,  
48 Richer then all his Tribe: of one whoſe ſubdued eyes,  
349 Albeit vnued to the melting moode,

---

19 handkerchiefe || 20 chamber; || 21 it euen] it but euen || 22 pur-  
poſe, || 24 letter, || 25 vpbraides] obraides || him || 32 *Cyprus*: For ||  
35 You || 38 . . or two before you goe; || 39 know't: || † No 99 ||  
41 deedes || 42 of . . are:] of me as I am; || 43 malice: then you  
muſt ſp., || 45 wrought „ || 46 extreame: ||



How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe 319  
That was my wiues? 20

*Cassio*. I found it in my Chamber: 20  
And he himselfe confest it but euen now, 21  
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose, 22  
Which wrought to his desire. 23

*Othel*. O Foole, foole, foole! 23

*Cassio*. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter, 24  
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him 25  
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came 26  
That I was cast: and euen but now he spake 27  
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him, 28  
*Iago* fet him on. 29

*Lod*. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs: 30  
Your Power, and your Command is taken off, 31  
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue, 32  
If there be any cunning Crueltie, 33  
That can torment him much, and hold him long, 34  
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest, 35  
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne 36  
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away. 37

*Oth*. Soft you; a word or two before you goe: 38  
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't: 39  
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters, 40  
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate, 41  
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate, 42  
Nor set downe ought in malice, 43  
Then must you speake, 44  
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well: 45  
Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought, 46  
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand 47  
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away 48  
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes, 49  
Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode, 349

- 350 Dro psteares as fast as the *Arabian* trees,  
 51 Their medicinall gum; set you downe this;  
 52 And fay besides, that in *Aleppo* once;  
 53 Where a *Malignant* and a *Turband Turke*,  
 54 Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;  
 55 I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,  
 56 And fmote him thus. *He stabs himselfe.*  
*Lod.* O bloody period.  
 57 *Gra.* All that's spoke is mard.  
 58 *Oth.* I kift thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,  
 59 Killing my felfe, to die vpon a kiffe. *He dies.*  
 60 *Caf.* This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,  
 61 For he was great of heart.  
*Lod.* O Spartane dog,  
 62 More fell then anguifh, hunger, or the Sea,  
 63 Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed:  
 64 This is thy worke, the obiect poisons fight,  
 65 Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the houle,  
 66 And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore:  
 67 For they succed to you, to you Lord Gouvernour,  
 68 Remaines the censure of this hellifh villaine,  
 69 The time, the place, the torture: O inforce it,  
 70 My felfe will. ftraite: aboard, and to the State,  
 71 This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

50 Drop teares, || trees || 51 gum: Set || this; || 53 Malignant || Tur-  
 band || 59 dye || 61 *Spartane* || 62 Sea. || 63 bed, || 64 worke; || 66 Moore,  
 || 67 you: To you || 69 torture; O enf. || 70 strait ||

Englisches Seminar  
 der Universität  
 Bonn

56/158

Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees	350
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:	51
And say besides, that in <i>Aleppo</i> once,	52
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke	53
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,	54
I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dögge,	55
And fmoate him, thus.	56
<i>Lod.</i> Oh bloody period.	
<i>Gra.</i> All that is spoke, is marr'd.	57
<i>Oth.</i> I kift thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,	58
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kiffe.	<i>Dyes</i> 59
<i>Caf.</i> This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:	60
For he was great of heart.	
<i>Lod.</i> Oh Sparton Dogge:	61
More fell then Anguifh, Hunger, or the Sea:	62
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:	63
This is thy worke:	
The Obiect poyfons Sight,	64
Let it be hid. <i>Gratiano</i> , keepe the house,	65
And feize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,	66
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Gouvernor,	67
Remaines the Censure of this hellifh villaine:	68
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:	69
My selfe will fraight aboard, and to the State,	70
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 71

## FINIS.

### The Names of the Actors.

(: \* \* :)

**O**Thello, the Moore.

Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.

Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.

Iago, a Villaine.

Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.

Duke of Venice.

*Senators.*

Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*

*Gentlemen of Cyprus.*

Lodouico, and Gratiano, two Noble  
*Venetians.*

*Saylors.*

*Clowne.*

Desdemona, wife to Othello.

Emilia, wife to Iago.

Bianca, a Curtezian.

*Vignette.*

359 = Cassio 339.

Bibliothek  
Englisches Seminar  
Universität Bonn

14\*

N 2  
27a

**Nach dem Reindruck bemerkte Druckfehler  
in vorliegender Ausgabe.**

---

S. 4 Lesart zu Z. 51 l. att. . . || S. 7 Seitenkopf l. OTHELLO  
 || S. 12 Seitenkopf l. Quarto 1 p. 5—6 || S. 13, I, 1, 152 l. for statt  
 four || S. 14 Seitenkopf tilge B nach Quarto 1 || vorletzte Zeile l. 23  
 statt 123 || S. 26 Seitenkopf tilge B nach Quarto 1 || S. 27 Z. 74 l.  
 your statt yours || S. 31 Seitenkopf l. I, III, 133—165 || S. 34 letzte Zeile  
 nach *Ottomites* setze Doppelpunkt || S. 35 tilge f. nach < 201 || Z. 215  
 l. grieve || Z. 230 l. Custome || S. 45 Seitenkopf l. I, III, 375—410 ||  
 S. 55 Z. 119 l. t. || S. 62 Seitenkopf l. II, I, 244—285 || S. 69 Z. 24 l.  
 And yet || S. 36 Lesart zu Z. 242, ebenso S. 54 z. Z. 121, S. 80 z. Z.  
 251 füge ein *Def.* || S. 79, Z. 230 tilge den Beistrich nach Fellow ||  
 S. 88, Z. 9 l. *Boy.* || S. 102 vorletzte Zeile l. iealousie || S. 172, Z. 33  
 teile ab *Bar-bary* || S. 183 Z. 84 l. he statt be || S. 295, Z. 265 l.  
 'Tis ||. Außerdem sind die Bogenweiser in Fr. unter dem Striche  
 auf S. 15 EEE, S. 29. EEE 2 zu tilgen.

# Englische Textbibliothek

Herausgegeben von

Dr. Johannes Hoops

o. Professor an der Universität in Heidelberg

14

## Shakespeare's Othello

in Paralleldruck

nach der ersten Quarto und ersten Folio

mit den Lesarten der zweiten Quarto

und einer Einleitung

herausgegeben von

M. M. Arnold Schröer



Heidelberg 1909

Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung